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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. VII.

THE

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OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

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WITH

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BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

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IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

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THE

POEMS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

THE

LIFE OF COWLEY,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THE Life of Cowley, notwithstanding the penury of English biography, has been written by Dr. Sprat, an author whose pregnancy of imagination and elegance of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature; but his zeal of friendship, or ambition of eloquence, has produced a funeral oration rather than a history: he has given the character, not the life, of Cowley; for he writes with so little detail, that scarcely any thing is distinctly known, but all is shown confused and enlarged through the mist of panegyric.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in the year one thousand six hundred and eighteen. His father was a grocer, whose condition Dr. Sprat conceals under the general appellation of a citizen; and, what would probably not have been less carefully suppressed, the omission of his name in the register of St. Dunstan's parish gives reason to suspect, that his father was a sectary. Whoever he was, he died before the birth of his son, and consequently left him to the care of his mother; whom Wood represents as struggling earnestly to procure him a literary education, and who, as she lived to the age of eighty, had her solicitude rewarded by seeing her son eminent, and, I hope, by seeing him fortunate, and partaking his prosperity. We know at least, from Sprat's account, that he always acknowledged her care, and justly paid the dues of filial gratitude.

In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's Fairy Queen, in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents, which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter of the present age, had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's treatise.

By his mother's solicitation he was admitted into Westminster school, where he was soon distinguished. He was wont, says Sprat, to relate, "that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his teachers never could bring it to retain the ordinary rules of grammar."

This is an instance of the natural desire of man to propagate a wonder. It is surely very difficult to tell any thing as it was heard, when Sprat could not retain from amplifying a commodious incident, though the book to which he prefixed his narrative contained its confutation. A memory, admitting some things, and rejecting others, an intellectual digestion, that concocted the pulp of learning, but refused the husks, had the appearance of an instinctive elegance, of a particular provision made by Nature for literary politeness. But in the author's own honest relation, the marvel vanishes: he was, he says, "such an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could prevail on him to learn the rules without book." He does not tell that he could not learn the rules; but that, being able to perform his exercises without them, and being an "enemy to constraint," he spared himself the labour.

Among the English poets, Cowley, Milton, and Pope might be said "to lisp in numbers," and have given such early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of things, as, to more tardy minds, seem scarcely credible. But of the learned puerilities of Cowley there is no doubt, since a volume of his poems was not only written, but printed, in his thirteenth year [1], containing, with other poetical compositions, The tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe, written when he was ten years old, and Constantia and Philetus, written two years after.

While he was yet at school, he produced a comedy called Love's Riddle, though it was not published till he had been some time at Cambridge. This comedy is of the pastoral kind, which requires no acquaintance with the living world, and therefore the time at which it was composed adds little to the wonders of Cowley's minority.

In 1636, he was removed to Cambridge [2], where he continued his studies with great intenseness, for he is said to have written, while he was yet a young student, the greater part of his Davideis; a work of which the materials could not have been collected without the study of many years, but by a mind of the greatest vigour and activity.

Two years after his settlement at Cambridge, he published Love's Riddle, with a poetical dedication to sir Kenelm Digby, of whose acquaintance all his contemporaries seem to have been ambitious; and Naufragium Joculare, a comedy written in Latin, but without due attention to the ancient models; for it is not loose verse, but mere prose. It was printed with a dedication in verse to Dr. Comber, master of the college; but, having neither the facility of a popular nor the accuracy of a learned work, it seems to be now universally neglected.

At the beginning of the civil war, as the prince passed through Cambridge in his

[1] This volume was not published before 1633, when Cowley was fifteen years old. Dr. Johnson, as well as former biographers, seems to have been misled by the portrait of Cowley being by mistake marked with the age of thirteen years. *R.*

[2] He was a candidate this year at Westminster school for election to Trinity College, but proved unsuccessful. *N.*

way to York, he was entertained with a representation of the Guardian, a comedy, which, Cowley says, was neither written nor acted, but rough-drawn by him, and repeated by the scholars. That this comedy was printed during his absence from his country, he appears to have considered as injurious to his reputation, though, during the suppression of the theatres, it was sometimes privately acted with sufficient approbation.

In 1643, being now master of arts, he was, by the prevalence of the parliament, ejected from Cambridge, and sheltered himself at St. John's College in Oxford; where, as is said by Wood, he published a satire, called The Puritan and Papist, which was only inserted in the last collection of his works [3]; and so distinguished himself by the warmth of his loyalty and the elegance of his conversation, that he gained the kindness and confidence of those who attended the king, and amongst others of lord Falkland, whose notice cast a lustre on all to whom it was extended.

About the time when Oxford was surrendered to the parliament, he followed the queen to Paris, where he became secretary to the lord Jermyn, afterwards earl of St. Alban's, and was employed in such correspondence as the royal cause required, and particularly in cyphering and decyphering the letters that passed between the king and queen; an employment of the highest confidence and honour. So wide was his province of intelligence, that, for several years, it filled all his days and two or three nights in the week.

In the year 1647, his Mistress was published; for he imagined, as he declared in his preface to a subsequent edition, that "poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to love."

This obligation to amorous ditties owes, I believe, its original to the fame of Petrarch, who, in an age rude and uncultivated, by his tuneful homage to his Laura, refined the manners of the lettered world, and filled Europe with love and poetry. But the basis of all excellence is truth: he that professes love ought to feel its power. Petrarch was a real lover, and Laura doubtless deserved his tenderness. Of Cowley, we are told by Barnes[4], who had means enough of information, that, whatever he may talk of his own inflammability, and the variety of characters by which his heart was divided, he in reality was in love but once, and then never had resolution to tell his passion.

This consideration cannot but abate, in some measure, the reader's esteem for the work and the author. To love excellence is natural; it is natural likewise for the lover to solicit reciprocal regard by an elaborate display of his own qualifications. The desire of pleasing has in different men produced actions of heroism, and effusions of wit; but it seems as reasonable to appear the champion, as the poet, of an "airy nothing," and to quarrel, as to write, for what Cowley might have learned from his master Pindar to call "the dream of a shadow."

It is surely not difficult, in the solitude of a college, or in the bustle of the world, to find useful studies and serious employment. No man needs to be so burthened

3 In the first edition of this life, Dr. Johnson wrote, "which was never inserted in any collection of his works;" but he altered the expression when the Lives were collected into volumes. The satire was added to Cowley's works by the particular direction of Dr. Johnson. *N.*

4 Barnesii Anacreontem. *Dr. J.*

with life, as to squander it in voluntary dreams of fictitious occurrences. The man, that sits down to suppose himself charged with treason or peculation, and heats his mind to an elaborate purgation of his character from crimes, which he was never within the possibility of committing, differs only by the infrequency of his folly from him, who praises beauty which he never saw; complains of jealousy which he never felt; supposes himself sometimes invited, and sometimes forsaken; fatigues his fancy, and ransacks his memory, for images which may exhibit the gaiety of hope, or the gloominess of despair; and dresses his imaginary Chloris or Phyllis sometimes in flowers fading as her beauty, and sometimes in gems lasting as her virtues.

At Paris, as secretary to lord Jermyn, he was engaged in transacting things of real importance with real men and real women, and at that time did not much employ his thoughts upon phantoms of gallantry. Some of his letters to Mr. Bennet, afterward earl of Arlington, from April to December, in 1650, are preserved in Miscellanea Aulica, a collection of papers published by Brown. These letters, being written like those of other men whose minds are more on things than words, contribute no otherwise to his reputation, than as they show him to have been above the affectation of unseasonable elegance, and to have known, that the business of a statesman can be little forwarded by flowers of rhetoric.

One passage, however, seems not unworthy of some notice. Speaking of the Scotch treaty, then in agitation:

"The Scotch treaty," says he, "is the only thing now in which we are vitally concerned; I am one of the last hopers, and yet cannot now abstain from believing that an agreement will be made; all people upon the place incline to that of union. The Scotch will moderate something of the rigour of their demands; the mutual necessity of an accord is visible, the king is persuaded of it. And to tell you the truth, (which I take to be an argument above all the rest) Virgil has told the same thing to that purpose."

This expression, from a secretary of the present time, would be considered as merely ludicrous, or at most as an ostentatious display of scholarship; but the manners of that time were so tinged with superstition, that I cannot but suspect Cowley of having consulted on this great occasion the Virgilian lots [5], and to have given some credit to the answer of his oracle.

[5] Consulting the Virgilian lots, sortes Virgilianæ, is a method of divination by the opening of Virgil, and applying to the circumstances of the peruser the first passage, in either of the two pages, that he accidentally fixes his eye on. It is said, that king Charles I. and lord Falkland, being in the Bodleian library, made this experiment of their future fortunes, and met with passages equally ominous to each. That of the king was the following:

At bello audacis populi vexatus & armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli,
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funera, nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur:
Sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena.

Æneid IV. 615.

Some years afterward, "business," says Sprat, "passed of course into other hands;" and Cowley, being no longer useful at Paris, was in 1656 sent back into England, that, "under pretence of privacy and retirement, he might take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this nation."

Soon after his return to London, he was seized by some messengers of the usurping powers, who were sent out in quest of another man, and, being examined, was put into confinement, from which he was not dismissed without the security of a thousand pounds given by Dr. Scarborough.

This year he published his poems, with a preface, in which he seems to have inserted something suppressed in subsequent editions, which was interpreted to denote some relaxation of his loyalty. In this preface he declares, that "his desire had been for some days past, and did still very vehemently continue, to retire himself to some of the American plantations, and to forsake this world for ever."

From the obloquy which the appearance of submission to the usurpers brought upon him, his biographer has been very diligent to clear him, and indeed it does not seem to have lessened his reputation. His wish for retirement we can easily believe to be undissembled: a man, harassed in one kingdom, and persecuted in another, who, after a course of business that employed all his days and half his nights in cyphering and decyphering, comes to his own country and steps into a prison, will be willing enough to retire to some place of quiet and of safety. Yet let neither our reverence for a genius, nor our pity for a sufferer, dispose us to forget, that if his activity was virtue, his retreat was cowardice.

Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose,
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects and his son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren sand.

DRYDEN.

Lord Falkland's:

Non hæc, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti,
Cautius ut sævo velles te credere Marti.
Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,
Et prædulce decus primo certamine posset.
Primitiæ juvenis miseræ, bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta, & nulla exaudita Deorum,
Vota precesque meæ!

Æneid XI. 152.

O Pallas, thou hast fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,

He then took upon himself the character of physician, still, according to Sprat, with intention, "to dissemble the main design of his coming over;" and, as Mr. Wood relates, "complying with the men then in power, (which was much taken notice of by the royal party) he obtained an order to be created doctor of physic; which being done to his mind, (whereby he gained the ill-will of some of his friends) he went into France again, having made a copy of verses on Oliver's death."

This is no favourable representation, yet even in this not much wrong can be discovered. How far he complied with the men in power, is to be inquired before he can be blamed. It is not said that he told them any secrets, or assisted them by intelligence or any other act. If he only promised to be quiet, that they in whose hands he was might free him from confinement, he did what no law of society prohibits.

The man, whose miscarriage in a just cause has put him in the power of his enemy, may, without any violation of his integrity, regain his liberty, or preserve his life, by a promise of neutrality: for the stipulation gives the enemy nothing which he had not before; the neutrality of a captive may be always secured by his imprisonment or death. He that is at the disposal of another may not promise to aid him in any injurious act, because no power can compel active obedience. He may engage to do nothing, but not to do ill.

There is reason to think, that Cowley promised little. It does not appear that his compliance gained him confidence enough to be trusted without security, for the bond of his bail was never cancelled; nor that it made him think himself secure, for, at that dissolution of government which followed the death of Oliver, he returned into France, where he resumed his former station, and staid till the Restoration.

"He continued" says his biographer, "under these bonds till the general deliverance;" it is therefore to be supposed, that he did not go to France, and act again for the king, without the consent of his bondsman; that he did not show his loyalty at the hazard of his friend, but by his friend's permission.

Of the verses on Oliver's death, in which Wood's narrative seems to imply something encomiastic, there has been no appearance. There is a discourse concerning his government, indeed, with verses intermixed, but such as certainly gained its author no friends among the abettors of usurpation.

A doctor of physic however he was made at Oxford, in December 1657; and in

> I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
> What perils youthful ardour would pursue;
> That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
> Young as thou wert to dangers, raw to war.
> O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
> Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come!
> Hard elements of unauspicious war,
> Vain vows to Heaven, and unavailing care!
>
> DRYDEN.

Hoffman, in his Lexicon, gives a very satisfactory account of this practice of seeking fates in books: and says, that it was used by the Pagans, the Jewish rabbins, and even the early Christians, the latter taking the New Testament for their oracle. *H.*

the commencement of the Royal Society, of which an account has been given by Dr. Birch, he appears busy among the experimental philosophers, with the title of Dr. Cowley.

There is no reason for supposing, that he ever attempted practice; but his preparatory studies have contributed something to the honour of his country. Considering botany as necessary to a physician, he retired into Kent to gather plants; and, as the predominance of a favourite study affects all subordinate operations of the intellect, botany in the mind of Cowley turned into poetry. He composed in Latin several books on plants, of which the first and second display the qualities of herbs, in elegiac verse; the third and fourth, the beauties of flowers in various measures; and the fifth and sixth, the use of trees, in heroic numbers.

At the same time were produced, from the same university, the two great poets, Cowley and Milton, of dissimilar genius, of opposite principles, but concurring in the cultivation of Latin poetry, in which the English, till their works and May's poem appeared[6], seemed unable to contest the palm with any other of the lettered nations.

If the Latin performances of Cowley and Milton be compared, (for May I hold to be superior to both) the advantage seems to lie on the side of Cowley. Milton is generally content to express the thoughts of the ancients in their language; Cowley, without much loss of purity or elegance, accommodates the diction of Rome to his own conceptions.

At the Restoration, after all the diligence of his long service, and with consciousness not only of the merit of fidelity, but of the dignity of great abilities, he naturally expected ample preferments, and, that he might not be forgotten by his own fault, wrote a song of triumph. But this was a time of such general hope, that great numbers were inevitably disappointed; and Cowley found his reward very tediously delayed. He had been promised, by both Charles the First and Second, the mastership of the Savoy; "but he lost it," says Wood, "by certain persons, enemies to the Muses."

The neglect of the court was not his only mortification. Having, by such alteration as he thought proper, fitted his old comedy of The Guardian for the stage, he produced it[7] under the title of The Cutter of Coleman-street[8]. It was treated on the stage with great severity, and was afterwards censured as a satire on the king's party.

Mr. Dryden, who went with Mr. Sprat to the first exhibition, related to Mr. Dennis, "that when they told Cowley how little favour had been shown him, he received the news of his ill-success, not with so much firmness as might have been expected from so great a man."

[6] By May's poem we are here to understand a continuation of Lucan's Pharsalia to the death of Julius Cæsar, by Thomas May, an eminent poet and historian, who flourished in the reigns of James and Charles I. and of whom a life is given in the Biographia Britannica. *H.*

[7] 1663.

[8] Here is an errour in the designation of this comedy, which our author copied from the titlepage of the latter editions of Cowley's works; the title of the play itself is without the article, "Cutter of Coleman street," and that because a merry sharking fellow about the town, named Cutter, is a principal character in it. *H.*

What firmness they expected, or what weakness Cowley discovered, cannot be known. He that misses his end will never be as much pleased, as he that attains it, even when he can impute no part of his failure to himself; and, when the end is to please the multitude, no man, perhaps, has a right, in things admitting of gradation and comparison, to throw the whole blame upon his judges, and totally to exclude diffidence and shame by a haughty consciousness of his own excellence.

For the rejection of this play, it is difficult now to find the reason: it certainly has, in a very great degree, the power of fixing attention and exciting merriment. From the charge of disaffection he exculpates himself in his preface, by observing how unlikely it is, that, having followed the royal family through all their distresses, "he should chuse the time of their restoration to begin a quarrel with them." It appears, however, from the Theatrical Register of Downes the prompter, to have been popularly considered as a satire on the royalists.

That he might shorten this tedious suspense, he published his pretensions and his discontent, in an ode called The Complaint; in which he styles himself the *melancholy* Cowley. This met with the usual fortune of complaints, and seems to have excited more contempt than pity.

These unlucky incidents are brought, maliciously enough, together, in some stanzas, written about that time, on the choice of a laureat; a mode of satire, by which, since it was first introduced by Suckling, perhaps every generation of poets has been teased.

Savoy-missing Cowley came into the court,
Making apologies for his bad play;
Every one gave him so good a report,
That Apollo gave heed to all he could say.
Nor would he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,
Unless he had done some notable folly;
Writ verses unjustly in praise of Sam Tuke,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

His vehement desire of retirement now came again upon him. "Not finding," says the morose Wood, "that preferment conferred upon him which he expected, while others for their money carried away most places, he retired discontented into Surrey."

"He was now," says the courtly Sprat, "weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of a court; which sort of life, though his virtue made it innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. Those were the reasons that made him to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which, in the greatest throng of his former business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and a moderate revenue below the malice and flatteries of fortune."

So differently are things seen! and so differently are they shown! but actions are visible, though motives are secret. Cowley certainly retired, first to Barn-elms, and afterwards to Chertsey, in Surrey. He seems, however, to have lost part of his dread of the *hum of men*[9]. He thought himself now safe enough from intrusion, with-

[9] L'Allegro of Milton. *Dr. J.*

out the defence of mountains and oceans; and, instead of seeking shelter in America, wisely went only so far from the bustle of life, as that he might easily find his way back, when solitude should grow tedious. His retreat was at first but slenderly accommodated; yet he soon obtained, by the interest of the earl of St. Alban's and the duke of Buckingham, such a lease of the queen's lands, as afforded him an ample income.

By the lovers of virtue and of wit it will be solicitously asked, if he now was happy. Let them peruse one of his letters accidentally preserved by Peck, which I recommend to the consideration of all that may hereafter pant for solitude.

"To Dr. Thomas Sprat.

"Chertsey, May 21, 1665.

"The first night that I came hither, I caught so great a cold with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days. And, two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet unable to move or turn myself in my bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows. If it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging. Another misfortune has been, and stranger than all the rest, that you have broke your word with me, and failed to come, even though you told Mr. Bois that you would. This is what they call *monstri simile.* I do hope to recover my late hurt so farre within five or six days (though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about again. And then, methinks, you and I and *the dean* might be very merry upon St. Ann's Hill. You might very conveniently come hither the way of Hampton town, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more: *verbum sapienti.*"

He did not long enjoy the pleasure or suffer the uneasiness of solitude; for he died at the Porch-house [1] in Chertsey, in 1667, in the 49th year of his age.

He was buried with great pomp near Chaucer and Spenser; and king Charles pronounced, "that Mr. Cowley had not left behind him a better man in England." He is represented by Dr. Sprat as the most amiable of mankind; and this posthumous praise may safely be credited, as it has never been contradicted by envy or by faction.

Such are the remarks and memorials which I have been able to add to the narrative of Dr. Sprat; who, writing when the feuds of the civil war were yet recent, and the minds of either party were easily irritated, was obliged to pass over many transactions in general expressions, and to leave curiosity often unsatisfied. What he did not tell, cannot however now be known; I must therefore recommend the perusal of his work, to which my narration can be considered only as a slender supplement.

[1] Now in the possession of Mr. Clark, alderman of London. Mr. Clark was in 1798 elected to the important office of chamberlain of London, and has every year since been unanimously re-elected. N.

Cowley, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and, instead of tracing intellectual pleasures in the minds of men, paid their court to temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praised, and too much neglected at another.

Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, appeared a race of writers, that may be termed the metaphysical poets; of whom, in a criticism on the works of Cowley, it is not improper to give some account.

The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to show their learning was their whole endeavour: but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such verses, as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

If the father of criticism has rightly denominated poetry τέχνη μιμητική, *an imitative art*, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets; for they cannot be said to have imitated any thing; they neither copied nature nor life; neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

Those however who deny them to be poets allow them to be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne in wit, but maintains, that they surpass him in poetry.

If wit be well described by Pope, as being "that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed," they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it; for they endeavoured to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous: he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

If, by a more noble and more adequate conception, that be considered as wit, which is at once natural and new, that, which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; if it be that, which he that never found it wonders how he missed; to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.

But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors*, a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtlety surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

From this account of their compositions it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that unifor-

mity of sentiment, which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds; they never enquired what, on any occasion, they should have said or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature, as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure, as Epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had never been said before.

Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought, which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers, who lay on the watch for novelty, could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments, and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he, who dissects a sun-beam with a prism, can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

What they wanted however of the sublime, they endeavoured to supply by hyperbole; their amplification had no limits; they left not only reason but fancy behind them, and produced combinations of confused magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost: if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth: if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables.

In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry: either something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value, and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works, which have more propriety, though less copiousness, of sentiment.

This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge; and by Jonson, whose manner resembled that of Donne more in the ruggedness of his lines, than in the cast of his sentiments.

When their reputation was high, they had undoubtedly more imitators than time has left behind. Their immediate successors, of whom any remembrance can be said to remain, were Suckling, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Cleiveland, and Milton. Denham and Waller sought another way to fame, by improving the harmony of our numbers. Milton tried the metaphysic style only in his lines upon Hobson the carrier. Cowley adopted it, and excelled his predecessors, having as much sentiment and more music. Suckling neither improved versification, nor abounded in conceits. The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it, and Milton disdained it.

CRITICAL remarks are not easily understood without examples; and I have therefore collected instances of the modes of writing by which this species of poets (for poets they were called by themselves and their admirers) was eminently distinguished.

As the authors of this race were perhaps more desirous of being admired than understood, they sometimes drew their conceits from recesses of learning not very much frequented by common readers of poetry. Thus Cowley on *Knowledge*.

The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew,
  The phœnix Truth did on it rest,
  And built his perfum'd nest:
That right Porphyrian tree, which did true logic shew.
  Each leaf did learned notions give,
  And th' apples were demonstrative:
So clear their colour and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights outshine.

On Anacreon continuing a lover in his old age.

Love was with thy life entwin'd,
Close as heat with fire is join'd;
A pow'rful brand prescrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperistasis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage.

In the following verses we have an allusion to a rabbinical opinion concerning manna.

Variety I ask not: give me one
To live perpetually upon.
The person, Love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it.

Thus Donne shows his medicinal knowledge in some encomiastic verses.

  In every thing there naturally grows
A balsamum, to keep it fresh and new,
  If 'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blows
Your youth and beauty are this balm in you.
  But you, of learning and religion,
And virtue and such engredients, have made
  A mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said.

Though the following lines of Donne, on the last night of the year, have something in them too scholastic, they are not inelegant.

This twilight of two years, not past nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who, meteor-like, of stuff and form perplext,
Whose what and where in disputation is,
If I should call me any thing, should miss.
I sum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new.
That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes; and yet scarce true
This bravery is, since these times show'd me you.

Yet more abstruse and profound is Donne's reflection upon man as a microcosm.

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches: and in good men, this
Virtue, our form's form, and our soul's soul, is.

Of thoughts so far-fetched, as to be not only unexpected, but unnatural, all their books are full.

To a Lady who made Posies for Rings.

They, who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring, th' equator Heaven does bind.
When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee,
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be)
'Tis thou must write the posy there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the Sun pass through't twice a year,
The Sun which is esteem'd the god of wit.

COWLEY.

The difficulties, which have been raised about identity in philosophy, are by Cowley with still more perplexity applied to love.

Five years ago (says Story) I lov'd you,
For which you call me most inconstant now.
Pardon me, madam, you mistake the man,
For I am not the same that I was then;
No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,
And that my mind is chang'd yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far: for accidents
Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,
If from one subject they t'another move;
My members then the father members were,
From whence these take their birth which now are here.
If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere incest, which by Nature is forbid.

The love of different women is, in geographical poetry, compared to travels through different countries.

Hast thou not found each woman's breast
(The land where thou hast travelled)
Either by savages possest,
Or wild, and uninhabited?
What joy could'st take, or what repose,
In countries so unciviliz'd as these?
Lust, the scorching dog-star, here
Rages with immoderate heat;
Whilst Pride, the rugged northern bear,
In others makes the cold too great.
And where these are temperate known,
The soil's all barren sand, or rocky stone.

COWLEY.

A lover, burnt up by his affection, is compared to Egypt.

The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.

COWLEY.

The lover supposes his lady acquainted with the ancient laws of augury and rites of sacrifice.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear:
When, sound in every other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart.
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath.

That the chaos was harmonised, has been recited of old; but whence the different sounds arose remained for a modern to discover.

Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew,
An artless war from thwarting motions grew,
Till they to number and fixt rules were brought.
Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the base, the treble flame arose.

COWLEY.

The tears of lovers are always of great poetical account; but Donne has extended them into worlds. If the lines are not easily understood, they may be read again.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all:
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears, mixt with mine, do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee my heaven dissolved so.

On reading the following lines, the reader may perhaps cry out—*Confusion worse confounded.*

Here lies a she Sun, and a he Moon here,
She gives the best light to his sphere,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe.

DONNE.

Who but Donne would have thought, that a good man is a telescope?

Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he;
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.

Who would imagine it possible, that in a very few lines so many remote ideas could be brought together?

Since 'tis my doom, Love's undershrieve,
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my she Advowson fly
Incumbency?
To sell thyself dost thou intend
By candle's end,
And hold the contrast thus in doubt,
Life's taper out?
Think but how soon the market fails,
Your sex lives faster than the males;
And if to measure age's span,
The sober Julian were th' account of man,
Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian.

CLEIVELAND.

Of enormous and disgusting hyperboles, these may be examples:

By every wind that comes this way,
Send me at least a sigh or two,
Such and so many I'll repay
As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

COWLEY.

In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed;
So lust of old the Deluge punished.

COWLEY.

All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war,
(A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar.
The Sun himself started with sudden fright,
To see his beams return so dismal bright.

COWLEY.

An universal consternation:

His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground: then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out.
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horrour fill the place around;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.

COWLEY.

Their fictions were often violent and unnatural.

Of his Mistress bathing.

The fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers shew,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me:
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the Sun himself set there.

COWLEY.

The poetical effect of a lover's name upon glass:

My name engrav'd herein
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass;
Which, ever since that charm, hath been
As hard as that which grav'd it was.

DONNE.

Their conceits were sentiments slight and trifling.

On an inconstant woman:

He enjoys the calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears,
In the clear Heaven of thy brow,
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

COWLEY.

Upon a paper written with the juice of lemon, and read by the fire:

Nothing yet in thee is seen,
But when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an L, and there a B,
Here spouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

COWLEY.

As they sought only for novelty, they did not much inquire whether their allusions were to things high or low, elegant or gross; whether they compared the litt to the great, or the great to the little.

Physic and Chirurgery for a Lover.

Gently, ah gently, madam, touch
The wound, which you yourself have made;
That pain must needs be very much,
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak of purgings grow.

COWLEY.

The World and a Clock.

Mahol th' inferior world's fantastic face
Through all the turns of matter's maze did trace;
Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took;
On all the springs and smallest wheels did look
Of life and motion, and with equal art
Made up the whole again of every part.

COWLEY.

A coal-pit has not often found its poet: but, that it may not want its due honour, Cleiveland has paralleled it with the Sun:

The moderate value of our guiltless ore
Makes no man atheist, and no woman whore;
Yet why should hallow'd vestal's sacred shrine
Deserve more honour than a flaming mine?
These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,
Than a few embers, for a deity.
Had he our pits, the Persian would admire
No sun, but warm's devotion at our fire:
He'd leave the trotting whipster, and prefer
Our profound Vulcan 'bove that waggoner.
For wants he heat, or light? or would have store,
Or both? 'tis here: and what can suns give more?
Nay, what's the Sun, but, in a different name,
A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame!
Then let this truth reciprocally run,
The Sun's Heaven's coalery, and coals our sun.

Death, a Voyage:

No family
E'er rigg'd a soul for Heaven's discovery,
With whom more venturers might boldly dare
Venture their stakes, with him in joy to share.

DONNE.

Their thoughts and expressions were sometimes grossly absurd, and such as no figure or licence can reconcile to the understanding.

A Lover neither dead nor alive:

Then down I laid my head
Down on cold earth; and for a while was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled;
Ah, sottish soul, said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly;
Fool to resume her broken chain,
And row her galley here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and detain'd is to burn!

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Once dead, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou should'st come to live it o'er again in me?

A Lover's heart, a hand grenado:

Wo to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the self-same room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a grenado shot into a magazin.
Then shall Love keep the ashes, and torn parts,
Of both our broken hearts:
Shall out of both one new one make:
From her's th'allay, from mine the metal take.

COWLEY.

The poetical propagation of Light:

The prince's favour is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall:
Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright eyes,
At every glance a constellation flies,
And sowes the court with stars, and doth prevent,
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament:
First her eye kindles other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels lustres rise:
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.

DONNE.

They were in very little care to clothe their notions with elegance of dress, and therefore miss the notice and the praise which are often gained by those who think less, but are more diligent to adorn their thoughts.

That a Mistress beloved is fairer in idea than in reality, is by Cowley thus expressed:

Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,
Than woman can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee as thou'rt there, for very thee.

That prayer and labour should co-operate, are thus taught by Donne:

In none but us are such mix'd engines found,
As hands of double office; for the ground
We till with them; and them to Heaven we raise;
Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,
Doth but one half, that's none.

By the same author, a common topic, the danger of procrastination, is thus illustrated:

———That which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tir'd, must then ride post.

All that man has to do is to live and die; the sum of humanity is comprehended by Donne in the following lines:

Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie;
After, enabled but to suck and cry.
Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that usurp'd, or threaten'd with a rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, age.
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee;
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty;
Think, that a rusty piece discharg'd is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but now.

They were sometimes indelicate and disgusting. Cowley thus apostrophises beauty:

——— Thou tyrant, which leav'st no man free!
Thou subtle thief, from whom nought safe can be!
Thou murtherer, which hast kill'd; and devil, which would'st damn me!

Thus he addresses his Mistress:

Thou who, in many a propriety,
So truly art the Sun to me,
Add one more likeness, which I am sure you can,
And let me and my Sun beget a man.

Thus he represents the meditations of a Lover:

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracts have been
So much as of original sin,
Such charms thy beauty wears, as might
Desires in dying confest saints excite.
Thou with strange adultery
Dost in each breast a brothel keep;
Awake, all men do lust for thee,
And some enjoy thee when they sleep.

The true taste of Tears.

Hither with crystal vials, lovers, come,
And take my tears, which are Love's wine,
And try your mistress' tears at home;
For all are false, that taste not just like mine.

DONNE.

This is yet more indelicate:

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
As that which from chaf'd musk-cat's pores doth trill,
As the almighty balm of th' early East;
Such are the sweet drops of my mistress' breast.
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
They seem no sweet drops, but pearl coronets:
Rank, sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles.

DONNE.

Their expressions sometimes raise horrour, when they intend perhaps to be pathetic.

As men in Hell are from diseases free,
So from all other ills am I,
Free from their known formality:
But all pains eminently lie in thee.

COWLEY.

They were not always strictly curious, whether the opinions from which they drew their illustrations were true; it was enough that they were popular. Bacon remarks, that some falsehoods are continued by tradition, because they supply commodious allusions.

It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke:
In vain it something would have spoke;
The love within too strong for 't was,
Like poison put into a Venice-glass.

COWLEY.

In forming descriptions, they looked out, not for images, but for conceits. Night has been a common subject, which poets have contended to adorn. Dryden's Night is well known; Donne's is as follows:

Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest:
Time's dead low-water; when all minds divest
To-morrow's business; when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this;
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them then
Again by death, although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep;
Thou at this midnight seest me.

It must be however confessed of these writers, that if they are upon common subjects often unnecessarily and unpoetically subtle; yet, where scholastic speculation can be properly admitted, their copiousness and acuteness may justly be admired. What Cowley has written upon Hope shows an unequalled fertility of invention:

Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike if it succeed and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound;
Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.
Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!

The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty custom's paid to thee:
For joy, like wine kept close, does better taste;
If it take air before its spirits waste.

To the following comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has better claim:

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun. DONNE.

In all these examples it is apparent, that whatever is improper or vitious is produced by a voluntary deviation from nature in pursuit of something new and strange; and that the writers fail to give delight by their desire of exciting admiration.

HAVING thus endeavoured to exhibit a general representation of the style and sentiments of the metaphysical poets, it is now proper to examine particularly the works of Cowley, who was almost the last of that race, and undoubtedly the best.

His Miscellanies contain a collection of short compositions, written some as they were dictated by a mind at leisure, and some as they were called forth by different occasions; with great variety of style and sentiment, from burlesque levity to awful grandeur. Such an assemblage of diversified excellence no other poet has hitherto afforded. To choose the best, among many good, is one of the most hazardous attempts of criticism. I know not whether Scaliger himself has persuaded many readers to join with him in his preference of the two favourite odes, which he estimates in his raptures at the value of a kingdom. I will, however, venture to recommend Cowley's first piece, which ought to be inscribed *To my Muse*, for want of which the second couplet is without reference. When the title is added, there will still remain a defect; for every piece ought to contain in itself whatever is necessary to make it intelligible. Pope has some epitaphs without name; which are therefore epitaphs to be let, occupied indeed, for the present, but hardly appropriated.

The ode on Wit is almost without a rival. It was about the time of Cowley that *wit*, which had been till then used for *intellection*, in contradistinction to *will*, took the meaning, whatever it be, which it now bears.

Of all the passages in which poets have exemplified their own precepts, none will easily be found of greater excellence than that in which Cowley condemns exuberance of wit:

> Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part,
> That shows more cost than art.
> Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
> Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
> Several lights will not be seen,
> If there be nothing else between.
> Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
> If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

In his verses to lord Falkland, whom every man of his time was proud to praise, there are, as there must be in all Cowley's compositions, some striking thoughts, but they are not well wrought. His elegy on sir Henry Wotton is vigorous and happy; the series of thoughts is easy and natural; and the conclusion, though a little weakened by the intrusion of Alexander, is elegant and forcible.

It may be remarked, that in this elegy, and in most of his encomiastic poems, he has forgotten or neglected to name his heroes.

In his poem on the Death of Hervey, there is much praise, but little passion; a very just and ample delineation of such virtues as a studious privacy admits, and such intellectual excellence as a mind not yet called forth to action can display. He knew how to distinguish, and how to commend, the qualities of his companion; but, when he wishes to make us weep, he forgets to weep himself, and diverts his sorrow, by imagining how his crown of bays, if he had it, would *crackle* in the *fire*. It is the odd fate of this thought to be the worse for being true. The bay-leaf crackles remarkably as it burns; as therefore this property was not assigned it by chance, the mind must be thought sufficiently at ease that could attend to such minuteness of physiology. But the power of Cowley is not so much to move the affections, as to exercise the understanding.

The Chronicle is a composition unrivalled and alone: such gaiety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, and such a dance of words, it is in vain to expect except from Cowley. His strength always appears in his agility; his volatility is not the flutter of a light, but the bound of an elastic mind. His levity never leaves his learning behind it; the moralist, the politician, and the critic, mingle their influence even in this airy frolic of genius. To such a performance Suckling could have brought the gaiety, but not the knowledge: Dryden could have supplied the knowledge, but not the gaiety.

The verses to Davenant, which are vigorously begun, and happily concluded, contain some hints of criticism very justly conceived and happily expressed. Cowley's critical abilities have not been sufficiently observed: the few decisions and remarks, which his prefaces and his notes on the Davideis supply, were at that time accessions to English literature, and show such skill, as raises our wish for more examples.

The lines from Jersey are a very curious and pleasing specimen of the familiar descending to the burlesque.

His two metrical disquisitions *for* and *against* Reason are no mean specimens of metaphysical poetry. The stanzas against knowledge produce little conviction. In those which are intended to exalt the human faculties, Reason has its proper task assigned it; that of judging, not of things revealed, but of the reality of revelation. In the verses *for* Reason is a passage which Bentley, in the only English verses which he is known to have written, seems to have copied, though with the inferiority of an imitator.

The Holy Book like the eighth sphere doth shine
  With thousand lights of truth divine,
So numberless the stars, that to our eye
  It makes all but one galaxy.
Yet Reason must assist too; for, in seas
  So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by stars above we cannot know
  Without the compass too below.

After this says Bentley :

Who travels in religious jars,
  Truth mix'd with errour, shade with rays,
Like Whiston wanting pyx or stars,
  In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

Cowley seems to have had what Milton is believed to have wanted, the skill to rate his own performances by their just value, and has therefore closed his Miscellanies with the verses upon Crashaw, which apparently excel all that have gone before them, and in which there are beauties which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition.

To the Miscellanies succeed the Anacreontiques, or paraphrastical translations of some little poems, which pass, however justly, under the name of Anacreon. Of these songs dedicated to festivity and gaiety, in which even the morality is voluptuous, and which teach nothing but the enjoyment of the present day, he has given rather a pleasing than a faithful representation, having retained their spriteliness, but lost their simplicity. The Anacreon of Cowley, like the Homer of Pope, has admitted the decoration of some modern graces, by which he is undoubtedly more amiable to common readers, and perhaps, if they would honestly declare their own perceptions, to far the greater part of those whom courtesy and ignorance are content to style the learned.

These little pieces will be found more finished in their kind than any other of Cowley's works. The diction shows nothing of the mould of time, and the sentiments are at no great distance from our present habitudes of thought. Real mirth must always be natural, and nature is uniform. Men have been wise in very different modes; but they have always laughed the same way.

Levity of thought naturally produced familiarity of language, and the familiar part of language continues long the same; the dialogue of comedy, when it is transcribed from popular manners and real life, is read from age to age with equal pleasure. The artifices of inversion, by which the established order of words is changed, or of

[2] Dodsley's Collection of Poems, vol. V. *R.*

innovation, by which new words or meanings of words are introduced, is practised, not by those who talk to be understood, but by those who write to be admired.

The Anacreontiques therefore of Cowley give now all the pleasure which they ever gave. If he was formed by nature for one kind of writing more than for another, his power seems to have been greatest in the familiar and the festive.

The next class of his poems is called The Mistress, of which it is not necessary to select any particular pieces for praise or censure. They have all the same beauties and faults, and nearly in the same proportion. They are written with exuberance of wit, and with copiousness of learning; and it is truly asserted by Sprat, that the plenitude of the writer's knowledge flows in upon his page, so that the reader is commonly surprised into some improvement. But, considered as the verses of a lover, no man that has ever loved will much commend them. They are neither courtly nor pathetic, have neither gallantry nor fondness. His praises are too far sought, and too hyperbolical, either to express love or to excite it; every stanza is crowded with darts and flames, with wounds and death, with mingled souls and with broken hearts.

The principal artifice by which The Mistress is filled with conceits is very copiously displayed by Addison. Love is by Cowley, as by other poets, expressed metaphorically by flame and fire; and that which is true of real fire is said of love, or figurative fire, the same word in the same sentence retaining both significations. Thus, "observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, he considers them as burning-glasses made of ice. Finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, he concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. Upon the dying of a tree, on which he had cut his loves, he observes, that his flames had burnt up and withered the tree."

These conceits Addison calls mixed wit; that is, wit which consists of thoughts, true in one sense of the expression, and false in the other. Addison's representation is sufficiently indulgent: that confusion of images may entertain for a moment; but, being unnatural, it soon grows wearisome. Cowley delighted in it, as much as if he had invented it; but, not to mention the antients, he might have found it full-blown in modern Italy. Thus Sannazaro:

> Aspice quam variis distringar Lesbia curis!
> Uror, & heu! nostro manat ab igne liquor:
> Sum Nilus, sumque Ætna simul; restringite flammas
> O lacrimæ, aut lacrimas ebibe flamma meas.

One of the severe theologians of that time censured him as having published *a book of profane and lascivious verses.* From the charge of profaneness, the constant tenour of his life, which seems to have been eminently virtuous, and the general tendency of his opinions, which discover no irreverence of religion, must defend him; but that the accusation of lasciviousness is unjust, the perusal of his work will sufficiently evince.

Cowley's Mistress has no power of seduction: she "plays round the head, but reaches not the heart." Her beauty and absence, her kindness and cruelty, her disdain and inconstancy, produce no correspondence of emotion. His poetical account of the virtues of plants, and colours of flowers, is not perused with more sluggish fri-

gidity. The compositions are such as might have been written for penance by a hermit, or for hire by a philosophical rhymer who had only heard of another sex; for they turn the mind only on the writer, whom, without thinking on a woman but as the subject for his task, we sometimes esteem as learned, and sometimes despise as trifling, always admire as ingenious, and always condemn as unnatural.

The Pindarique Odes are now to be considered; a species of composition, which Cowley thinks Pancirolus might have counted in *his list of the lost inventions of antiquity*, and which he has made a bold and vigorous attempt to recover.

The purpose with which he has paraphrased an Olympic and Nemæan Ode is by himself sufficiently explained. His endeavour was, not to show *precisely what Pindar spoke, but his manner of speaking*. He was therefore not at all restrained to his expressions, nor much to his sentiments; nothing was required of him, but not to write as Pindar would not have written.

Of the Olympic Ode, the beginning is, I think, above the original in elegance, and the conclusion below it in strength. The connection is supplied with great perspicuity; and the thoughts, which to a reader of less skill seem thrown together by chance, are concatenated without any abruption. Though the English ode cannot be called a translation, it may be very properly consulted as a commentary.

The spirit of Pindar is indeed not every where equally preserved. The following pretty lines are not such as his *deep mouth* was used to pour;

> Great Rhea's son,
> If in Olympus top, where thou
> Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show,
> If in Alpheus' silver flight,
> If in my verse thou take delight,
> My verse, great Rhea's son, which is,
> Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

In the Nemæan Ode, the reader must, in mere justice to Pindar, observe, that whatever is said of *the original New-Moon, her tender forehead and her horns*, is superadded by his paraphrast, who has many other plays of words and fancy unsuitable to the original, as,

> The table, free for ev'ry guest,
> No doubt will thee admit,
> And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.

He sometimes extends his author's thoughts without improving them. In the Olympionic an oath is mentioned in a single word, and Cowley spends three lines in swearing by the *Castalian Stream*. We are told of Theron's bounty, with a hint that he had enemies, which Cowley thus enlarges in rhyming prose:

> But in this thankless world the giver
> Is envied even by the receiver;
> 'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion
> Rather to hide than own the obligation:
> Nay, 'tis much worse than so;
> It now an artifice does grow
> Wrongs and injuries to do,
> Lest men should think we owe.

It is hard to conceive that a man of the first rank in learning and wit, when he was dealing out such minute morality in such feeble diction, could imagine, either waking or dreaming, that he imitated Pindar.

In the following odes, where Cowley chooses his own subjects, he sometimes rises to dignity truly Pindaric; and, if some deficiencies of language be forgiven, his strains are such as those of the Theban bard were to his contemporaries:

> Begin the song, and strike the living lyre:
> Lo how the Years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
> All hand in hand do decently advance,
> And to my song with smooth and equal measure dance;
> While the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
> My music's voice shall bear it company;
> 'Till all gentle notes be drown'd
> In the last trumpet's dreadful sound.

After such enthusiasm, who will not lament to find the poet conclude with lines like these:

> But stop, my Muse—
> Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
> Which does to rage begin—
> —'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse—
> 'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
> But flings writer and reader too that sits not sure.

The fault of Cowley, and perhaps of all the writers of the metaphysical race, is that of pursuing his thoughts to the last ramifications, by which he loses the grandeur of generality; for of the greatest things the parts are little; what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity becomes ridiculous. Thus all the power of description is destroyed by a scrupulous enumeration; and the force of metaphors is lost, when the mind by the mention of particulars is turned more upon the original than the secondary sense; more upon that from which the illustration is drawn, than that to which it is applied.

Of this we have a very eminent example in the ode entituled The Muse, who goes to *take the air* in an intellectual chariot, to which he harnesses Fancy and Judgment, Wit and Eloquence, Memory and Invention. How he distinguished Wit from Fancy, or how Memory could properly contribute to Motion, he has not explained: we are however content to suppose that he could have justified his own fiction, and wish to see the Muse begin her career; but there is yet more to be done.

> Let the *postillion* Nature mount, and let
> The *coachman* Art be set;
> And let the airy *footmen*, running all beside,
> Make a long row of goodly pride;
> Figures, conceits, raptures, and sentences,
> In a well-worded dress,
> And innocent loves, and pleasant truths, and useful lies,
> In all their gaudy *liveries*.

Every mind is now disgusted with this cumber of magnificence; yet I cannot refuse myself the four next lines:

> Mount, glorious queen, thy travelling throne,
> And bid it to put on;
> For long though chearful is the way,
> And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

In the same ode, celebrating the power of the Muse, he gives her prescience, or, in poetical language, the foresight of events hatching in futurity; but, having once an egg in his mind, he cannot forbear to show us, that he knows what an egg contains.

> Thou into the close nests of Time dost peep,
> And there with piercing eye
> Through the firm shell and the thick white dost spy
> Years to come a-forming lie,
> Close in their sacred fecundine asleep.

The same thought is more generally, and therefore more poetically expressed by Casimir, a writer who has many of the beauties and faults of Cowley:

> Omnibus Mundi Dominator horis
> Aptat urgendas per inane pennas,
> Pars adhuc nido latet, & futuros
> Crescit in annos.

Cowley, whatever was his subject, seems to have been carried, by a kind of destiny, to the light and the familiar, or to conceits which require still more ignoble epithets. A slaughter in the Red Sea *new dies the water's name*; and England, during the civil war, was *Albion no more, nor to be named from white.* It is surely by some fascination not easily surmounted, that a writer, professing to revive *the noblest and highest writing in verse*, makes this address to the new year:

> Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year,
> Let not so much as love be there,
> Vain, fruitless love I mean; for, gentle Year,
> Although I fear
> There's of this caution little need,
> Yet, gentle Year, take heed
> How thou dost make
> Such a mistake;
> Such love I mean alone
> As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown:
> For, though I have too much cause to doubt it,
> I fain would try, for once, if life can live without it.

The reader of this will be inclined to cry out with Prior—

> *Ye critics, say,*
> *How poor to this was Pindar's style?*

Even those, who cannot perhaps find in the Isthmian or Nemæan songs what Antiquity has disposed them to expect, will at least see, that they are ill-represented by

such many poetry; and all will determine, that if this be the old Theban strain, it is not worthy of revival.

To the disproportion and incongruity of Cowley's sentiments must be added the uncertainty and looseness of his measures. He takes the liberty of using in any place a verse of any length, from two syllables to twelve. The verses of Pindar have, as he observes, very little harmony to a modern ear; yet, by examining the syllables, we perceive them to be regular, and have reason enough for supposing, that the ancient audiences were delighted with the sound. The imitator ought therefore to have adopted what he found, and to have added what was wanting; to have preserved a constant return of the same numbers, and to have supplied smoothness of transition and continuity of thought.

It is urged by Dr. Sprat, that the *irregularity of numbers is the very thing* which makes *that kind of poesy fit for all manner of subjects.* But he should have remembered, that what is fit for every thing can fit nothing well. The great pleasure of verse arises from the known measure of the lines, and uniform structure of the stanzas, by which the voice is regulated, and the memory relieved.

If the Pindaric style be, what Cowley thinks it, *the highest and noblest kind of writing in verse*, it can be adapted only to high and noble subjects; and it will not be easy to reconcile the poet with the critic, or to conceive how that can be the highest kind of writing in verse, which, according to Sprat, *is chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to prose.*

This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the barren, and flattered the laziness of the idle, that it immediately overspread our books of poetry; all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and they that could do nothing else could write like Pindar. The rights of antiquity were invaded, and disorder tried to break into the Latin: a poem on the Sheldonian Theatre [3], in which all kinds of verse are shaken together, is unhappily inserted in the *Musæ Anglicanæ.* Pindarism prevailed about half a century; but at last died gradually away, and other imitations supply its place.

The Pindaric Odes have so long enjoyed the highest degree of poetical reputation, that I am not willing to dismiss them with unabated censure; and surely, though the mode of their composition be erroneous, yet many parts deserve at least that admiration, which is due to great comprehension of knowledge, and great fertility of fancy. The thoughts are often new, and often striking; but the greatness of one part is disgraced by the littleness of another; and total negligence of language gives the noblest conceptions the appearance of a fabric, august in the plan, but mean in the materials. Yet surely those verses are not without a just claim to praise; of which it may be said with truth, that no man but Cowley could have written them.

The Davideis now remains to be considered: a poem which the author designed to have extended to twelve books, merely, as he makes no scruple of declaring, because the Æneid had that number; but he had leisure or perseverance only to write the third part. Epic poems have been left unfinished by Virgil, Statius, Spenser,

[3] First published in quarto, 1669, under the title of Carmen Pindaricum in Theatrum Sheldonianum in solemnibus magnifici Operis Encæniis, Recitatum Julii die 9, Anno 1669, a Corbetto Owen, A. B. Æd. Chr. Alumno Authore. *R.*

and Cowley. That we have not the whole Davideis is, however, not much to be regretted; for in this undertaking Cowley is, tacitly at least, confessed to have miscarried. There are not many examples of so great a work, produced by an author generally read, and generally praised, that has crept through a century with so little regard. Whatever is said of Cowley, is meant of his other works. Of the Davideis no mention is made; it never appears in books, nor emerges in conversation. By the Spectator it has been once quoted; by Rymer it has once been praised; and by Dryden, in Mack Flecknoe, it has once been imitated; nor do I recollect much other notice from its publication till now, in the whole succession of English literature.

Of this silence and neglect, if the reason be inquired, it will be found partly in the choice of the subject, and partly in the performance of the work.

Sacred history has been always read with submissive reverence, and an imagination overawed and controlled. We have been accustomed to acquiesce in the nakedness and simplicity of the authentic narrative, and to repose on its veracity with such humble confidence as suppresses curiosity. We go with the historian as he goes, and stop with him when he stops. All amplification is frivolous and vain; all addition to that which is already sufficient for the purposes of religion seems not only useless, but in some degree profane.

Such events as were produced by the visible interposition of Divine Power are above the power of human genius to dignify. The miracle of creation, however it may teem with images, is best described with little diffusion of language: *He spake the word, and they were made.*

We are told that Saul *was troubled with an evil spirit;* from this Cowley takes an opportunity of describing Hell, and telling the history of Lucifer, who was, he says,

> Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
> Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
> But down like lightning, which him struck, he came,
> And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame.

Lucifer makes a speech to the inferior agents of mischief, in which there is something of heathenism, and therefore of impropriety; and, to give efficacy to his words, concludes by lashing *his breast with his long tail.* Envy, after a pause, steps out, and among other declarations of her zeal, utters these lines:

> Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
> And thunder echo to the trembling sky;
> Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,
> As shall the fire's proud element affright.
> The old drudging Sun, from his long beaten way,
> Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day.
> The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace,
> And stubborn poles change their allotted place.
> Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,
> Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere.

Every reader feels himself weary with this useless talk of an allegorical being.

It is not only when the events are confessedly miraculous, that fancy and fiction lose their effect: the whole system of life, while the theocracy was yet visible, has an appearance so different from all other scenes of human action, that the reader of

the sacred volume habitually considers it as the peculiar mode of existence of a distinct species of mankind, that lived and acted with manners uncommunicable; so that it is difficult even for imagination to place us in the state of them whose story is related, and by consequence their joys and griefs are not easily adopted, nor can the attention be often interested in any thing that befalls them.

To the subject, thus originally indisposed to the reception of poetical embellishments, the writer brought little that could reconcile impatience, or attract curiosity. Nothing can be more disgusting than a narrative spangled with conceits; and conceits are all that the Davideis supplies.

One of the great sources of poetical delight is description [4], or the power of presenting pictures to the mind. Cowley gives inferences instead of images, and shows not what may be supposed to have been seen, but what thoughts the sight might have suggested. When Virgil describes the stone which Turnus lifted against Æneas, he fixes the attention on its bulk and weight:

> Saxum circumspicit ingens,
> Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat
> Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.

Cowley says of the stone with which Cain slew his brother,

> I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant
> At once his murther and his monument.

Of the sword taken from Goliah, he says,

> A sword so great, that it was only fit
> To cut off his great head that came with it.

Other poets describe death by some of its common appearances. Cowley says, with a learned allusion to sepulchral lamps real or fabulous,

> 'Twixt his right ribs deep pierced the furious blade,
> And opened wide those secret vessels, where
> Life's light goes out, when first they let in air.

But he has allusions vulgar as well as learned. In a visionary succession of kings,

> Joas at first does bright and glorious show,
> In life's fresh morn his fame does early crow.

Describing an undisciplined army, after having said with elegance,

> His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd
> Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud;

he gives them a fit of the ague.

The allusions however, are not always to vulgar things; he offends by exaggeration as much as by diminution:

4 Dr. Warton discovers some contrariety of opinion between this, and what is said of description in p. 49. *C.*

The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head
A well-wrought heaven of silk and gold was spread.

Whatever he writes is always polluted with some conceit:

Where the Sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold, which alone more influence has than he.

In one passage he starts a sudden question to the confusion of philosophy:

Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace;
The oak for courtship most of all unfit,
And rough as are the winds that fight with it?

His expressions have sometimes a degree of meanness that surpasses expectation:

Nay, gentle guests, he cries, since now you're in,
The story of your gallant friend begin.

In a simile descriptive of the morning:

As glimmering stars just at th' approach of day,
Cashier'd by troops, at last all drop away.

The dress of Gabriel deserves attention:

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
That e'er the mid-day sun pierc'd through with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,
Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepest red:
An harmless flatt'ring meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care;
He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,
Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;
This he with starry vapours sprinkles all,
Took in their prime ere they grow ripe and fall;
Of a new rainbow ere it fret or fade,
The choicest piece cut out, a scarfe is made.

This is a just specimen of Cowley's imagery: what might in general expressions be great and forcible, he weakens and makes ridiculous by branching it into small parts. That Gabriel was invested with the softest or brightest colours of the sky, we might have been told, and been dismissed to improve the idea in our different proportions of conception; but Cowley could not let us go till he had related where Gabriel got first his skin, and then his mantle, then his lace, and then his scarfe, and related it in the terms of the mercer and taylor.

Sometimes he indulges himself in a digression, always conceived with his natural exuberance, and commonly, even where it is not long, continued till it is tedious:

I' th' library a few choice authors stood,
Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small store was good;

Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then
Itself, as now, grown a disease of men.
Learning (young virgin) but few suitors knew;
The common prostitute she lately grew,
And with the spurious brood loads now the press;
Laborious effects of idleness.

As the Davideis affords only four books, though intended to consist of twelve, there is no no opportunity for such criticism as epic poems commonly supply. The plan of the whole work is very imperfectly shown by the third part. The duration of an unfinished action cannot be known. Of characters either not yet introduced, or shown but upon few occasions, the full extent and the nice discriminations cannot be ascertained. The fable is plainly implex, formed rather from the Odyssey than the Iliad: and many artifices of diversification are employed, with the skill of a man acquainted with the best models. The past is recalled by narration, and the future anticipated by vision: but he has been so lavish of his poetical art, that it is difficult to imagine how he could fill eight books more without practising again the same modes of disposing his matter; and perhaps the perception of this growing incumbrance inclined him to stop. By this abruption, posterity lost more instruction than delight. If the continuation of the Davideis can be missed, it is for the learning that had been diffused over it, and the notes in which it had been explained.

Had not his characters been depraved, like every other part, by improper decorations, they would have deserved uncommon praise. He gives Saul both the body and mind of a hero:

His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
Nor turn'd aside for danger or delight.

And the different beauties of the lofty Merah and the gentle Michol are very justly conceived and strongly painted.

Rymer has declared the Davideis superior to the *Jerusalem* of *Tasso*, "which," says he, "the poet, with all his care, has not totally purged from pedantry." If by pedantry is meant that minute knowledge which is derived from particular sciences and studies, in opposition to the general notions supplied by a wide survey of life and nature, Cowley certainly errs, by introducing pedantry, far more frequently than Tasso. I know not, indeed, why they should be compared; for the resemblance of Cowley's work to Tasso's, is only that they both exhibit the agency of celestial and infernal spirits, in which however they differ widely; for Cowley supposes them commonly to operate upon the mind by suggestion; Tasso represents them as promoting or obstructing events by external agency.

Of particular passages that can be properly compared, I remember only the description of Heaven, in which the different manner of the two writers is sufficiently discernible. Cowley's is scarcely description, unless it be possible to describe by negatives; for he tells us only what there is not in Heaven. Tasso endeavours to represent the splendours and pleasures of the regions of happiness. Tasso affords images, and Cowley sentiments. It happens, however, that Tasso's description affords some reason for Rymer's censure. He says of the Supreme Being,

Hà sotto i piedi e fato e la natura
Ministri humili, e'l moto, e ch'il misura.

The second line has in it more of pedantry than perhaps can be found in any other stanza of the poem.

In the perusal of the Davideis, as of all Cowley's works, we find wit and learning unprofitably squandered. Attention has no relief; the affections are never moved; we are sometimes surprised, but never delighted, and find much to admire, but little to approve. Still however, it is the work of Cowley, of a mind capacious by nature, and replenished by study.

In the general review of Cowley's poetry it will be found, that he wrote with abundant fertility, but negligent or unskilful selection; with much thought, but with little imagery; that he is never pathetic, and rarely sublime; but always either ingenious or learned, either acute or profound.

It is said by Denham in his elegy,

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he writ was all his own.

This wide position requires less limitation, when it is affirmed of Cowley, than perhaps of any other poet.—He read much, and yet borrowed little.

His character of writing was indeed not his own: he unhappily adopted that which was predominant. He saw a certain way to present praise; and, not sufficiently inquiring by what means the ancients have continued to delight through all the changes of human manners, he contented himself with a deciduous laurel, of which the verdure in its spring was bright and gay, but which time has been continually stealing from his brows.

He was in his own time considered as of unrivalled excellence. Clarendon represents him as having taken a flight beyond all that went before him; and Milton is said to have declared, that the three greatest English poets were Spenser, Shakspeare, and Cowley.

His manner he had in common with others; but his sentiments were his own. Upon every subject he thought for himself; and such was his copiousness of knowledge, that something at once remote and applicable rushed into his mind; yet it is not likely that he always rejected a commodious idea merely because another had used it: his known wealth was so great, that he might have borrowed without loss of credit.

In his elegy on sir Henry Wotton, the last lines have such resemblance to the noble epigram of Grotius on the death of Scaliger, that I cannot but think them copied from it, though they are copied by no servile hand.

One passage in his Mistress is so apparently borrowed from Donne, that he probably would not have written it, had it not mingled with his own thoughts, so as that he did not perceive himself taking it from another:

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;

The search itself rewards the pains.
So, though the chymic his great secret miss,
(For neither it in art or nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains:
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unsought experiments by the way.

COWLEY.

Some that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie;
I have lov'd, and got, and told;
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery;
Oh, 'tis imposture all!
And as no chymic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befal
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

DONNE.

Jonson and Donne, as Dr. Hurd remarks, were then in the highest esteem.

It is related by Clarendon, that Cowley always acknowledges his obligation to the learning and industry of Jonson; but I have found no traces of Jonson in his works: to emulate Donne appears to have been his purpose; and from Donne he may have learned that familiarity with religious images, and that light allusion to sacred things, by which readers far short of sanctity are frequently offended; and which would not be borne in the present age, when devotion, perhaps not more fervent, is more delicate.

Having produced one passage taken by Cowley from Donne, I will recompense him by another which Milton seems to have borrowed from him. He says of Goliah,

His spear, the trunk was of a lofty tree,
Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should be.

Milton of Satan:

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walked with.

His diction was in his own time censured as negligent. He seems not to have known, or not to have considered, that words, being arbitrary, must owe their power to association, and have the influence, and that only, which custom has given them. Language is the dress of thought: and as the noblest mien, or most graceful action, would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employments of rustics or mechanics; so the most heroic sentiments will lose their efficacy, and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words used

commonly upon low and trivial occasions, debased by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications.

Truth indeed is always truth, and reason is always reason; they have an intrinsic and unalterable value, and constitute that intellectual gold which defies destruction; but gold may be so concealed in baser matter, that only a chymist can recover it; sense may be so hidden in unrefined and plebeian words, that none but philosophers can distinguish it; and both may be so buried in impurities, as not to pay the cost of their extraction.

The diction, being the vehicle of the thoughts, first presents itself to the intellectual eye: and if the first appearance offends, a further knowledge is not often sought. Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing, must please at once. The pleasures of the mind imply something sudden and unexpected; that which elevates must always surprise. What is perceived by slow degrees may gratify us with consciousness of improvement, but will never strike with the sense of pleasure.

Of all this, Cowley appears to have been without knowledge, or without care. He makes no selection of words, nor seeks any neatness of phrase: he has no elegancies either lucky or elaborate: as his endeavours were rather to impress sentences upon the understanding than images on the fancy; he has few epithets, and those scattered without peculiar propriety or nice adaptation. It seems to follow from the necessity of the subject, rather than the care of the writer, that the diction of his heroic poem is less familiar than that of his slightest writings. He has given not the same numbers, but the same diction, to the gentle Anacreon and the tempestuous Pindar.

His versification seems to have had very little of his care; and if what he thinks be true, that his numbers are unmusical only when they are ill-read, the art of reading them is at present lost; for they are commonly harsh to modern ears. He has indeed many noble lines, such as the feeble care of Waller never could produce. The bulk of his thoughts sometimes swelled his verse to unexpected and inevitable grandeur; but his excellence of this kind is merely fortuitous: he sinks willingly down to his general carelessness, and avoids with very little care either meanness or asperity.

His contractions are often rugged and harsh:

> One flings a mountain, and its rivers too
> Torn up with 't.

His rhymes are very often made by pronouns, or particles, or the like unimportant words, which disappoint the ear, and destroy the energy of the line.

His combination of different measures is sometimes dissonant and unpleasing; he joins verses together, of which the former does not slide easily into the latter.

The words *do* and *did*, which so much degrade in present estimation the line that admits them, were in the time of Cowley little censured or avoided: how often he used them, and with how bad an effect, at least to our ears, will appear by a passage, in which every reader will lament to see just and noble thoughts defrauded of their praise by inelegance of language:

Where honour or where conscience *does* not bind,
No other law shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I ne'er will be;
Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engag'd *does* stand
For days, that yet belong to Fate,
Does like an unthrift mortgage his estate,
Before it falls into his hand;
The bondman of the cloister so,
All that he *does* receive *does* always owe.
And still as time comes in, it goes away.
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay!
Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work as well as hours *does* tell:
Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell.

His heroic lines are often formed of monosyllables; but yet they are sometimes sweet and sonorous.

He says of the Messiah,

Round the whole Earth his dreaded name shall sound,
And reach to worlds that must not yet be found.

In another place, of David,

Yet bid him go securely, when he sends;
'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.
The man who has his God, no aid can lack;
And we who bid him go, will bring him back.

Yet amidst his negligence he sometimes attempted an improved and scientific versification; of which it will be best to give his own account subjoined to this line:

Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.

"I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of readers, that it is not by negligence that this verse is so loose, long, and, as it were, vast; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this poem, that else will pass for very careless verses: as before,

And over-runs the neighb'ring fields with violent course.

"In the second book;

Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all.——

"And,

And fell a-down his shoulders with loose care.

"In the third,

Brass was his helmet, his boots brass, and o'er
His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore.

"In the fourth,

Like some fair pine o'er-looking all th' ignobler wood.

"And,

Some from the rocks cast themselves down headlong.

And many more: but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that, out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the Greeks were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our English poets observed it, for aught I can find. The Latins (qui Musas colunt severiores) sometimes did it; and their prince, Virgil, always: in whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them."

I know not whether he has, in many of these instances, attained the representation or resemblance that he purposes. Verse can imitate only sound and motion. A *boundless* verse, a *headlong* verse, and a verse of *brass* or of *strong brass*, seem to comprise very incongruous and unsociable ideas. What there is peculiar in the sound of the line expressing *loose care*, I cannot discover; nor why the *pine* is *taller* in an alexandrine than in ten-syllables.

But, not to defraud him of his due praise, he has given one example of representative versification, which perhaps no other English line can equal:

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise:
He, who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on.

Cowley was, I believe, the first poet that mingled alexandrines at pleasure with the common heroic of ten syllables; and from him Dryden borrowed the practice, whether ornamental or licentious. He considered the verse of twelve syllables as elevated and majestic, and has therefore deviated into that measure when he supposes the voice heard of the Supreme Being.

The author of the Davideis is commended by Dryden for having written it in couplets, because he discovered that any staff was too lyrical for an heroic poem; but this seems to have been known before by May and Sandys, the translators of the Pharsalia and the Metamorphoses.

In the Davideis are some hemistichs, or verses left imperfect by the author, in imitation of Virgil, whom he supposes not to have intended to complete them: that this opinion is erroneous, may be probably concluded, because this truncation is imitated by no subsequent Roman poet; because Virgil himself filled up one broken line in the heat of recitation; because in one the sense is now unfinished; and be-

cause all that can be done by a broken verse, a line intersected by a cæsura, and a full stop, will equally effect.

Of triplets in his Davideis he makes no use, and perhaps did not at first think them allowable; but he appears afterwards to have changed his mind, for in the verses on the government of Cromwell he inserts them liberally with great happiness.

After so much criticism on his Poems, the Essays which accompany them must not be forgotten. What is said by Sprat of his conversation, that no man could draw from it any suspicion of his excellence in poetry, may be applied to these compositions. No author ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought, or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.

It has been observed by Felton, in his Essay on the Classics, that Cowley was beloved by every muse that he courted; and that he has rivalled the ancients in every kind of poetry but tragedy.

It may be affirmed, without any encomiastic fervour, that he brought to his poetic labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments which books could supply; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode, and the gaiety of the less; that he was equally qualified for spritely sallies, and for lofty flights; that he was among those who freed translation from servility, and, instead of following his author at a distance, walked by his side; and that, if he left versification yet improveable, he left likewise from time to time such specimens of excellence, as enabled succeeding poets to improve it.

ELEGIA

DEDICATORIA,

AD

ILLUSTRISSIMAM ACADEMIAM

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de nato, ditissima mater, egeno
Exiguum immensi pignus amoris habe.
Heu, meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Astringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Tûne tui poteris vocem hic agnoscere nati
Tam malè formatam, dissimilemque tuæ ?
Tûne hic materni vestigia sacra decoris,
Tu speculum poteris hic reperire tuum ?
Post longum, dices, Coulëi, sic mihi tempus ?
Sic mihi speranti, perfide, multa rellis ?
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemurésque Deæque, nocentes,
Hunc mihi in infantis supposuêre loco ?
At tu, sancta parens, crudelis tu quoque, nati
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid fato genetrix accedis iniquo ?
Sit sors, sed non sis, ipsa, noverca mihi.
Si mihi natali Musarum adolescere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare solo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuisset pleniùs undâ
Haurire, ingentem si satiare sitim,
Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
Nec legeres nomen fusa rubore meum.
Scis benè, scis quæ me tempestas publica mundi
Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poscentem querulo murmure lactis opem.
Sic quondam, aërium vento bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum autumnum sæva flagellat hyems,
Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
Et vi victa cadunt ; arbor & ipsa gemit.
Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,
Nondum Sol roseo redditur ore Pater.
O mihi jucundum Grantæ super omnia nomen !
O penitùs toto corde receptus amor !
O pulchræ sine luxu ædes, vitæque beatæ,
Splendida paupertas, ingenuùsque decor !
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine regum
Digna domus ! Trini nomine digna Dei !
O nimium Cereris cumulati munere campi,
Posthabitis Ennæ quos colit illa jugis !
O sacri fontes ! & sacræ vatibus umbræ,
Quas recreant avium Pieridúmque chori !
O Camus ! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis !
Amnibus auriferis invidiosus inops !
Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,
Detque Deus doctâ posse quiete frui !
Qualis eram, cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
Vidisti in ripâ, Came serene, tuâ ;
Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu ;
Ille quidèm immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque,
Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,
Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.
At nunc cœnosæ luces, atque obice multo
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
Quid mihi Sequanâ opus, Tamesisve aut Thybridis unda ?
Tu potis es nostram tollere, Came, sitim.
Felix, qui numquam plus uno viderit amne !
Quique eadem Salicis littora more colit !
Felix, qui non tentatus sordescere mundus,
Et cui pauperies nota nitere potest ;
Tempore cui nullo misera experientia constat.
Ut res humanas sentiat esse nihil !
At nos exemplis fortuna instruxit opimis,
Et documentorum satque supérque dedit.
Cum capite avulsum diadema, infractâque sceptra,
Contusásque hominum sorte minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, & non tractabile fatum,
Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim
Infami scopulis naufragiisque mari ?
Tu quoque in hoc terræ tremuisti, Academia, motu,
(Nec frustrà) atque ædes contremuêre tuæ :
Contremuêre ipsæ pacatæ Palladis arces ;
Et timuit fulmen laurea sancta novum.
Ah quanquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere numen,
Nec saltem bellis ista licere, velit !
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus ; & ecce, perimus !
In nos jus habeat : jus habet omne malum.
Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes ; nec tibi mors ipsa superstes erit :
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formosas mittes ad mare mortis aquas.
Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea saucia dextrâ,
(Namque solent ipsis bella nocere Deis)
Imploravit opem superûm, questúsque cecrit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris ? contemne breves secura dolores :
Nam tibi ferre necem vulnera nulla valent.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS EDITION IN FOLIO,

1656.

AT my return lately into England[1], I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a book entitaled The Iron Age, and published under my name, during the time of my absence. I wondered very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill verses, should yet be so wise to set them forth as another man's rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the bastard upon such a person, whose stock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the author to put forth some of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more pardonable plagiary, and had done less wrong by robbery, than he does by such a bounty; for nobody can be justified by the imputation even of another's merit; and our own coarse clothes are like to become us better than those of another man, though never so rich: but these, to say the truth, were so beggarly, that I myself was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed *in effigie;* and impossible it is for any good name to be in safety, if the malice of witches have the power to consume and destroy it in an image of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect. So that I esteem my self less prejudiced by it, than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind; which is, the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them.

Of which sort, was a comedy called The Guardian, printed in the year 1650; but made and acted before the prince, in his passage through Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the college. After the representation (which, I confess, was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the poet and the soldier; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in human conversation when I made it. But, as it is, it is only the hasty first-sitting of a picture, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly.

From this which has happened to myself, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum; or wit

[1] In 1656.

such, which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the allay: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble; or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book; and, like vintners, with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more profit. This has been the case with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others; part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me: neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous, the less space it animates. And, as Statius says of little Tydeus[2],

———Totos infusa per artus
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose myself to some raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer: but though I publish here more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppresst and cast away more than I publish; and, for the ease of myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnancies of my own modesty, and to produce these poems to the light and view of the world; not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose rather than to stay till it were done for me by some body else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after, my death: and this will be the more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least a dying person, and upon my muse in this action, as appearing, like the emperor Charles the Fifth, and assisting at her own funeral.

For, to make myself absolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my resolution at present is, never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen, that the poet dies before the man; for, when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life. But, as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poesy; to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable matches, which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows, than in their opinion of exegi monumentum ære perennius) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves: neither ought any man to envy poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them, which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, "If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable."

And, if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it choose but wither in a long and a sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to write of, but worst to write in. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to myself, which was spoken by Tully to a much better person, upon occasion of the civil wars and revolutions in his time: Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo: cujus in adolescentiam, per medias laudes, quasi quadrigis vehentem, transversa incurrit misera fortuna reipublicæ.[3]

Neither is the present constitution of my mind more proper than that of the times for this exercise, or rather divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much serenity and chearfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed by the storms of injurious fortune; it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of poesy. One may see through the style of Ovid

[2] Stat. Theb. lib. 1. 416. [3] Cic. de Clar. Orator. § 331.

de Trist. the humble and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footstep of that genius,

—quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes[4], &c.

The cold of the country had strucken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself, methinks, like one of the stories of his own Metamorphosis; and, though there remain some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe,[5]

In vultu color est sine sanguine: lumina mœstis
Stant immota genis: nihil est in imagine vivum.—
Flet tamen—

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour; neither is wit less eclipsed with the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the indisposition of body. So that it is almost as hard a thing to be a poet in despite of fortune, as it is despite of nature. For my own part, neither my obligations to the Muses, nor expectations from them, are so great, as that I should suffer myself on no considerations to be divorced, or that I should say like Horace,[6]

Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.

I shall rather use his words in another place,[7]

Vixi camenis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloriâ:
Nunc arma, defunctúmque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.

And this resolution of mine does the more befit me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts, (which is the end of most men that travel thither; so that of these Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens—[8]

but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, (but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy)

Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis—[9]

as my former author speaks too, who has enticed me here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin sentences. And I think Dr. Donne's *sun-dyal in a grave* is not more useless and ridiculous, than poetry would be in that retirement. As this therefore is in a true sense a kind of death to the Muses, and a real literal quitting of this world; so, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of deceased poets, which is, to be read with more favour than the living;

Tanti est ut placeam tibi, perire.[1]

Having been forced, for my own necessary justification, to trouble the reader with this long discourse

[4] Metam. l. xv. 871.
[5] Metam. l. vi. 304.
[6] Hor. 2 Sat. i. 60.
[7] Hor. 3 Carm. xxvi. Vixi puellis, &c.
[8] Hor. 1 Ep. i. 45.
[9] Hor. 1 Ep. xi. 9.
[1] Martial, 8 Ep.

of the reasons why I trouble him also with all the rest of the book; I shall only add somewhat concerning the several parts of it, and some other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: as, first, all those which I wrote at school, from the age of ten years, till after fifteen; for even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child; which, though they were then looked upon as commendable extravagancies in a boy, (men setting a value upon any kind of fruit before the usual season of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over myself; and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from others. Besides, they have already past through several editions, which is a longer life than uses to be enjoyed by infants that are born before the ordinary terms. They had the good fortune then to find the world so indulgent (for, considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be severe?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the speed of my setting out; and am obliged too in a manner by discretion to conceal and suppress them, as promises and instruments under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the honestest sort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made unsolvable not so much by their own negligence and ill husbandry, as by some notorious accidents and public disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as, among others, three books of the civil war itself, reaching as far as the first battle of Newbury, where the succeeding misfortunes of the party stopt the work.

As for the ensuing book, it consists of four parts. The first is a miscellany of several subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps superfluous to tell the reader: I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost; and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation, than was bestowed upon their brethren; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the arrogancy of the word, when I said I had lost them.

The second, is called, The Mistress, or Love-Verses; for so it is, that poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love. Sooner or later they must all pass through that trial, like some Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca:

In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem[3].

But we must not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind; as the Romanists uncharitably do of Beza, for a few lascivious sonnets composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that poesy is said to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and persons imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a philosopher, nay a stoic, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho,

——ferat & rubus asper amomum[4].

He professes too much the use of fables (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity as to be ashamed to be thought really in love. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man, who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious readers: for much excess is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry, so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obscenity and profaneness, of which, I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions. And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing arguments.

[2] In the present collection, there are *five* parts; the first of which contains the juvenile poems mentioned in p. 15. Their history may be seen in the prefaces prefixed to them.

[3] Virg. Georg. iii. 244.

[4] Virg. Ecl. iii. 89.

For, as for the Pindaric Odes, (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracts of poesy. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dion. Halicarnasseus calls, Μαλακοφυεῖς καὶ ἡδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος, and which he attributes to Alcens. The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all lyriques, and of Pindar above all men living: the figures are unusual and bold, even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry: the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses, in the Ode entituled, The Resurrection: and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise—

—Ut sibi quivis
Speret idem; sudet multùm, frustráque laboret
Ausus idem[5].

I come now to the last part, which is Davideis, or an heroical poem of the troubles of David: which I designed into twelve books; not for the tribes' sake, but after the pattern of our master Virgil; and intended to close all with that most poetical and excellent elegy of David on the death of Saul and Jonathan: for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, because it is the custom of heroic poets (as we see by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their story: but only so near, that every one may see it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the whole design: in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob; the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the wilderness; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the sacking of Ziglag; the loss and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites; the witch of Endor; the war with the Philistines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories of the Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age.

But I have had neither leisure hitherto, nor have appetite at present, to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done, with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deserves. For what worthier subject could have been chosen, among all the treasuries of past times, than the life of this young prince; who, from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth? Whom should a poet more justly seek to honour, than the highest person who ever honoured his profession? whom a Christian poet, rather than a man after God's own heart, and the man who had that sacred pre-eminence above all other princes, to be the best and mightiest of that royal race from whence Christ himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend?

When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature the holy Scripture affords and proffers, as it were, to poesy; in the wise managing and illustrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of mankind; it is not without grief and indignation, that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence, either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or at best on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things, which the Devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity; as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like; there is none that he so universally, and so long, usurpt, as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damascus. There

[5] Hor. A. P. 240.

wants, methinks, but the conversion of that and the Jews, for the accomplishment of the kingdom of Christ. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without some carnal reluctancies apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest liberty: it will fare no otherwise with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to Heaven.

There is not so great a lye to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry. Were there never so wholesome nourishment to be had (but alas! it breeds nothing but diseases) out of these boasted feasts of love and fables; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet should make us nauseate it: for it is almost impossible to serve up any new dish of that kind. They are all but the cold-meats of the ancients, new-heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a gleaning, not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars? Besides, though those mad stories of the gods and heroes seem in themselves so ridiculous; yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of those times. They were believed by all, but a few philosophers, and perhaps some atheists, and served to good purpose among the vulgar (as pitiful things as they are), in strengthening the authority of law with the terrours of conscience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable punishments. There was no other religion; and therefore that was better than none at all. But to us, who have no need of them; to us, who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinencies; they ought to appear no better arguments for verse, than those of their worthy successors, the knights-errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the story of Ducalion than in that of Noah? Why will not the actions of Sampson afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? Why is not Jeptha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendship of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theseus and Perithous? Does not the passage of Moses and the Israelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulysses or Æneas? Are the obsolete thread-bare tales of Thebes and Troy half so stored with great, heroical, and supernatural actions (since verse will needs find or make such), as the wars of Joshua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the gods give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Christ, or of his prophets and apostles? What do I instance in these few particulars? All the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poesy, or are the best materials in the world for it.

Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose; none but a good artist will know how to do it; neither must we think to cut and polish diamonds with so little pains and skill as we do marble. For, if any man design to compose a sacred poem, by only turning a story of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarle's, or some other godly matter, like Mr. Heywood of angels, into rhyme; he is so far from elevating of poesy, that he only abases divinity. In brief, he who can write a prophane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of invention; the same wisdom of disposition; the same judgment in observance of decencies; the same lustre and vigour of elocution; the same modesty and majesty of number; briefly, the same kind of habit, is required to both: only this latter allows better stuff, and therefore would look more deformidly, ill drest in it. I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: but sure I am, there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree answerable to the idea that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

THE

BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE EDITION OF 1674.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much inquired after, and very scarce (the town hardly affording one book, though it hath been four times printed) we thought this fifth edition could not fail of being well received by the world. We presume one reason why they were omitted in the last collection, was, because the propriety of this copy belonged not to he same person that published those: but the reception they had found appears by the several impressions through which they had passed. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the author in his riper years, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in obscurity. We presume the author's judgment of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modesty) give them no small character. His words are in the 3d page of his preface before his former published poems[6].

You find our excellent author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these poems, in his "Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose, in the 11th Discourse treating of himself." These we suppose a sufficient authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous reader to whom the smallest remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His poems are every where the copy of his mind; so that by this supplement to his other volume you have the picture of that so deservedly eminent man from almost his childhood to his latest years, the bud and bloom of his spring; the warmth of his summer; the richness and perfection of his autumn. But, for the reader's further curiosity, we refer him to the author's following preface to them, published by himself.

[6] See the Author's Preface above, p. 45.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

JOHN

LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, AND DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

I MIGHT well fear, lest these my rude and unpolished lines should offend your honourable survey; but that I hope your nobleness will rather smile at the faults committed by a child, than censure them. Howsoever I desire your lordship's pardon, for presenting things so unworthy to your view; and to accept the good-will of him, who in all duty is bound to be

your lordship's

most humble servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS

JUVENILE POEMS.

READER! (I know not yet whether gentle or no) some, I know, have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness: others, who are either of a weak faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never sounds but when it is blowed in, and read me, not as Abraham Cowley, but Authorem Anonymum. To the first I answer, that it is an envious frost which nips the blossoms, because they appear quickly: to the latter, that he is the worst homicide who strives to murder another's fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the stars, because the Moon and Sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this wind. For the itch of poesy, by being angered, increaseth; by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this third edition. What though it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgments it suffer shipwreck, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased myself and the bookseller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my poesy flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my Piramus and Thisbe, nay, I would do it myself, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errours of ten years age. My Constantius and Philetus confesses me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since, upon several occasions, and perhaps do not belie the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me: but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewell.

A. COWLEY.

TO THE READER.

I CALLED the buskin'd muse, Melpomene,
And told her what sad story I would write:
She wept at hearing such a tragedy,
Though wont in mournful ditties to delight.
  If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know,
  My muse with tears, not with conceits, did flow:

And, as she my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the paper fall;
If then unequal numbers be espied,
Oh, Reader! do not that my errour call;
  But think her tears defac'd it, and blame then
  My Muse's grief, and not my missing pen.

A. COWLEY.

POEMS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I SING two constant lovers' various fate,
  The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their loves; their rivals' envy, parents' hate:
I sing their woeful life and tragic end.
  Aid me, ye gods, this story to rehearse,
  This mournful tale, and favour every verse!

In Florence, for her stately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofs that emulate the sky,
There dwelt a lovely maid, Constantia named,
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy.
  Her, lavish Nature did at first adorn
  With Pallas' soul in Cytherea's form:

And, framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her wit in study, that they might
Keep Earth from chaos and eternal night;
But envious Death destroyed their glorious light.
  Expect not beauty then, since she did part;
  For in her Nature wasted all her art.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are
A crown to Phœbus; and her breath so sweet,
It did transcend Arabian odours far,
Or smelling flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
  Approaching Summer; teeth, like falling snow
  For white, were placed in a double row.

Her wit, excelling praise, even all admire;
Her speech was so attractive, it might be
A cause to raise the mighty Pallas' ire,
And stir up envy from that deity.
  The maiden lilies at her sight
  Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew white.

She was in birth and parentage as high
As in her fortune great or beauty rare;
And to her virtuous mind's nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
  That in her spotless soul and lovely face
  You might have seen each deity and grace.

The scornful boy, Adonis, viewing her,
Would Venus still despise, yet her desire;
Each who but saw, was a competitor
And rival, scorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.
  The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move,
  And light beholders on their way to love.

Among her many suitors, a young knight,
'Bove others wounded with the majesty
Of her fair presence, presseth most in sight;
Yet seldom his desire can satisfy
  With that blest object, or her rareness see;
  For Beauty's guard is watchful Jealousy.

Oft times, that he might see his dearest fair,
Upon his stately jennet he in th' way
Rides by her house; who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright Constantia.
  But his poor master, though to see her move
  His joy, dares show no look betraying love.

Soon as the Morning left her rosy bed,
And all Heaven's smaller lights were driven away,
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,
Like other maids, would walk at break of day:
  Aurora blush'd to see a sight unknown,
  To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

Th' obsequious lover follows still her train,
And where they go, that way his journey feigns:
Should they turn back, he would turn back again;
For with his love, his business does remain.
  Nor is it strange he should be loth to part
  From her, whose eyes had stole away his heart.

Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a race
Of noble ancestors; but greedy Time
And envious Fate had laboured to deface
The glory which in his great stock did shine:
  Small his estate, unfitting her degree;
  But blinded Love could no such difference see.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,
And dipt his arrow in Constantia's eyes,
Blowing a fire that would destroy him quite,
Unless such flames within her heart should rise.
  But yet he fears, because he blinded is,
  Though he have shot him right, her heart he'll miss.

Unto Love's altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleasing sacrifice;
Entreating Cupid, with inducing prayers,
To look upon and ease his miseries:

Where having wept, recovering breath again,
Thus to immortal Love he did complain:

"Oh, mighty Cupid! whose unbounded sway
Hath often rul'd th' Olympian thunderer;
Whom all cœlestial deities obey;
Whom men and gods both reverence and fear!
Oh force Constantia's heart to yield to love!
Of all thy works the master-piece 'twill prove.

"And let me not affection vainly spend,
But kindle flames in her like those in me;
Yet if that gift my fortune doth transcend,
Grant that her charming beauty I may see!
For ever view those eyes, whose charming light,
More than the world besides, does please my sight.

"Those who contemn thy sacred deity,
Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger know:
I faultless am; what honour can it be,
Only to wound your slave and spare your foe?"
Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,
In language far more moving than his own.

Home he retir'd, his soul he brought not home;
Just like a ship, while every mounting wave,
Toss'd by enraged Boreas up and down,
Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave;
Such did his case, such did his state appear,
Alike distracted between hope and fear.

Thinking her love he never shall obtain,
One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain
Of his unhappy fate, but all in vain;
And thus fond Echo answers him again:
It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant grass with many a tear.

THE ECHO.

"Oh! what hath caus'd my killing miseries?"
"Eyes," Echo said. "What hath detained my ease?"
"Ease," straight the reasonable nymph replies.
"That nothing can my troubled mind appease?"
"Peace," Echo answers. "What, is any nigh?"
Philetus said. She quickly utters, "I."

"Is't Echo answers? tell me then thy will:"
"I will," she said. "What shall I get," says he,
"By loving still?" To which she answers, "Ill."
"Ill! Shall I void of wish'd-for pleasures die?"
"I." "Shall not I, who toil in ceaseless pain,
"Some pleasure know?" "No," she replies again.

"False and inconstant nymph, thou lyest!" said he;
"Thou lyest," she said; "And I deserv'd her hate,
If I should thee believe." "Believe," saith she.
"For why? thy idle words are of no weight."
"Weight," she answers. "Therefore I'll depart."
To which resounding Echo answers, "Part."

THEN from the woods with wounded heart he goes,
Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind.
He quarrels with himself, because his woes
Spring from himself, yet can no med'cine find:
He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

No morning-banish'd darkness, nor black night
By her alternate course expell'd the day,
In which Philetus by a constant rite
At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,
But care and sorrow was his only gain.

But now at last the pitying god, o'ercome
By constant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart
A golden shaft, and she is now become
A suppliant to Love, that with like dart
He'd wound Philetus; does with tears implore
Aid from that power, she so much scorn'd before.

Little she thinks she kept Philetus' heart
In her scorch'd breast, because her own she gave
To him. Since either suffers equal smart,
And a like measure in their torments have:
His soul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are grown:
Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone.

Whilst thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in mutiny,
She took a lute (being far from any ears)
And tun'd this song, posing that harmony
Which poets attribute to heavenly spheres.
Thus had she sung when her dear love was slain,
She'd surely call'd him back from Styx again.

THE SONG.

TO whom shall I my sorrows show?
Not to Love, for he is blind:
And my Philetus doth not know
The inward torment of my mind.
And all these senseless walls, which are
Now round about me, cannot hear;

For, if they could, they sure would weep,
And with my griefs relent:
Unless their willing tears they keep,
Till I from Earth am sent.
Then I believe they 'll all deplore
My fate, since I taught them before.

I willingly would weep my store,
If th' flood would land thy love,
My dear Philetus, on the shore
Of my heart; but, should'st thou prove
Afraid of flames, know the fires are
But bonfires for thy coming there.

THEN tears in envy of her speech did flow
From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there
Her burning flame had melted hills of snow,
And so dissolv'd them into many a tear;
Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
And quickly caus'd new serpent griefs to grow.

Here stay, my Muse; for if I should recite
Her mournful language, I should make you weep
Like her, a flood, and so not see to write
Such lines as I, and th' age requires, to keep
Me from stern Death, or with victorious rhyme
Revenge their master's death, and conquer Time.

By this time, chance and his own industry
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her brother, so that he
Might, by this means, his bright Constantia view;
And, as time serv'd, show her his misery:
This was the first act in his tragedy.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering state,
He said; "How shall I thank thee for this gain,
O Cupid! or reward my helping Fate,
Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain?
What husbandman would any pains refuse,
To reap at last such fruit, his labour's use?"

But, when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state,
Seeing his griefs link'd like an endless chain
To following woes, he would when 'twas too late
Quench his hot flames, and idle love disdain.
But Cupid, when his heart was set on fire,
Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates
(So was her brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
So true and constant in their amities,
And in that league so strictly joined were,
That death itself could not their friendship sever,
But, as they liv'd in love, they died together.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;
If one be sick, the other's surely ill;
And if Philetus any sorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it still:
Pylades' soul, and mad Orestes', was
In these, if we believe Pythagoras.

Oft in the woods Philetus walks, and there
Exclaims against his fate, fate too unkind:
With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
And with sad sighs instructs the angry wind
To sigh; and did ev'n upon that prevail;
It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

The crystal brooks, which gently run between
The shadowing trees, and, as they through them pass,
Water the earth, and keep the meadows green,
Giving a colour to the verdant grass,
Hearing Philetus tell his woeful state,
In show of grief run murmuring at his fate.

Philomel answers him again, and shows,
In her best language, her sad history,
And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,
Denying to be pos'd in misery:
Constantia he, she Tereus, Tereus, cries;
With him both grief, and grief's expression, vies.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,
Willing in ills, as well as joys, to share,
Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,
Who in light sport, not sorrow, partners are.
Who leaves to guide the ship when storms arise,
Is guilty both of sin and cowardice.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he
Yielded to tyrant Passion more and more,
Desirous to partake his malady,
He watches him, in hope to cure his sore
By counsel, and recall the poisonous dart,
When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

When in the woods, places best fit for care,
He to himself did his past griefs recite,
Th'obsequious friend straight follows him, and there
Doth hide himself from sad Philetus' sight;
Who thus exclaims (for a swoln heart would break,
If it for vent of sorrow might not speak):

"Oh! I am lost, not in this desert wood,
But in Love's pathless labyrinth; there I
My health, each joy and pleasure counted good,
Have lost, and, which is more, my liberty;
And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice
My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

"Long have I staid, but yet have no relief;
Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shown;
Because she knows not of my killing grief,
And I have fear'd to make my sorrows known.
For why? alas! if she should once but dart
Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

"But how should she, ere I impart my love,
Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire?
Why, he who hath all sorrows borne before,
Needeth not fear to be opprest with more."

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and sighing, "Oh!" said he,
"My dear Philetus! be thyself, and swear
To rule that passion which now masters thee,
And all thy reason; but, if it can't be,
Give to thy love but eyes, that it may see."

Amazement strikes him dumb; what shall he do?
Should he reveal his love, he fears 'twould prove
A hindrance; and, should he deny to shew,
It might perhaps his dear friend's anger move:
These doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand,
Whilst Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

At last resolv'd: "How shall I seek," said he,
"T' excuse myself, dearest Philocrates!
That I from thee have hid this secrecy?
Yet censure not; give me first leave to ease [known
My case with words: my grief you should have
Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

"I am all love; my heart was burnt with fire
From two bright suns, which do all light disclose;
First kindling in my breast the flame desire:
But, like the rare Arabian bird, there rose,
From my heart's ashes, never quenched Love,
Which now this torment in my soul doth move.

"Oh! let not then my passion cause your hate
Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
Your ancient friendship; 'tis, alas! too late
To call my firm affection back again:
No physic can re-cure my weaken'd state,
The wound is grown too great, too desperate."

"But counsel," said his friend, "a remedy
Which never fails the patient, may at least,
If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,
Assuage your torment, and procure some rest.
But there is no physician can apply
A med'cine ere he know the malady."

"Then hear me," said Philetus; "but why? Stay
I will not toil thee with my history;
For to remember sorrows past away,
Is to renew an old calamity.
He who acquainteth others with his moan,
Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his own."

"But," said Philocrates, "'tis best, in woe,
To have a faithful partner of their care;
That burthen may be undergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
Your thoughts, and tax you of inconstancy."

What shall he do? or with what language frame
Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
But open his close thoughts and inward flame:
With that, as prologue to his tragedy,
He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments' ire,
When they, alas! did blow the raging fire.

"When years first styl'd me twenty, I began
To sport with catching snares that Love had set:
Like birds that flutter round the gin till ta'en,
Or the poor fly caught in Arachne's net,
Even so I sported with her beauty's light,
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

"First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought
'Twas easy to repel it; but as fire,
Though but a spark, soon into flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
Which so have scorch'd my love-struck soul, that I
Still live in torment, yet each minute die."

"Who is it," said Philocrates, "can move
With charming eyes such deep affection?
I may perhaps assist you in your love;
Two can effect more than yourself alone.
My counsel this thy errour may reclaim,
Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame."

"Nay," said Philetus, "oft my eyes do flow
Like Nilus, when it scorns th' opposed shore;
Yet all the watery plenty I bestow,
Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more.
So fame reports o' th' Dodonéan spring,
That lightens all those which are put therein.

"But, being you desire to know her, she
Is call'd" (with that his eyes let fall a shower,
As if they fain would drown the memory
Of his life-keeper's name) "Constantia—" More
Grief would not let him utter; tears, the best
Expressers of true sorrow, spoke the rest.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
"And was this all? Whate'er your grief would ease,
Though a far greater task, believe't, for thee
It should be soon done by Philocrates:
Think all your wish perform'd; but see, the day,
Tir'd with its heat, is hasting now away!"

Home from the silent woods Night bids them go:
But sad Philetus can no comfort find;
What in the day he fears of future woe,
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
Why dost thou vex him, Love? Could'st thou but [see,
Thou would'st thyself Philetus' rival be.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,
And wounded with the sorrows of his friend,
Brings him to fair Constantia; where alone
He might impart his love, and either end
His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,
Or, by her liking, his wisht joys attain.

"Fairest," said he, "whom the bright Heavens do cover,
Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise!
These heaving sighs of a submissive lover,
Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling eyes!
And do not you contemn that ardent flame,
Which from yourself, your own fair beauty, came!

"Trust me, I long have hid my love; but now
Am fore'd to show't, such is my inward smart!
And you alone, fair saint! the means do know
To heal the wound of my consuming heart.
Then, since it only in your power doth lie
To kill or save, Oh! help, or else I die."

His gently cruel love did thus reply;
"I for your pain am grieved, and would do,
Without impeachment of my chastity
And honour, any thing might pleasure you.
But, if beyond those limits you demand,
I must not answer, sir, nor understand."

"Believe me, virtuous maiden! my desire
Is chaste and pious as thy virgin thought;
No flash of lust, 'tis no dishonest fire,
Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought;
But as thy beauty pure; which let not be
Eclipsed by disdain and cruelty!"

"Oh! how shall I reply?" she cry'd, "thou 'st [won
My soul, and therefore take thy victory:
Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'ercome,
And if I should deny thee love, then I
Should be a tyrant to myself: that fire
Which is kept close burns with the greatest ire.

"Yet do not count my yielding lightness, now;
Impute it rather to my ardent love;
Thy pleasing carriage won me long ago,
And pleading Beauty did my liking move; [might
Thy eyes, which draw like loadstones with their
The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite."

"Oh! I am rapt above the reach," said he,
"Of thought; my soul already feels the bliss [thee
Of Heaven: when, sweet, my thoughts once tax but
With any crime, may I lose all happiness
Is wish'd for: both your favour here, and dead,
May the just gods pour vengeance on my head!"

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate!)
Constantia's father enter'd in the room,
When glad Philetus, ignorant of his state,
Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting Sun,
Or else the Morn, blushing through clouds of water,
To see ascending Sol congratulate her.

Just as the guilty prisoner fearful stands,
Reading his fatal Theta in the brows
Of him who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows:
Such was his state to see her father come,
Nor wish'd-for, nor expected, in the room.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be
At any time with his lov'd daughter there,
Till he had given him such authority:
But to depart, since she her love did show him,
Was living death, with lingering torments, to him.

This being known to kind Philocrates,
He chears his friend, bidding him banish fear,
And by some letter his griev'd mind appease,
And show her that which to her friendly ear
Time gave no leave to tell: and thus his quill
Declares to her the absent lover's will.

THE LETTER.

PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

I TRUST, dear soul, my absence cannot move
You to forget or doubt my ardent love:
For, were there any means to see you, I
Would run through death, and all the misery
Fate could inflict; that so the world might say,
In life and death I lov'd Constantia.
Then let not, dearest sweet, our absence part
Our loves, but each breast keep the other's heart;
Give warmth to one another, till there rise
From all our labours and our industries
The long-expected fruits: have patience, sweet!
There's no man whom the summer pleasures greet

Before he taste the winter; none can say,
Ere night was gone, he saw the rising day.
So, when we once have wasted Sorrow's night,
The Sun of Comfort then shall give us light.

PHILETUS.

his, when Constantia read, she thought her state
Most happy, by Philetus' constancy
And perfect love: she thanks her flattering fate,
Kisses the paper, till with kissing she
The welcome characters doth dull and stain:
Then thus with ink and tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

YOUR absence, sir, though it be long, yet
Neither forget nor doubt your constancy.
Nor need you fear that I should yield unto
Another, what to your true love is due.
My heart is yours; it is not in my claim,
Nor have I power to take it back again.
There's nought but death can part our souls; no time,
Or angry friends, shall make my love decline:
But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,
Unless Death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

CONSTANTIA.

Oh! how this letter seem'd to raise his pride!
Prouder was he of this than Phæton,
When he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,
Unknowing of the danger was to come:
Prouder than Jason, when from Colchos he
Returned with the fleece's victory.

But ere the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,
Had paid the sweating plowman's greediest prayer,
And by the fall disrobed the gaudy ground
Of all those ornaments it us'd to wear;
Them kind Philocrates t' each other brought,
Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom wrought.

"Sweet fair-one," said Philetus, since the time
Favours our wish, and does afford us leave
T' enjoy our loves; oh, let us not resign
This long'd-for favour, nor ourselves bereave
Of what we wish'd for, opportunity,
That may too soon the wings of Love out-fly!

"For when your father, as his custom is,
For pleasure doth pursue the timorous hare,
If you 'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
To be in those woods ready for you, where
We may depart in safety, and no more
With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore."

To this the happy lovers soon agree;
But, ere they part, Philetus begs to hear,
From her enchanting voice a melody,
One song to satisfy his longing ear:
She yields; and, singing added to desire,
The listening youth increas'd his amorous fire.

THE SONG.

TIME! fly with greater speed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haste in flying brings
That wish'd-for, and expected day.
Comfort's Sun we then shall see,
Though at first it darken'd be
With dangers; yet, those clouds but gone,
Our Day will put his lustre on.

Then, though Death's sad night appear,
And we in lonely silence rest;
Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,
But with lasting day be blest.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power;
Thus there 's nothing can dissever
Hearts which Love hath join'd together.

FEAR of being seen, Philetus homeward drove,
But ere they part she willingly doth give
(As faithful pledges of her constant love)
Many a soft kiss; then they each other leave,
Rapt up with secret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

But, ere the Sun through many days had run,
Constantia's charming beauty had o'ercome
Guisardo's heart, and scorn'd affection won;
Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,
Shot through his wounded heart such hot desire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

In roofs which gold and Parian stone adorn
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound;
In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with scorch'd Calabria's ground;
But in his soul, that should contain the store
Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

Him was Constantia urg'd continually,
By her friends, to love: sometimes they did entreat
With gentle speeches and mild courtesy;
Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat.
But love too deep was seated in her heart,
To be worn-out by thought of any smart.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,
To seek for sport, and hunt the started game;
Guisardo and Philocrates were there,
With many friends too tedious here to name:
With them Constantia went, but not to find
The bear or wolf, but Love, all mild and kind.

Being enter'd in the pathless woods, while they
Pursue their game, Philetus, who was late
Hid in a thicket, carries straight away
His love, and hastens his own hasty fate;
That came too soon upon him; and his sun
Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

Constantia miss'd, the hunters in amaze
Take each a several course, and by curst Fate
Guisardo runs, with a love-carried pace,
Tow'rds them, who little knew their woeful state
Philetus, like bold Icarus, soaring high
To honours, found the depth of misery.

For when Guisardo sees his rival there,
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,
And with his sword a way to's heart does find.
But, ere his spirits were possest of death,
In these few words he spent his latest breath:

"O see, Constantia! my short race is run;
See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye;
But live thou happier than thy love hath done,
And when I'm dead, think sometime upon me!
More my short time permits me not to tell,
For now Death seizeth me; my dear, farewell!"

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled
From his pierc'd body, whilst Constantia, she
Kisses his cheeks, that lose their lively red,
And become pale and wan; and now each eye,
Which was so bright, is like, when life was done,
A star that's fall'n, or an eclipsed sun.

Thither Philocrates was driven by Fate,
And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth;
Near his pale corpse his weeping sister sate,
Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.
Philocrates, when he saw this, did cry,
"Friend, I'll revenge, or bear thee company!

"Just Jove hath sent me to revenge his fate;
Nay, stay, Guisardo, think not Heaven in jest:
'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state."
Then thrust his sword into the villain's breast.
"Here," said Philocrates, "thy life I send
A sacrifice, t' appease my slaughter'd friend."

But, as he fell, "Take this reward," said he,
"For thy new victory." With that he flung
His darted rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
With that he falls, but, lifting up his eyes,
"Farewell, Constantia!" that word said, he dies.

What shall she do? She to her brother runs,
His cold and lifeless body does embrace;
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
And with her kisses warms his clammy face.
"My dear Philocrates!" she, weeping, cries,
"Speak to thy sister!" but no voice replies.

Then running to her love, with many a tear,
Thus her mind's fervent passion she exprest;
"O stay, blest soul, stay but a little here,
And take me with you to a lasting rest.
Then to Elysium's mansions both shall fly,
Be married there, and never more to die."

But, seeing them both dead, she cry'd, "Ah me!
Ah, my Philetus! for thy sake will I
Make up a full and perfect tragedy:
Since 'twas for me, dear love, that thou didst die,
I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore;
These eyes, that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

"It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,
And thy Constantia live when thou wast slain:
No, no, dear soul! I will not stay from thee;
That will reflect upon my valued fame."
Then piercing her sad breast, "I come!" she cries,
And Death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

Her soul being fled to its eternal rest,
Her father comes, and, seeing this, he falls
To th' earth, with grief too great to be exprest:
Whose doleful words my tired Muse me calls
To o'erpass; which I most gladly do, for fear
That I should toil too much the reader's ear.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, MY VERY LOVING MASTER

MR. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,

CHIEF SCHOOL-MASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

SIR,

My childish Muse is in her spring, and yet
Can only show some budding of her wit.
One frown upon her work, learn'd sir, from you,
Like some unkinder storm shot from your brow,
Would turn her spring to withering autumn's time,
And make her blossoms perish ere their prime.
But if you smile, if in your gracious eye
She an auspicious alpha can descry,
How soon will they grow fruit! how fresh appear!
That had such beams their infancy to chear!
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
The earliest offering of her grateful pen.

Your most dutiful scholar,

ABR. COWLEY.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

When Babylon's high walls erected were
By mighty Ninus' wife, two houses join'd:
One Thisbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair
In the other: Earth ne'er boasted such a pair!
The very senseless walls themselves combin'd,
And grew in one, just like their master's mind.

Thisbe all other women did excel,
The queen of love less lovely was than she:
And Pyramus more sweet than tongue can tell;
Nature grew proud in framing them so well.
But Venus, envying they so fair should be,
Bids her son Cupid show his cruelty.

The all-subduing god his bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his most remorseless dart,
Which he unseen unto their hearts did send,
And so was Love the cause of Beauty's end.
But could he see, he had not wrought their smarts
For pity sure would have o'ercome his heart.

Like as a bird, which in a net is ta'en,
By struggling more entangles in the gin;
So they, who in Love's labyrinth remain,
With striving never can a freedom gain.
The way to enter's broad; but, being in,
No art, no labour can an exit win.

These lovers, though their parents did reprove
Their fires, and watched their deeds with jealousy;
Though in these storms no comfort could remove
The various doubts and fears that cool hot love;
Though he nor her's, nor she his face could see,
Yet this could not abolish Love's decree;

For age had crack'd the wall which did them part;
This the unanimous couple soon did spy,
And here their inward sorrows did impart,
Unlading the sad burthen of their heart.
Though Love be blind, this shows he can descry
A way to lessen his own misery.

Oft to the friendly cranny they resort,
And feed themselves with the celestial air

Of odoriferous breath; no other sport
They could enjoy; yet think the time but short,
And wish that it again renewed were,
To suck each other's breath for ever there.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,
And sometimes they accus'd imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their flames; but all too late;
The arrow could not be recall'd: their state
Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

They curst the wall that did their kisses part,
And to the stones their mournful words they sent,
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could understand their smart:
But it was hard and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their sighs, alas! would it relent.

This in effect they said; "Curs'd Wall! O Why
Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love
Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty!
For both our souls so closely joined lie,
That nought but angry Death can them remove;
And though he part them, yet they'll meet above."

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow'd,
And damm'd the lovely splendour of their sight,
Which seem'd like Titan, whilst some watery cloud
O'erspreads his face, and his bright beams doth shroud;
Till Vesper chas'd away the conquer'd light,
And forced them (though loth) to bid good-night.

But ere Aurora, usher to the day,
Began with welcome lustre to appear,
The lovers rise, and at that cranny they
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay,
With many a sigh and many a speaking tear;
Whose grief the pitying Morning blusht to hear.

"Dear love!" said Pyramus, "how long shall we,
Like fairest flowers not gather'd in their prime,
Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,
Till we bewail (at last) our cruelty
Upon ourselves? for beauty, though it shine
Like day, will quickly find an evening-time.

"Therefore, sweet Thisbe, let us meet this night
At Ninus' tomb, without the city wall,
Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white
Abounding, there t' enjoy our wish'd delight.
For mounting love, stopt in its course, doth fall,
And long'd-for, yet untasted, joy kills all.

"What though our cruel parents angry be?
What though our friends, alas! are too unkind,
Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,
And soon hold back fit opportunity.
Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find;
Occasion, once pass'd by, is bald behind."

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little wooing needs, where both consent;
What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd:
Which Venus seeing, with blind Chance conspir'd,
And many a charming accent to her sent,
That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's means undone,
Striving to close those eyes that make her bright;
Just like the Moon, which seeks t' eclipse the Sun,
Whence all her splendor, all her beams, do come:
So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

Unto the mulberry-tree fair Thisbe came;
Where having rested long, at last she 'gan
Against her Pyramus for to exclaim,
Whilst various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain.
And, imitating thus the silver swan,
A little while before her death, she sang:

THE SONG.

Come, love! why stayest thou? the night
Will vanish ere we taste delight:
The Moon obscures herself from sight,
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

Come quickly, dear! be brief as Time,
Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en;
Love's joy's thine own as well as mine;
Spend not therefore the time in vain.

HERE doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant song,
And for her lover's stay sent many a sigh;
Her Pyramus, she thought, did tarry long,
And that his absence did her too much wrong.
Then, betwixt longing hope and jealousy,
She fears, yet's loth to tax, his loyalty.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen him:
She fears that he another love hath taken;
Which, being but imagin'd, soon doth waken
Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did fling
Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

While she thus musing sat, ran from the wood
An angry lion to the crystal springs,
Near to that place; who coming from his food,
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:
Swifter than thought, sweet Thisbe strait begins
To fly from him; fear gave her swallows' wings.

As she avoids the lion, her desire
Bids her to stay, lest Pyramus should come,
And be devour'd by the stern lion's ire,
So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire:
But fear expels all reasons; she doth run
Into a darksome cave, ne'er seen by sun.

With haste she let her looser mantle fall:
Which, when th' enraged lion did espy,
With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small;
While Thisbe ran, and look'd not back at all;
For, could the senseless beast her face descry,
It had not done her such an injury.

The night half wasted, Pyramus did come;
Who, seeing printed in the yielding sand
The lion's paw, and by the fountain some
Of Thisbe's garment, sorrow struck him dumb;
Just like a marble statue did he stand,
Cut by some skilful graver's artful hand.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed:
"I may," said he, "myself for her death blame;
Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame:
Since she is dead, whose beauty doth exceed
All that frail man can either hear or read."

This spoke, he drew his fatal sword, and said,
"Receive my crimson blood, as a due debt

Unto thy constant love, to which 'tis paid:
I strait will meet thee in the pleasant shade
Of cool Elysium; where we, being met,
Shall taste those joys that here we could not get."

Then through his breast thrusting his sword, life hies
From him, and he makes haste to seek his fair:
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
His blood had dropt upon the mulberries;
With which th' unspotted berries stained were,
And ever since with red they colour'd are.

At last fair Thisbe left the den, for fear
Of disappointing Pyramus, since she
Was bound by promise for to meet him there:
But when she saw the berries changed were
From white to black, she knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

With what delight from the dark cave she came,
Thinking to tell how she escap'd the beast!
But, when she saw her Pyramus lie slain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her sad soul remain!
She tears her golden hair, and beats her breast,
And every sign of raging grief exprest.

She blames all-powerful Jove; and strives to take
His bleeding body from the moisten'd ground.
She kisses his pale face, till she doth make
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake
His parting soul with mournful words; his wound
Washes with tears, that her sweet speech confound.

But afterwards, recovering breath, said she,
"Alas! what chance hath parted thee and I?
O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
That of thy death I may a partner be:
Tell Thisbe what hath caus'd this tragedy!"
He, hearing Thisbe's name, lifts up his eye;
And on his love he rais'd his dying head:
Where, striving long for breath, at last, said he,
"O Thisbe, I am hasting to the dead,
And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred:
Farewell, sweet Thisbe! we must parted be,
For angry Death will force me soon from thee."

Life did from him, he from his mistress, part,
Leaving his love to languish here in woe.
What shall she do? How shall she ease her heart?
Or with what language speak her inward smart?
Usurping passion reason doth o'erflow,
She vows that with her Pyramus she 'll go:

Then takes the sword wherewith her love was slain,
With Pyramus's crimson blood warm still;
And said, "Oh stay, blest soul, awhile refrain,
That we may go together, and remain
In endless joys, and never fear the ill
Of grudging friends!"—Then she herself did kill.

To tell what grief their parents did sustain,
Were more than my rude quill can overcome;
Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,
For weeping calls not back the dead again.
Both in one grave were laid, when life was done;
And these few words were writ upon the tomb:

EPITAPH.

Underneath this marble stone,
Lie two beauties join'd in one.

Two, whose loves deaths could not sever;
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

Two, whose souls, being too divine
For earth, in their own sphere now shine.

Who have left their loves to fame,
And their earth to earth again.

SYLVA:

OR,

DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES,

MADE UPON SUNDRY OCCASIONS.

DE FELICI PARTU REGINÆ MARIÆ.[7]

DUM more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
Et populum pascit religiosa fames,
Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam:
Pere iterum nobis, læte December, ades.
Ite, quibus lusum Bacchusque Ceresque ministrant,
Et risum vitis lacryma rubra movet.
Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti:
Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.
Cum corda arcanâ saltant festiva choreâ,
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet?
Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem?
Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera suâ.
VICISTI tandem, vicisti, casta Maria;
Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.
A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!
Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.
Jam tua plus vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
Regis, et in methodo te peperisse juvat.
O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri!
O sancta hæc inter jurgia vetus amor!
Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro
Tam populo (et notum est quàm placet ille) placet.
Da veniam, hîc omnes nimium quòd simus avari;
Da veniam, hîc animos quòd satiare nequis.
Cúmque (sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis)
In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,
Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago
Non minus in terris, quàm tua sculpta, regat.

ABRAHAMUS COWLEY, *T[rin]. C[oll].*

[7] From the ΣΥΝΩΔΙΑ, sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Consentus et Congratulatio, ad serenissimam Britanniarum Regem Carolum, de quinta sua sobole [Princess Anne], clarissima Principe, sibi nuper felicissimmè nata. Cantabrigiæ, 1637. I doubt not but it will prove a pleasing amusement to the curious reader, to trace the first dawnings of genius in some of our first-rate poetic characters; and to compare them with the eminence they afterwards attained to, and the rank they at last held among their brethren of the laurel. Some early specimens of Dryden's genius may be seen in the first volume of his poems. Those of Cowley, here printed, abound with strokes of wit, some true, but the far greater part false; which thoroughly characterise the writer, and may be justly pronounced to point out his genius and manner, in miniature. K.—This species of entertainment the kind attention of Mr. Kynaston (the friend to whom I owe these remarks) enables me considerably to extend, by furnishing the earliest poetical productions of some writers who are now universally looked up to as excellent; none of which are to be found in any edition of their respective works. In such juvenile performances, it is well observed by an admirable critic, "the absurd conceits and extravagant fancies are the true seeds and germs, which afterwards ripen, by proper culture, into the most luxuriant harvests." See Annual Register, 1779, p. 180. *J. N.*

IN FELICISSIMAM REGINÆ MARIÆ, FERTILITATEM[8].

Naturæ facies renovatur quolibet anno,
Et sese mirùm fertilis ipsa parit.
Sic quoque Naturæ exemplar Regina, decusque,
In fœtu toties se videt ipsa novam,
Penè omnem signas tam sæpè puerpera mensem,
Et cupit à partu nomen habere tuo.
Quæque tuos toties audit Lucina labores,
Vix ipsa in proprio sæpiùs Orbe tumet.
Fœcundam semper spectabis Jane, Mariam,
Sive hâc sive illâ fronte videre voles.
Discite, subjecti, officium: Regina Marito
Amna jam toties ipsa tributa dedit.

Dum redit à sanctis non fessus Carolus aris,
Principis occurit nuntia fama novi.
Non mirum, existat cùm proximus ipse Tonanti,
Vicinum attingunt quòd citò vota Deum.
Non mirum, cùm sit tam sanctâ mente precatus,
Quòd precibus merces tam properata venit.
Factura ô longùm nobis jejunia festum!
O magnas epulas exhibitura fames!
Ex fundunt gemitum et lacrymarum flumina; tur-
Cum Reginâ ipsam parturiisse putes. [bam
Credibile est puerum populi sensisse dolores;
Edidit hinc mœstos flebilis ipse sonos.

A. Cowley, A. B. *T[rin]. C[oll.]*

UPON THE HAPPIE BIRTH OF THE DUKE.[9]

Whilst the rude North Charles his slow wrath doth call,
Whilst warre is fear'd, and conquest hop'd by all,
The severall shires their various forces lend,
And some do men, some gallant horses send,
Some steel, and some (the stronger weapon) gold:
These warlike contributions are but old.
That countrey learn'd a new and better way,
Which did this royall prince for tribute pay.
Who shall henceforth be with such rage possest,
To rouse our English lion from his rest?
When a new sonne doth his blest stock adorn,
Then to great Charles is a new armie born.
In private births hopes challenge the first place:
There's certaintie at first in the king's race;
And we may say, Such will his glories be,
Such his great acts, and, yet not prophesie.
I see in him his father's boundlesse sprite,
Powerfull as flame, yet gentle as the light.
I see him through an adverse battle thrust,
Bedeck'd with noble sweat and comely dust.
I see the pietie of the day appeare,
Joyn'd with the heate and valour of the yeare,
Which happie Fate did to this birth allow:
I see all this; for sure 'tis present now.

[8] From the Voces Votivæ ab Academicis Cantabrigiensibus pro novissimo Caroli et Mariæ Principe Filio, emissæ. Cantabrigiæ, 1640.

[9] Henry, who was declared by his father duke of Gloucester in 1641, but not so created till May 13, 1659. He died September 13, 1660.—The Verses are taken from the Voces Votivæ, &c. 1640. *J. N.*

Leave off then, London, to accuse the starres
For adding a worse terrour to the warres;
Nor quarrel with the Heavens, 'cause they beginne
To send the worst effect and scorge of sinne,
That dreadfull plague, which wheresoe're 't abide,
Devours both man and each disease beside.
For every life which from great Charles does flow,
And 's female self, weighs down a crowd of low
And vulgar souls: Fate rids of them the Earth,
To make more room for a great prince's birth.
So when the Sunne, after his watrie rest,
Comes dancing from his chamber of the east,
A thousand pettie lamps, spread ore the skie,
Shrink in their doubtfull beams, then wink, and die:
Yet no man grieves; the very birds arise,
And sing glad notes in stead of elegies:
The leaves and painted flowers, which did erewhile
Tremble with mournfull drops, beginne to smile.
The losse of many why should they bemoane,
Who for them more than many have in one?
How blest must thou thy self, bright Mary, be,
Who by thy wombe can'st blesse our miserie?
May 't still be fruitful! May your offspring too
Spread largely, as your fame and virtues do!
Fill every season thus: Time, which devours
It's own sonnes, will be glad and proud of yours.
So will the year (though sure it weari'd be
With often revolutions) when 't shall see
The honour by such births it doth attain,
Joy to return into it self again.

A. Cowley, A. B. *T[rin]. C[oll]*

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE DUDLEY LORD CARLETON, VISCOUNT DORCHESTER, LATE PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

Th' infernal sisters did a council call
Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian hall;
The dire Tartarian monsters, hating light,
Begot by dismal Erebus and Night,
Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the fame
Of their accursed meeting, thither came.
Revenge, whose greedy mind no blood can fill,
And Envy, never satisfy'd with ill:
Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,
Resorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age.
These, to oppress the Earth, the Furies sent[1]:
The council thus dissolv'd, an angry Fever,
Whose quenchless thirst by blood was sated never,
Envying the riches, honour, greatness, love,
And virtue (load-stone, that all these did move)
Of noble Carleton, him she took away,
And, like a greedy vulture, seiz'd her prey.
Weep with me, each who either reads or hears,
And know his loss deserves his country's tears!
The Muses lost a patron by his fate,
Virtue a husband, and a prop the State.
Sol's chorus weeps, and, to adorn his hearse,
Calliope would sing a tragic verse.
And, had there been before no spring of theirs,
They would have made a Helicon with tears.

ABR. COWLEY.

[1] Something is here wanting, as appears from the want both of rhyme and connection. *J. N.*

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MY LOVING FRIEND AND COUSIN

MR. RICHARD CLARKE, GENT.

LATE OF LINCOLN'S-INN.

It was decreed by stedfast Destiny
(The world from chaos turn'd) that all should die.
He who durst fearless pass black Acheron,
And dangers of th' infernal region,
Leading Hell's triple porter captivate,
Was overcome himself by conquering Fate.
The Roman Tully's pleasing eloquence,
Which in the ears did lock up every sense
Of the rapt hearer? his mellifluous breath
Could not at all charm unremorseless Death;
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save
Himself, with all his wisdom, from the grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro to his funeral flame,
And would have ended in that fire his fame;
Burning those lofty lines, which now shall be
Time's conquerors, and out-last eternity.
Even so lov'd Clarke from death no 'scape could find,
Though arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
He was adorn'd, in years though far more young,
With learn'd Cicero's, or a sweeter tongue.
And, could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth a Solon's wisdom did presage,
Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age.
Who would not therefore now, if Learning's friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting eyes,
As not to weep when so much virtue dies?
The god of poets doth in darkness shrowd
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud,
The doleful Muses thinking now to write
Sad elegies, their tears confound their sight:
But him t' Elysium's lasting joys they bring,
Where winged angels his sad requiems sing.

A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

Phœbus, expell'd by the approaching night,
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful light,
While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,
The Muse whom I adore enter'd the room:
Her hair with looser curiosity
Did on her comely back dishevell'd lie:
Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
As might have wak'd sleeping Endymion.
She bade me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those fields, those mansions of felicity,
We mortals so admire at: speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegasus,
On whom I rid; knowing, wherever she
Did go, that place must needs a temple be.
No sooner was my flying courser come
To the blest dwellings of Elysium,
When strait a thousand unknown joys resort,
And hemm'd me round; chaste Love's innocuous sport!
A thousand sweets, bought with no following gall,
Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.
How many objects charm my wandering eye,
And bid my soul gaze there eternally!
Here in full streams, Bacchus, thy liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb; here Jove's broad tree bestows
Distilling honey; here doth nectar pass,
With copious current, through the verdant grass:
Here Hyacinth, his fate writ in his looks,
And thou, Narcissus, loving still the brooks,
Once lovely boys! and Acis, now a flower,
Are nourish'd with that rarer herb, whose power
Created thee, War's potent god! here grows
The spotless lily and the blushing rose;
And all those divers ornaments abound,
That variously may paint the gaudy ground.
No willow, Sorrow's garland, there hath room,
Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb.
None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine
Embracing the stout oak, the fruitful vine,
And trees with golden apples loaded down,
On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone,
Unmindful of her former misery,
Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony;
Whilst all the murmuring brooks that glide along,
Make up a burthen to her pleasing song.
No screech-owl, sad companion of the night;
No hideous raven with prodigious flight,
Presaging future ill; nor, Progne, thee,
Yet spotted with young Itis' tragedy,
Those sacred bowers receive. There's nothing there
That is not pure; all innocent and rare,
Turning my greedy sight another way,
Under a row of storm contemning bay,
I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre
Teach the deaf stones to hear him and admire.
Him the whole poets' chorus compass'd round,
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel crown'd.
There banish'd Ovid had a lasting home,
Better than thou could'st give, ungrateful Rome!
And Lucan (spite of Nero) in each vein
Had every drop of his spilt blood again:
Homer, Sol's first-born, was not poor or blind,
But saw as well in body as in mind.
Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the rest
Of Greece's admir'd wise-men, here possest
A large reward for their past deeds, and gain
A life as everlasting as their fame.
By these the valiant heroes take their place;
All who stern Death and perils did embrace
For Virtue's cause. Great Alexander there
Laughs at the Earth's small empire, and did wear
A nobler crown than the whole world could give:
There did Horatius, Cocles, Sceva, live,
And valiant Decius; who now freely cease
From war, and purchase an eternal peace.
Next them, beneath a myrtle bower, where doves
And gall-less pigeons build their nests, all Love's
True faithful servants, with an amorous kiss
And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.
Leander with his beauteous Hero plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing seas:
Porcia enjoys her Brutus; Death no more
Can now divorce their wedding, as before:
Thisbe her Pyramus kiss'd, his Thisbe he
Embrac'd, each bless'd with t' other's company:
And every couple, always dancing, sing
Eternal pleasures to Elysium's king.
But see how soon these pleasures fade away!
How near to evening is Delight's short day!
The watching bird, true nuncius of the light,
Strait crowd; and all these vanish'd from my sight:
My very Muse herself forsook me too.
Me grief and wonder wak'd: what should I do?
Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and go
From life, that I may dream for ever so.

With that my flying Muse I thought to clasp
Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.
Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,
And all our greatest pleasure's but a dream.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S

RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

GREAT Charles!—there stop, ye trumpeters of Fame!
For he who speaks his titles, his great name,
Must have a breathing time our king:—stay there;
Speak by degrees; let the inquisitive ear
Be held in doubt, and, ere you say "is come,"
Let every heart prepare a spacious room
For ample joys: then Iö sing, as loud
As thunder shot from the divided cloud!
Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves
The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves
Great Neptune's court: let every sparrow bear
From the three Sisters' weeping bark a tear:
Let spotted lynxes their sharp talons fill
With crystal, fetch'd from the Promethean hill:
Let Cytherea's birds fresh wreaths compose,
Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the rose:
Let the self-gotten phenix rob his nest,
Spoil his own funeral pile, and all his best
Of myrrh, of frankincense, of cassia, bring,
To strew the way for our returned king!
Let every post a panegyric wear,
Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear:
And yet, let no man invocate a Muse;
The very matter will itself infuse
A sacred fury: let the merry bells
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of sexton, and presage
A new-made holy-day for future age!
And, if the ancients us'd to dedicate
A golden temple to propitious Fate,
At the return of any noble men,
Of heroes, or of emperors, we must then
Raise up a double trophy; for their fame
Was but the shadow of our Charles's name.
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow,
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whose head is always crown'd with victory,
Snatch'd from Bellona's hand; him Luxury
In peace debilitates: whose tongue can win
Tully's own garland, Pride to him creeps in.
On whom (like Atlas' shoulders) the propt state
(As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)
Solely relies; him blind Ambition moves;
His tyranny the bridled subject proves.
But all those virtues which they all possess
Divided, are collected in thy breast,
Great Charles! Let Cæsar boast Pharsalia's fight,
Honorius praise the Parthian's unfeign'd flight:
Let Alexander call himself Jove's peer,
And place his image near the thunderer;
Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns
'Twixt Mercy and Astrea, and maintains
A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he,
Who is most near, most like, the Deity.

SONG,

ON THE SAME.

HENCE, clouded looks; hence, briny tears,
Hence eye that Sorrow's livery wears!
What though awhile Apollo please
To visit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd—the night.
What though the Spring vanish away,
And with it the Earth's form decay?
Yet his new-birth will soon restore
What its departure took before.
What though we miss'd our absent king
Awhile? great Charles is come again;
And with his presence makes us know
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
So doth a cruel storm impart
And teach us Palinurus' art:
So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth arise.

A VOTE.

LEST the misjudging world should chance to say
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray;
To whisper in Jove's ear
How much I wish that funeral,
Or gape at such a great one's fall;
This let all ages hear,
And future times in my soul's picture see
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

I would not be a puritan, though he
Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be
But half a quarter long;
Though, from his old mechanic trade,
By vision he's a pastor made,
His faith was grown so strong;
Nay, though he think to gain salvation
By calling th' pope the Whore of Babylon.

I would not be a school-master, though he
His rods no less than fasces deems to be;
Though he in many a place
Turns Lilly oftener than his gowns,
Till at the last he make the nouns
Fight with the verbs apace;
Nay, though he can, in a poetic heat,
Figures, born since, out of poor Virgil beat.

I would not be justice of peace, though he
Can with equality divide the fee,
And stakes with his clerk draw;
Nay, though he sits upon the place
Of judgment, with a learned face
Intricate as the law;
And, whilst he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks Priscian's head with sentences securely.

I would not be a courtier, though he
Makes his whole life the truest comedy,
Although he be a man
In whom the taylor's forming art,
And nimble barber, claim more part
Than Nature herself can;
Though, as he uses men, 'tis his intent
To put off Death too with a compliment.

From lawyer's tongues, though they can spin with ease
The shortest cause into a paraphrase;
From usurers' conscience
(For swallowing up young heirs so fast,
Without all doubt, they'll choak at last)
Make me all innocence,
Good Heaven! and from thy eyes, O Justice! keep;
For though they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

From singing-mens' religion, who are
Always at church, just like the crows, 'cause there

They build themselves a nest:
Fram too much poetry, which shines
With gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, O you powers! my breast.
And from astronomy, which in the skies
Finds fish and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

From your court-madams' beauty, which doth [carry
At morning May, at night a January:
From the grave city brow
(For though it want an R, it has
The letter of Pythagoras)
Keep me, O Fortune, now!
And chines of beef innumerable send me,
Or from the stomach of the guard defend me.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known;
Rumour can ope the grave!
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not from the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light;
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; that pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, and happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say, each night,
To morrow let my Sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to day [2].

A POETICAL REVENGE.

Westminster-hall a friend and I agreed
To meet in; he (some business 'twas did breed
His absence) came not there; I up did go
To the next court; for though I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
(As most spectators do at theatre)
Things very strange: Fortune did seem to grace
My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
But, being newly settled at the sport,
A semi-gentleman of the inns of court,
In a satin suit, redeem'd but yesterday,
One who is ravish'd with a cock-pit play,
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
Besides a taylor's bill, and fears no devil
Besides a serjeant, thrust me from my seat:
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take
For barrister) open'd his mouth and spake;
"Boy, get you gone, this is no school." "Oh no;
For, if it were, all you gown'd men would go
Up for false Latin." They grew straight to be
Incens'd; I fear'd they would have brought on me
An action of trespass: till the young man
Aforesaid, in the satin suit, began
To strike me: doubtless there had been a fray,
Had not I providently skipp'd away
Without replying; for to scold is ill,
Where every tongue's the clapper of a mill,
And can out-sound Homer's Gradivus; so
Away got I: but ere I far did go,
I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)
These two or three sharp curses back: "May he
Be by his father in his study took
At Shakespeare's plays, instead of my lord Coke!
May he (though all his writings grow as soon
As Butter's out of estimation)
Get him a poet's name, and so ne'er come
Into a serjeant's or dead judge's room!
May he become some poor physician's prey,
Who keeps men with that conscience in delay
As he his client doth, till his health be
As far-fetcht as a Greek noun's pedigree!
Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone
Never but in the long vocation!
May neighbours use all quarrels to decide;
But if for law any to London ride,
Of all those clients let not one be his,
Unless he come in *forma pauperis!*
Grant this, ye gods that favour poetry!
That all these never-ceasing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a thread-bare black: but spare
Them who bear scholars' names, lest some one take
Spleen, and another Ignoramus make."

[2] The three concluding stanzas of this poem are introduced by Mr. Cowley in his Essays in Verse and Prose. *N.*

TO THE DUTCHESS OF

BUCKINGHAM.

If I should say, that in your face were seen
Nature's best picture of the Cyprian queen;
If I should swear, under Minerva's name,
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;
The future age would think it flattery;
But to the present, which can witness be,
'Twould seem beneath your high deserts, as far
As you above the rest of women are.
When Manners' name with Villiers' join'd I see,
How do I reverence your nobility!
But when the virtues of your stock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them; for what woman can,
Besides yourself (nay, I might say what man)
But sex, and birth, and fate, and years excel
In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?
Oh, how had this begot idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the world's infancy,
When man's too much religion made the best
Or deities, or semi-gods at least!
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modesty,
Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray
Not to, but for, you; nor that England may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But, what's more possible, t'enjoy you long.

TO HIS VERY MUCH HONOURED

GODFATHER, MR. A. B.

I love (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or Time's darts) my name.
I love it more, because 'twas given by you;
I love it most, because 'twas your name too;
For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm glad that city, t'whom I ow'd before
(But, ah me! Fate hath crost that willing score)
A father, gave me a godfather too;
And I'm more glad, because it gave me you;
Whom I may rightly think, and term, to be
Of the whole city an epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licensed my tongue
Farther than cries) who should my office do;
I thank her more, because she found out you:
In whose each look I may a sentence see;
In whose each deed, a teaching homily.

How shall I pay this debt to you? My fate
Denies me Indian pearl or Persian plate;
Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to send apples to Alcinous,
And sell the cunning'st way.—No! when I can,
In every leaf, in every verse, write Man;

When my quill relisheth a school no more;
When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar,
And gotten wings as well as feet; look then
For equal thanks from my unwearied pen:
Till future ages say, 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made yours to live.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN LITTLETON, ESQUIRE, SON AND HEIR TO SIR THOMAS LITTLETON, WHO WAS DROWNED LEAPING INTO THE WATER TO SAVE HIS YOUNGER BROTHER.

And must these waters smile again, and play
About the shore, as they did yesterday?
Will the Sun court them still? and shall they show
No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
That to the thirsty traveller may say,
"I am accurst; go turn some other way?"
It is unjust: black Flood! thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loss, than all thy watery store
Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds shall be,
And beasts, henceforth afraid to drink of thee.
What have I said? my pious rage hath been
Too hot, and acts, whilst it accuseth, sin.
Thou'rt innocent, I know, still clear and bright,
Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.
How is angry zeal confin'd! for he
Must quarrel with his love and piety,
That would revenge his death. Oh, I shall sin,
And wish anon he had less virtuous been.
For when his brother (tears for him I'd spill,
But they 're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he too
Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could show,
His charity shone most: "Thou shalt," said he,
"Live with me, brother, or I'll die with thee;"
And so he did! Had he been thine, O Rome!
Thou would'st have call'd this death a martyrdom,
And sainted him. My conscience give me leave,
I'll do so too: if Fate will us bereave
Of him we honour'd living, there must be
A kind of reverence to his memory,
After his death; and where more just than here,
Where life and end were both so singular?
He that had only talk'd with him, might find
A little academy in his mind;
Where Wisdom master was, and fellows all
Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call:
Reason, and Holy Fear, the proctors were,
To apprehend those words, those thoughts, that err.
His learning had out-run the rest of heirs,
Stol'n beard from Time, and leapt to twenty years.
And, as the Sun, though in full glory bright,
Shines upon all men with impartial light,
And a good-morrow to the beggar brings
With as full rays as to the mightiest kings:
So he, although his worth just state might claim,
And give to pride an honourable name,
With courtesy to all, cloath'd virtue so,
That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
In 's body too no critique eye could find
The smallest blemish, to belye his mind;
He was all pureness, and his outward part
But represents the picture of his heart.
When waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheat
The hungry worm of its expected meat;
When gems, pluckt from the shore by ruder hands,
Return'd again unto their native sands;
'Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey
Could equal what this brook hath stol'n away.
Weep then, sad Flood; and, though thou'rt innocent,
Weep because Fate made thee her instrument:
And, when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A TRANSLATION OF

VERSES UPON THE BLESSED VIRGIN,

WRITTEN IN LATIN BY THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL DR. A.

AVE MARIA.

Once thou rejoiced'st, and rejoice for ever,
Whose time of joy shall be expired never:
Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,
Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.
You brought the word of joy, in which was born
An hail to all! let us an hail return!
From you "God save" into the world there came;
Our echo hail is but an empty name.

GRATIA PLENA.

How loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,
From divers flowers by chymic bees distill'd!
How full the collet with his jewel is,
Which, that it cannot take by love, doth kiss:
How full the Moon is with her brother's ray,
When she drinks-up with thirsty orb the day!
How full of grace the Graces' dances are!
So full doth Mary of God's light appear.
It is no wonder if with Graces she
Be full, who was full of the Deity.

DOMINUS TECUM.

The fall of mankind under Death's extent
The quire of blessed angels did lament,
And wish'd a reparation to see
By him, who manhood join'd with deity.
How grateful should man's safety then appear
T' himself, whose safety can the angels cheer!

BENEDICTA TU IN MULIERIBUS.

Death came, and troops of sad Diseases led
To th' Earth, by woman's hand solicited:
Life came so too, and troops of Graces led
To th' Earth, by woman's faith solicited.
As our life's springs came from thy blessed womb,
So from our mouths springs of thy praise shall come:

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Who did life's blessing give, 'tis fit that she,
Above all women, should thrice blessed be.

ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI.

With mouth divine the Father doth protest,
He a good word sent from his stored breast;
'Twas Christ: which Mary, without carnal thought,
From the unfathom'd depth of goodness brought:
The word of blessing a just cause affords
To be oft blessed with redoubled words!

SPIRITUS SANCTUS SUPERVENIET IN TE.

As when soft west-winds strook the garden-rose,
A shower of sweeter air salutes the nose;
The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power
Unlocks the virgin-bosom of the flower:
So the Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
And from her sacred box whole rivers flowed:
Yet loos'd not thine eternal chastity;
Thy rose's folds do still entangled lie.
Believe Christ born from an unbruised womb,
So from unbruised bark the odours come.

ET VIRTUS ALTISSIMI OBUMBRABIT TIBI.

God his great Son begot ere time begun;
Mary in time brought forth her little son,
Of double substance One; life he began,
God without mother, without father, man.
Great is the birth; and 'tis a stranger deed
That she no man, than God no wife, should need;
A shade delighted the child-bearing maid,
And God himself became to her a shade.
O strange descent! who is light's author, he
Will to his creature thus a shadow be.
As unseen light did from the Father flow,
So did seen light from Virgin Mary grow.
When Moses sought God in a shade to see,
The father's shade was Christ the Deity.
Let's seek for day, we darkness, whilst our sight
In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

ODE I.

ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man;
But verses only: they shall fresh appear,
Whilst there are men to read or hear.
When Time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away;
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust;
Then shall the epitaph remain, and be
New-graven in eternity,
Poets by Death are conquer'd; but the wit
Of poets triumph over it.
What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus took
His lyre, and gently on it strook,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.
With artificial pace the warlike pine,
The elm and his wife the ivy twine,
With all the better trees, which erst had stood
Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.
The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow;
And every loving arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a shade.
The beasts too strove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
Nightingales, harmless Syrens of the air,
And Muses of the place, were there;
Who, when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to so strange a sound,
O'ercome by art and grief they did expire,
And fell upon the conquering lyre,
Happy, O happy they, whose tomb might be,
Mausolus! envied by thee!

ODE II.

THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY IS TO BE PREFERRED BEFORE DISCONTENTED RICHES.

Why, O! doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee,
Though Neptune's treasure-house it be?
Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,
Infected yet with Midas' glorious itch?

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all,
Like other floods, poetical;
They have no dance, no wanton sport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd shore to court.

No fish inhabit the adulterate flood,
Nor can it feed the neighbouring wood;
No flower or herb is near it found,
But a perpetual winter starves the ground.

Give me a river which doth scorn to show
An added beauty; whose clear brow
May be my looking-glass to see
What my face is, and what my mind should be!

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the smiling bank;
Here sad king-fishers tell their tales,
And fish enrich the brook with silver scales.

Daisies, the first-born of the teeming spring,
On each side their embroidery bring;
Here lilies wash, and grow more white,
And daffodils, to see themselves, delight.

Here a fresh arbour gives her amorous shade,
Which Nature, the best gardener, made.
Here I would sit and sing rude lays,
Such as the nymphs and me myself should please.

Thus I would waste, thus end, my careless days;
And robin-red-breasts, whom men praise
For pious birds, should, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

ODE III.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tyrian dye why do you wear,
You whose cheeks best scarlet are?
Why do you fondly pin
Pure linen o'er your skin,
(Your skin that's whiter far)
Casting a dusky cloud before a star.

Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain,
Of gold most pure and fine?
With gems why do you shine?

T's not when two like words make up one noise
(Jests for Dutch men and English boys);
In which who finds out Wit, the same may see
In an'grams and acrostic poetry:
Much less can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face.
'Such dross the fire must purge away: 'tis just
The author blush there, where the reader must.

Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage
When Bajazet begins to rage;
Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way;
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca;
Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force some odd similitude.
What is it then, which, like the power divine,
We only can by negatives define?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree;
As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt; all creatures that had life:
Or, as the primitive forms of all
(If we compare great things with small)
Which, without discord, or confusion, lie
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget, and injure you:
I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my errour with thy pen;
And, if any ask me then
What thing right Wit and height of genius is,
I'll only show your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

TO THE LORD FALKLAND,

FOR HIS SAFE RETURN FROM THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SCOTS.

GREAT is thy charge, O North! be wise and just,
England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
Return him safe; Learning would rather choose
Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose:
All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breast engraven are.
There all the sciences together meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet,
Yet justle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in some common principle.
So, in an army govern'd right, we see
(Though out of several countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The English, Dutch, the Frenchman, and the Dane:
So thousand divers species fill the air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beasts, houses, trees, and men, together lie,
Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.
And this great prince of knowledge is by Fate
Thrust into th' noise and business of a state.
All virtues, and some customs of the court,
Other men's labour, are at least his sport;
Whilst we, who can no action undertake,
Whom idleness itself might learned make;
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,
Whether the Scots in England be or no;
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her estate of wit on one bestow;
Whilst we, like younger brothers, get at best
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.
How could he answer 't, should the state think fit
To question a monopoly of wit?
Such is the man whom we require the same
We lent the North; untouch'd, as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.
Those men alone (and those are useful too)
Whose valour is the only art they know
Were for sad war and bloody battles born;
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he
Who when he spoke, all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only Fame shall speak of him in more;
Whom England now no more return'd must see;
He's gone to Heaven on his fourth embassy.
On Earth he travell'd often; not to say
H' had been abroad, or pass loose time away.
In whatsoever land he chanc'd to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not too see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues, that Babel sent into the West;
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only liv'd, but been born every where.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone;
Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express.
We say, that learning's endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date:
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
He found them not so large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan
Because that art had no more worlds than one;
And, when he saw that he through all had past,
He dy'd, lest he should idle grow at last.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JORDAN,

SECOND MASTER AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

HENCE, and make room for me, all you who come
Only to read the epitaph on this tomb!
Here lies the master of my tender years,
The guardian of my parents' hope and fears;
Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear;
All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here.
Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with me: he was your tutor too.
Let's join our sighs, till they fly far, and shew
His native Belgia what she's now to do.
The league of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
In payment of all men we there had lost,
And all the English blood those wars have cost.
Wisely did Nature this learn'd man divide;
His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride
Of England; and, t' avoid the envious strife
Of other lands, all Europe had his life,

But we in chief; our country soon was grown
A debtor more to him, than he to 's own.
He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men against the future times;
For deeds of age are in their causes then,
And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas a master, in those ancient days
When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise,
Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame;
Father itself was but a second name.
He scorn'd the profit; his instructions all
Were, like the science, free and liberal.
He deserv'd honours, but despis'd them too,
As much as those who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could flatter none, but himself least of all.
So true, so faithful, and so just, as he
Was nought on Earth but his own memory;
His memory, where all things written were,
As sure and fixt as in Fate's books they are.
Thus he in arts so vast a treasure gain'd,
Whilst still the use came in, and stock remain'd:
And, having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with 't to enrich others now;
Did thus a new and harder task sustain,
Like those that work in mines for others' gain:
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To search the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too.
Though my excuse would be, I must confess,
Much better had his diligence been less;
But, if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
And say, "Be thou a poet!" men shall see
That none could a more grateful scholar have;
For what I ow'd his life I'll pay his grave.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

Welcome, great Sir! with all the joy that's due
To the return of peace and you;
Two greatest blessings which this age can know!
For that to thee, for thee to Heaven we owe.
Others by war their conquests gain,
You like a god your ends obtain;
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word and sweetly order'd all.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heaven full thanks for it:
No mothers here lament their children's fate,
And like the peace, but think it comes too late.
No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their husbands' knells:
No drop of blood is spilt, which might be said
To mark our joyful holiday with red.

'Twas only Heaven could work this wondrous thing,
And only work't by such a king.
Again the northern hinds may sing and plough,
And fear no harm but from the weather now;
Again may tradesmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain;
The armour now may be hung up to sight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

The gain of civil wars will not allow
Bay to the conqueror's brow:
At such a game what fool would venture in,
Where one must lose yet neither side can win?
How justly would our neighbours smile
At these mad quarrels of our isle;
Swell'd with proud hopes to snatch the whole away
Whilst we bet all, and yet for nothing play!

How was the silver Tine frighted before,
And durst not kiss the armed shore!
His waters ran more swiftly than they use,
And hasted to the sea to tell the news:
The sea itself, how rough soe'er,
Could scarce believe such fury here.
How could the Scots and we be enemies grown?
That, and its master Charles, had made us one.

No blood so loud as that of civil war:
It calls for dangers from afar.
Let's rather go and seek out them and fame;
Thus our fore-fathers got, thus left, a name:
All their rich blood was spent with gains,
But that which swells their children's veins.
Why sit we still, our spirits wrapt in lead?
Not like them whilst they liv'd, but now they're dead.

The noise at home was but Fate's policy,
To raise our spirits more high:
So a bold lion, ere he seeks his prey,
Lashes his sides and roars, and then away.
How would the German eagle fear,
To see a new Gustavus there;
How would it shake, though as 'twas wont to do
For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!

Sure there are actions of this height and praise
Destin'd to Charles's days!
What will the triumphs of his battles be,
Whose very peace itself is victory!
When Heaven bestows the best of kings,
It bids us think of mighty things:
His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less;
And we, the prophets' sons, write not by guess.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK,

THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

Vandyck is dead; but what bold Muse shall dare
(Though poets in that word with painters share)
T' express her sadness? Poesy must become
An art like Painting here, an art that's dumb.
Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
Like some sad picture which he made to weep,
Or those who saw't; for none his works could view
Unmoved with the same passions which he drew.
His pieces so with their live objects strive,
That both or pictures seem, or both alive.
Nature herself, amaz'd, does doubting stand,
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand;
And does attempt the like with less success,
When her own work in twins she would express.
His all-resembling pencil did out-pass
The mimic imagery of looking-glass.
Nor was his life less perfect than his art.
Nor was his hand less erring than his heart.
There was no false or fading colour there,
The figures sweet and well-proportion'd were.
Most other men, set next to him in view,
Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew.
Thus still he liv'd, till Heav'n did for him call;
Where reverend Luke salutes him first of all;

Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair,
And could almost wish for his pencil there;
Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
Wondrously painted in the Mind Divine,
Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,
Scorns his own art, which we admire below.
Only his beauteous lady still he loves
(The love of heavenly objects Heaven improves);
He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left so like them here.
And you, fair widow! who stay here alive,
Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve:
Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;
Begin not now, blest pair! to disagree.
No wonder Death move not his generous mind;
You, and a new-born you, he left behind:
Ev'n Fate express'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life.

PROMETHEUS

ILL-PAINTED.

How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
Whilst he his second misery suffers here!
Draw him no more; lest, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver thus should grow.
Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once stole from thee grant him now!

ODE.

Here's to thee, Dick; this whining love despise;
Pledge me, my friend; and drink till thou be'st wise.
It sparkles brighter far than she:
'Tis pure and right, without deceit;
And such no woman ere will be:
No; they are all sophisticate.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,
But an ill favour'd and uncleanly sin?
A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,
That Venus' joys, as well as she,
With reason may be said to be
From the neglected foam deriv'd.

Whom would that painted toy a beauty move;
Whom would it e'er persuade to court and love;
Could he a woman's heart have seen
(But, oh! no light does hither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her womb?

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their sighs nor tears are true;
Those idly blow, these idly fall,
Nothing like to ours at all:
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown;
Let the glass walk, till all things too go round!
Again, till these two lights be four;
No errour here can dangerous prove:
Thy passion, man, deceiv'd thee more;
None double see like men in love.

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

When chance or cruel business parts us two,
What do our souls, I wonder, do?
Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not stay,
Content with dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix, I know not how nor where!
Their friendly lights together twine,
Though we perceive 't not to be so!
Like loving stars, which oft combine,
Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for every friend,
If distance could their union end:
But Love itself does far advance
Above the power of time and space;
It scorns such outward circumstance,
His time's for ever, every where his place.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart:
Miracles cease not yet in love.
When he his mighty power will try,
Absence itself does bounteous prove,
And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.

Pure is the flame of Friendship, and divine,
Like that which in Heaven's Sun does shine:
He in the upper air and sky
Does no effects of heat bestow;
But, as his beams the farther fly,
He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like objects if they touch the eye.
Less meritorious then is love;
For when we friends together see
So much, so much both one do prove,
That their love then seems but self-love to be.

Each day think on me, and each day I shall
For thee make hours canonical.
By every wind that comes this way,
Send me, at least, a sigh or two;
Such and so many I'll repay,
As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon,
To mock our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay;
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

And, when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t' appease;
Just as a bird, that flies about
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

Pardon, my lord, that I am come so late
T' express my joy for your return of fate?
So, when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of liberty, at first I could not grieve;

My thoughts awhile, like you, imprison'd lay;
Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.
Should every man's officious gladness haste,
And be afraid to show itself the last,
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loss to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear,
Where it was wish'd-for, that is every where,
'Twas like the speech which from your lips does fall;
As soon as it was heard, it ravish'd all.
So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome;
Which could no more his tongue and counsels miss;
Rome, the world's head, was nothing without his.
Wrong to those sacred ashes, I should do,
Should I compare any to him but you;
You, to whom Art and Nature did dispense
The consulship of wit and eloquence.
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,
Because the doom of exile was his fall;
For the whole world, without a native home,
Is nothing but a prison of larger room.
But like a melting woman suffer'd he,
He who before out-did humanity;
Nor could his spirit constant and stedfast prove.
Whose art 't had been, and greatest end, to move.
You put ill-fortune in so good a dress,
That it out-shone other men's happiness:
Had your prosperity always clearly gone,
As your high merits would have laid it on,
You 'ad half been lost, and an example then
But for the happy—the least part of men.
Your rery sufferings did so graceful shew,
That some strait envy'd your affliction too;
For a clear conscience and heroic mind
In ills their business and their glory find.
So, though less worthy stones are drown'd in night,
The faithful diamond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darkness for a ray,
That would be more oppress'd than help'd by day.
Your soul then most show'd her unconquer'd power,
Was stronger and more armed than the Tower.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your spirit no more;
Sh' has try'd her weakness and your strength before.
T' oppose him still, who once has conquer'd so,
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe;
Fortune henceforth will more of providence have,
And rather be your friend than be your slave.

TO A LADY

WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I LITTLE thought the time would ever be,
That I should wit in dwarfish posies see.
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all sense dost give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare art,
In such a little much to shew;
Who, all the good she did impart
To womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

If, as the ancients did not doubt to sing,
The turning years be well compar'd t' a ring,
We'll write whate'er from you we hear;
For that's the posy of the year.
This difference only will remain—
That Time his former face does shew,
Winding into himself again;
But your unweary'd wit is always new.

'Tis said, that conjurers have an art found out
To carry spirits confin'd in rings about:
The wonder now will less appear,
When we behold your magic here.
You, by your rings, do prisoners take,
And chain them with your mystic spells,
And, the strong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great Devil, charm'd to those circles, dwells.

They, who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring, th' equator Heaven does bind.
When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be)
'Tis thou must write the posy there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the Sun pass through't twice a year
The Sun, who is esteem'd the god of wit.

Happy the hands which wear thy sacred rings,
They'll teach those hands to write mysterious things.
Let other rings, with jewels bright,
Cast around their costly light;
Let them want no noble stone,
By nature rich and art refin'd;
Yet shall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which must thy marriage bind.

PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN:

BEFORE THE PRINCE.

WHO says the times do learning disallow?
'Tis false; 'twas never honour'd so as now.
When you appear, great prince! our night is done;
You are our morning-star, and shall be our sun.
But our scene's London now; and by the rout
We perish, if the Round-heads be about:
For now no ornament the head must wear,
No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.
How can a play pass safely, when we know
Cheapside-cross falls for making but a show?
Our only hope is this, that it may be
A play may pass too, made extempore.
Though other arts poor and neglected grow,
They'll admit poesy, which was always so.
But we contemn the fury of these days,
And scorn no less their censure than their praise:
Our Muse, blest prince! does only on you rely;
Would gladly live, but not refuse to die.
Accept our hasty zeal! a thing that's play'd
Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.
Our ignorance, but our duty too, we show;
I would all ignorant people would do so!
At other times expect our wit or art;
This comedy is acted by the heart.

THE EPILOGUE.

THE play, great sir! is done; yet needs must fear,
Though you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your highness; and we 'ave now
Three hours done treason here, for aught we know.

But power your grace can above Nature give,
It can give power to make abortives live;
In which, if our bold wishes should be crost,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has lost:
Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 't was born.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. WILLIAM HERVEY.

IMMODICIS BREVIS EST ÆTAS, & RARA SENECTUS.
Mart.

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,
When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
O, thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas! my treasure's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on Earth;
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to Fame.
None but his brethren he, and sisters, knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unweary'd have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledæan stars, so fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds t' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted chant,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly:
But all, with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain:
He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse! thou canst not me delight:
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should contemn that flourishing honour now;
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress, which tombs does beautify:
Not Phœbus grieve'd, so much as I,
For him who first was made that mournful tree.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come.
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought:
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below.
Oh! had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to control
His over-powering soul;
We 'ave lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due:
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history;
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach;
As much as they could ever teach.

There did Religion, queen of virtues, sway;
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which whole is about, and turns all Heaven one way.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept;
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the Sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man! why wert thou made so good,
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood?
Snatch'd before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell;
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seiz'd on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for Heaven no soul ere chose,
The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
And, wheresoe'er thou casts thy view,
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a soul cloth'd with more light than thine.

And, if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarefy'd.
There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthy poesy,
Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

ODE.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus, &c. Lib. I. Od. v.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah, simple youth! how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so cameleon-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too!

How oft, alas! will he admire
The blackness of the skies!
Trembling to hear the wind sound higher,
And see the billows rise!
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er alas! before had been at sea!

He enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears,
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy, he,
T' whom thou untry'd dost shine!
But there 's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

IN IMITATION OF

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM.

Si tecum mihi, chare Martialis, &c.
L. v. Ep. xx.

If, dearest friend, it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wandering Time into a method bind;
We should not sure the great-men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed;
We should not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatteries spoken there;
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;
But books, and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmixt Nature yields;
Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie,
Bright winter fires, that summer's part supply:
Sleep, not control'd by cares, confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite:
Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines, to give it quick and easy birth;
A few companions, which ourselves should chuse,
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse.
Such dearest friend! such, without doubt, should be
Our place, our business, and our company.
Now to himself, alas! does neither live.
But sees good suns, of which we are to give
A strict account, set and march thick away:
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay?

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

Margarita first possest,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en,
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;

Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess dy'd,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy-maid;
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possest
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long et cætera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT, FINISHED BEFORE HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

Methinks heroic poesy till now,
Like some fantastic fairy-land did show;
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
Thou, like some worthy knight with sacred arms,
Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the charms,
Instead of those dost men and manners plant,
The things which that rich soil did chiefly want.
Yet ev'n thy mortals do their gods excel,
Taught by thy Muse to fight and love so well.
By fatal hands whilst present empires fall,
Thine from the grave past monarchies recall;
So much more thanks from human-kind does merit
The poet's fury than the zealot's spirit:
And from the grave thou mak'st this empire rise,
Not like some dreadful ghost, t' affright our eyes,
But with more lustre and triumphant state,
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona sate.
So will our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,
And raise him up much better, yet the same:
So god-like poets do past things rehearse,
Not change, but heighten, Nature by their verse.
With shame, methinks, great Italy must see
Her conquerors rais'd to life again by thee:
Rais'd by such powerful verse, that ancient Rome
May blush no less to see her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies, like their faith, derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give;
The marks of old and Catholic would find;
To the same chair would truth and fiction bind.
Thou in those beaten paths disdain'st to tread,
And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.
Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit
This latter age should see all new but wit;
Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,
And leave bright tracts for following pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse
Did thy desire to seek new worlds infuse;
And ne'er did Heaven so much a voyage bless,
If thou canst plant but there with like success.

AN ANSWER TO

A COPY OF VERSES

SENT ME TO JERSEY.

As to a northern people (whom the Sun
Uses just as the Romish church has done
Her prophane laity, and does assign
Bread only both to serve for bread and wine)
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
Frought with brisk racy verses; in which we
The soil from whence they came taste, smell, and see;
Such is your present to us; for you must know,
Sir, that verse does not in this island grow,
No more than sack: one lately did not fear
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant it here;
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge,
Rhymes, as ev'n set the hearers' ears on edge:
Written by ——— ——— esquire, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.

Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for this high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the isle.
Alas! to men here no words less hard be
To rhyme with, than ♦ Mount Orgueil is to me;
Mount Orgueil! which, in scorn o' th' Muses law,
With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.
Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to take it.
Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here,
Strange as to bring camels and elephants were;
And metaphor is so unknown a thing,
'Twould need the preface of God save the king.
Yet this I'll say, for th' honour of the place,
That, by God's extraordinary grace
(Which shows the people have judgment, if not wit)
The land is undefil'd with clinches yet;
Which, in my poor opinion, I confess,
Is a most singular blessing, and no less
Than Ireland's wanting spiders. And, so far
From th' actual sin of bombast too they are,
(That other crying sin o' th' English Muse)
That even Satan himself can accuse
None here (no not so much as the divines)
For th' *motus primò primi* to strong lines.
Well, since the soil then does not naturally bear
Verse, who (a devil) should import it here?
For that to me would seem as strange a thing
As who did first wild beasts int' islands bring;
Unless you think that it might taken be,
As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at sea:
But that's a fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true Green was made by it; for they say
The parl'ament did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the whole prize, their tenths and fifteenths too.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

Against the Dogmatists.

The sacred tree midst the fair orchard grew;
The Phœnix Truth did on it rest,
And built his perfum'd nest:
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic shew.
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonstrative:
So clear their colour and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights out-shine.

"Taste not," said God, "tis mine and angels' meat;
A certain death doth sit,
Like an ill worm, i' th' core of it.
Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know, and eat."
Thus spoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know;
Grew so more blind, and she
Who tempted him to this grew yet more blind than he.

The only science man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew:
He straight his nakedness did view,
His ignorant poor estate, and was asham'd of it.
Yet searches probabilities,
And rhetoric, and fallacies,
And seeks by useless pride,
With slight and withering leaves that nakedness to hide.

"Henceforth," said God, "the wretched sons of Earth
Shall sweat for food in vain,
That will not long sustain;
And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
That serpent too, their pride,
Which aims at things deny'd;
That learn'd and eloquent lust;
Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the dust."

REASON,

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

Some blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but because there was no wind.
Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we trust men concerning God, we then
Trust not God concerning men.

Visions and inspirations some expect
Their course here to direct;
Like senseless chymists their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary gold t' enjoy:
So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
And gild the passage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet th' opposing ground,
What but a sordid slime is found?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,
And fast, that they may dream of meat;
Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,
And bastard forms obtrude;
So Endor's wretched sorceress, although
She Saul through his disguise did know,
Yet, when the devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,
"Behold! the Gods arise."

In vain alas! these outward hopes are try'd;
Reason within's our only guide;
Reason, which (God be prais'd!) still walks, for all
Its old orig'nal fall;
And, since itself the boundless Godhead join'd
With a reasonable mind,
It plainly shows that mysteries divine
May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
With thousand lights of truth divine:
So numberless the stars, that to the eye
It makes but all one galaxy.
Yet Reason must assist too; for, in seas
So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by stars above we cannot know,
Without the compass too below.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
It sees that there and such they be;
Leads to Heaven's door, and there does humbly keep,
And there through chinks and key-holes peep;
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command,
Must not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all descry'd.

♦ The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses' banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy land.

Ah wretched we, poets of Earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old;
And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice, to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.
Still the old Heathen gods in numbers dwell;
The heavenliest thing on Earth still keeps up Hell;
Nor have we quite purg'd the Christian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.
And, though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we
(Vain men!) the monster Woman deify;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse to make.

It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well (blest swan!) did Fate contrive thy death[5],
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air:
'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother Church! if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in errour sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak't, and grief,
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it!
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far at least, great saint! to pray to thee.

[5] Mr. Crashaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that church.

Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us the poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low Earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like, (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo! here I beg (I, whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
And, when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

A POEM ON THE LATE CIVIL WAR.[6]

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER, 1679.

MEETING accidentally with this poem in manuscript, and being informed, that it was a piece of the incomparable Mr. A. C.'s, I thought it unjust to hide such a treasure from the world. I remembered that our author, in his preface to his works,[7] makes mention of some poems written by him on the late civil war, of which the following copy is unquestionably a part. In his most imperfect and unfinished pieces, you will discover the hand of so great a master. And (whatever his own modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless stroke of his but what should be kept sacred to posterity. He could write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a poet, and always inspired. In this piece the judicious reader will find the turn of the verse to be his; the same copious and lively imagery of fancy, the same warmth of passion and delicacy of wit, that sparkles in all his writings. And certainly no labours of a genius so rich in itself, and so cultivated with learning and manners, can prove an unwelcome present to the world.

WHAT rage does England from itself divide,
More than the seas from all the world beside?
From every part the roaring cannons play,
From every part blood roars as loud as they.
What English ground but still some moisture bears,
Of young men's blood, and more of mothers' tears?
What air's unthicken'd with the sighs of wives,
Though more of maids for their dear lovers' lives?
Alas! what triumphs can this victory shew,
That dyes us red in blood and blushes too!
How can we wish that conquest, which bestows
Cypress, not bays, upon the conquering brows?
It was not so when Henry's dreadful name,
Not sword, nor cause, whole nations overcame.
To farthest West did his swift conquests run,
Nor did his glory set but with the Sun.

[6] This and the two following poems are not given with certainty as Cowley's. They have been ascribed to him; are possibly genuine; and therefore are preserved in this collection.

[7] See p. 45 of this volume.

In vain did Rodesic to his hold retreat,
In vain had wretched Ireland call'd him great;
Ireland! which now most basely we begin
To labour more to lose than he to win.
It was not so when in the happy East,
Richard, our Mars, Venus's Isle possest: [play'd,
'Gainst the proud Moon, he th' English cross dis-
Eclips'd one horn, and th' other paler made;
When our dear lives we ventur'd bravely there,
And digg'd our own to gain Christ's sepulchre.
That sacred tomb, which, should we now enjoy,
We should with as much zeal fight to destroy!
The precious signs of our dead Lord we scorn,
And see his cross worse than his body torn;
We hate it now both for the Greek and Jew,
To us 'tis foolishness and scandal too.
To what with worship the fond papist falls,
That the fond zealot a curs'd idol calls:
So, 'twixt their double madness, here's the odds,
One makes false devils, t' other makes false gods.
It was not so when Edward prov'd his cause,
By a sword stronger than the salique laws,
Tho' fetch'd from Pharamond; when the French did fight,
With women's hearts, against the women's right.
Th' afflicted Ocean his first conquest bore,
And drove red waves to the sad Gallic shore:
As if he 'ad angry with that element been,
Which his wide soul bound with an island in.
Where 's now that spirit with which at Cressy we,
And Poietiers, forc'd from Fate a victory?
Two kings at once we brought sad captives home,
A triumph scarcely known to ancient Rome!
Two foreign kings: but now, alas! we strive,
Our own, our own good sovereign to captive!
It was not so when Agincourt was won;
Under great Henry serv'd the Rain and Sun:
A nobler fight the Sun himself ne'er knew,
Not when he stopt his course a fight to view!
Then Death's old archer did more skilful grow,
And learn'd to shoot more sure from th' English bow;
Then France was her own story sadly taught,
And felt how Cæsar and how Edward fought.
It was not so when that vast fleet of Spain
Lay torn and scatter'd on the English main;
Through the proud world a virgin terrour strook;
The Austrian crowns, and Rome's seven hills, she shook!
To her great Neptune homag'd all his streams,
And all the wide-stretch'd ocean was her Thames.
Thus our forefathers fought, thus bravely bled,
Thus still they live, whilst we alive are dead;
Such acts they did, that Rome, and Cæsar too,
Might envy those whom once they did subdue.
We 're not their offspring; sure our heralds lie;
But born we know not how, as now we die;
Their precious blood we could not venture thus:
Some Cadmus, sure, sow'd serpent's teeth for us;
We could not else by mutual fury fall,
Whilst Rhine and Sequan for our armies call:
Chuse war or peace, you have a prince, you know,
As fit for both, as both are fit for you;
Furious as lightning, when war's tempest came,
But calm in peace, calm as a lambent flame.
Have you forgot those happy years of late,
That saw nought ill, but us that were ingrate;
Such years, as if Earth's youth return'd had been,
And that old serpent, Time, had cast his skin?
As gloriously and gently did they move,
As the bright Sun that measures them above;
Then only in books the learn'd could misery see,
And the unlearn'd ne'er heard of misery.
Then happy James with as deep quiet reign'd,
As in his heavenly throne, by death, he gain'd;
And, lest this blessing with his life should cease,
He left us Charles, the pledge of future peace;
Charles, under whom, with much ado, no less
Than sixteen years we endur'd our happiness;
Till in a moment, in the North, we find
A tempest conjur'd up without a wind.
As soon the North her kindness did repent;
First the peace-maker, and next war, she sent.
Just Tweed, that now had with long peace forgot
On which side dwelt the English, which the Scot,
Saw glittering arms shine sadly on his face,
Whilst all th' affrighted fish sank down apace.
No blood did then from this dark quarrel grow,
It gave blunt wounds, that bled not out till now!
For Jove, who might have us'd his thundering power,
Chose to fall calmy in a golden shower!
A way we found to conquer, which by none
Of all our thrifty ancestors was known;
So strangely prodigal of late we are,
We there buy peace, and here at home buy war.
How could a war so sad and barbarous please,
But first by slandering those blest days of peace?
Through all the excrements of state they pry,
Like emp'ricks, to find out a malady;
And then with desperate boldness they endeavour,
Th' ague to cure by bringing in a fever:
The way is sure to expel some ill, no doubt;
The plague, we know, drives all diseases out.
What strange wild fears did every morning breed,
Till a strange fancy made us sick indeed!
And cowardice did valour's place supply,
Like those that kill themselves for fear to die!
What frantic diligence in these men appears,
That fear all ills, and act o'er all their fears!
Thus into war we scar'd ourselves; and who
But Aaron's sons, that the first trumpet blew?
Fond men! who knew not that they were to keep
For God, and not for sacrifice, their sheep!
The churches first this murderous doctrine sow,
And learn to kill, as well as bury, now:
The marble tombs where our forefathers lie,
Sweated with dread of too much company;
And all their sleeping ashes shook for fear,
Lest thousand ghosts should come and shroud them there.
Petitions next from every town they frame,
To be restor'd to them from whom they came:
The same style all, and the same sense, does pen,
Alas; they allow set forms of prayer to men.
Oh happy we, if men would neither hear
Their studied form, nor God their sodden prayer.
They will be heard, and, in unjustice wise,
The many headed rout for justice cries;
They call for blood, which now I fear does call
For blood again, much louder than they all.
In senseless clamours, and confused noise,
We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd voice;
So, when the sacred Thracian lyre was drown'd
In the Bistonian women's mixen sound,
The wondering stones, that came before to hear,
Forgot themselves, and turn'd his murderers there.
The same loud storm blew the grave mitre down;
It blew down that, and with it shook the crown.
Then first a state, without a church, begun;
Comfort thyself, dear Church! for then 'twas done.
The same great storm to sea great Mary drove;

Miraculous man! how would I sing thy praise,
Had any Muse crown'd me, with half the bays
Conquest hath given to thee; and next thy name
Should Berkely, Stanning, Digby, press to fame.
Godolphin! thee, thee Grenville! I'd rehearse,
But tears break off my verse!—
How oft has vanquish'd Stamford backward fled;
Swift as the parted souls of those he led!
How few did his huge multitudes defeat,
For most are cyphers when the number's great!
Numbers, alas! of men, that made no more
Than he himself ten thousand times told o'er.
Who hears of Streatton-fight, but must confess
All that he heard or read before was less;
Sad Germany can no such trophy boast,
For all the blood this twenty years she 'as lost.
Vast was their army, and their arms were more
Than th' host of hundred-handed giants bore.
So strong their arms, it did almost appear
Secure, had neither arms nor men been there.
In Hopton breaks, in break the Cornish powers,
Few, and scarce arm'd, yet was th' advantage ours:
What doubts could be, their outward strength to win,
When we bore arms and magazine within?
The violent sword's outdid the musket's ire;
It strook the bones, and there gave dreadful fire:
We scorn'd their thunder; and the reeking blade
A thicker smoke than all their cannon made;
Death and loud tumults fill'd the place around
With fruitless rage; fall'n rebels bite the ground!
The arms we gain'd were wealth, bodies o' th' foe,
All that a full-fraught victory can bestow!
Yet stays not Hopton thus, but still proceeds;
Pursues himself through all his glorious deeds:
With Hertford and the prince he joins his fate
(The Belgian trophies on their journey wait);
The prince, who oft had check'd proud W—'s fame,
And fool'd that flying conqueror's empty name;
Till by his loss that fertile monster thriv'd;
This serpent cut in parts rejoin'd and liv'd:
It liv'd, and would have stung us deeper yet,
But that bold Grenville its whole fury met;
He sold, like Decius, his devoted breath,
And left the commonwealth heir to his death.
Hail, mighty ghost! look from on high, and see
How much our hands and swords remember thee!
At Roundway Heath, our rage at thy great fall
Whet all our spirits, and made us Grenvilles all.
One thousand horse beat all their numerous power;
Bless me! and where was then their conqueror?
Coward of fame, he flies in haste away;
Men, arms, and name, leaves us, the victors' prey.
What meant those iron regiments which he brought,
That moving statues seem'd, and so they fought?
No way for death but by disease appear'd,
Cannon, and mines, and siege, they scarcely fear'd:
Till, 'gainst, all hopes, they proved in this sad fight
Too weak to stand, and yet too slow for flight.
The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling air;
Th' astonish'd snakes fell sadly from their hair:
To Lud's proud town their hasty flight they took,
The towers and temples at their entrance shook.
In vain their loss they attempted to disguise,
And mustered up new troops of fruitless lyes:
God fought himself, nor could th' event be less;
Bright Conquest walks the fields in all her dress.
Could this white day a gift more grateful bring?
Oh yes! it brought bless'd Mary to the king!
In Keynton field they met; at once they view
Their former victory, and enjoy a new:
Keynton, the place that Fortune did approve,
To be the noblest scene of war and love.
Through the glad vale ten thousand Cupids fled,
And chas'd the wandering spirits of rebels dead;
Still the lewd scent of powder did they fear,
And scatter'd eastern smells through all the air.
Look, happy mount! look well! for this is she,
That toil'd and travell'd for thy victory:
Thy flourishing head to her with reverence bow;
To her thou ow'st that fame which crowns thee now.
From far-stretch'd shores they felt her spirit and might;
Princes and God at any distance fight.
At her return well might she a conquest have!
Whose very absence such a conquest gave.—
This in the West; nor did the North bestow
Less cause their usual gratitude to show:
With much of state brave Cavendish led them forth,
As swift and fierce as tempest from the north;
Cavendish! whom every Grace, and every Muse,
Kiss'd at his birth, and for their own did chuse:
So good a wit they meant not should excel
In arms; but now they see 't and like it well:
So large is that rich empire of his heart,
Well may they rest contented with a part.
How soon he force'd the northern clouds to flight,
And struck confusion into form and light!
Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer days
A peaceful world out of a chaos raise.
Bradford and Leeds prop'd up their sinking fame;
They bragg'd of hosts, and Fairfax was a name.
Leeds, Bradford, Fairfax' powers are straight their ows,
As quickly as they vote men overthrown:
Boötes from his wain look'd down below,
And saw our victory move not half so slow.
I see the gallant earl break through the foes;
In dust and sweat how gloriously he shows!
I see him lead the pikes; what will he do?
Defend him, Heaven! oh, whither will he go?
Up to the cannons' mouth he leads! in vain
They speak loud death, and threaten, till they're ta'en.
So Capaneus two armies fill'd with wonder,
When he charg'd Jove, and grappled with his thunder:
Both hosts with silence and with terrour shook,
As if not he, but they, were thunder-strook.
The courage here, and boldness, was no less;
Only the cause was better, and success.
Heaven will let nought be by their cannon done,
Since at Edgehill they sinn'd, and Burlington.
Go now, your silly calumnies repeat,
And make all papists whom you cannot beat!
Let the world know some way, with whom you're vext,
And vote them Turks when they o'erthrow you next!
Why will you die, fond men! why will you buy
At this fond rate your country's slavery?
Is 't liberty? What are those threats we hear?[8]

[8] A line is here evidently wanting; but the defect is in all the copies hitherto known.

Why do you thus th' old and new prison fill?
When that 's the only why; because you will?
Fain would you make God too thus tyrannous be,
And damn poor men by such a stiff decree.
Is 't property? Why do such numbers, then,
From God beg vengeance, and relief from men?
Why are th' estates and goods seiz'd-on, of all
Whom covetous or malicious men miscall?
What 's more our own than our own lives? But oh
Could Yeomans or could Bourchier find it so?
The barbarous coward, always us'd to fly,
Did know no other way to see men die.
Or is 't religion? What then mean your lyes,
Your sacrileges, and pulpit blasphemies?
Why are all sects let loose that ere had birth,
Since Luther's noise wak'd the lethargic Earth?

The Author went no further.

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST. A SATIRE.

So two rude waves, by storms together thrown,
Roar at each other, fight, and then grow one.
Religion is a circle; men contend,
And run the round in dispute, without end:
Now, in a circle, who go contrary,
Must, at the last, meet of necessity.
The Roman Catholic, to advance the cause,
Allows a lye, and calls it pia fraus;
The Puritan approves and does the same,
Dislikes nought in it but the Latin name:
He flows with his devices, and dares lye
In very deed, in truth, and verity.
He whines, and sighs out lyes with so much ruth,
As if he griev'd 'cause he could ne'er speak truth.
Lyes have possess'd the press so, as their due,
'Twill scarce, I fear, henceforth print Bibles true.
Lyes for their next strong fort ha' th' pulpit chose;
There they throng out at th' preacher's mouth and nose,
And, howe'er gross, are certain to beguile
The poor book-turners of the middle isle;
Nay, to th' Almighty's self they have been bold
To lye; and their blasphemous minister told,
They might say false to God; for if they were
Beaten, he knew't not, for he was not there.
But God, who their great thankfulness did see,
Rewards them straight with another victory,
Just such an one as Brentford; and, sans doubt,
Will weary, ere 't be long, their gratitude out.
Not all the legends of the saints of old,
Not vast Baronius, nor sly Surius, hold
Such plenty of apparent lyes as are
In your own author, Jo. Browne Cleric. Par.
Besides what your small poets said or writ,
Brookes, Strode, and the baron of the saw-pit:
With many a mental reservation,
You 'll maintain liberty:—Reserv'd "your own,"
For th' public good the sums rais'd you 'll disburse;
—Reserv'd "the greater part, for your own purse."
You 'll root the Cavaliers out, every man;
—Faith, let it be reserv'd here "if ye can."
You 'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king;
—Reserv'd "in Heaven"—for thither ye would bring
His royal head; the only secure room
For kings; where such as you will never come.
To keep th' estates o' th' subjects you pretend;
—Reserv'd "in your own trunks." You will defend
The church of England, 'tis your protestation;
But that 's "New"-England by a small reservation.
Power of dispensing oaths the Papists claim;
Case hath got leave of God to do the same:
For you do hate all swearing so, that when
You 've sworn an oath, ye break it straight again.
A curse upon you! which hurts most these nations,
Cavaliers' swearing, or your protestations?
Nay, though oaths be by you so much abhor'd,
Y' allow "God damn me" in the Puritan Lord.
They keep the Bible from laymen; but ye
Avoid this, for ye have no laity.
They in a foreign and unknown tongue pray,
You in an unknown sense your prayers say;
So that this difference 'twixt you does ensue,—
Fools understand not them, not wise men you.
They an unprofitable zeal have got
Of invocating saints, that hear them not:
'Twere well you did so; nought may more be fear'd,
In your fond prayers, than that they should be heard.
To them your nonsense well enough might pass,
They'd ne'er see that i' th' divine looking-glass.
Nay, whether you 'd worship saints is not known,
For ye 'ave as yet, of your religion, none.
They by good-works think to be justifi'd:
You into the same error deeper slide;
You think by works too justify'd to be,
And those ill-works—lyes, treason, perjury.
But, oh! your faith is mighty; that hath been,
As true faith ought to be, of things unseen:
At Wor'ster, Brentford, and Edgehill, we see,
Only by faith, ye 'ave got the victory.
Such is your faith, and some such unseen way,
The public faith at last your debts will pay.
They hold free-wäl (that nought their souls may bind)
As the great privilege of all mankind:
You 're here more moderate; for 'tis your intent
To make 't a privilege but of parliament.
They forbid priests to marry: you worse do;
Their marriage you allow, yet punish too;
For you 'd make priests so poor, that upon all
Who marry scorn and beggary must fall.
They a bold power o'er sacred scriptures take,
Blot out some clauses, and some new ones make:
Your great lord Jesuit Brookes publicly said,
(Brookes, whom too little learning hath made mad)
That to correct the Creed ye should do well,
And blot out Christ's descending into Hell.
Repent, wild man! or you 'll ne'er change, I fear,
The sentence of your own descending there.
Yet modestly they use the Creed; for they
Would take the Lord's Prayer root and branch away:
And wisely said a levite of our nation.
The Lord's-Prayer was a popish innovation.
Take heed, you 'll grant ere long it should be said,
An 't be but to desire your daily bread.
They keep the people ignorant: and you
Keep both the people and yourselves so too.
They blind obedience and blind duty teach:
You blind rebellion and blind faction preach;
Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance
That which can only save you, ignorance;
Though, Heaven be prais'd! 't has oft been proved well,
Your ignorance is not invincible:

Nay, such bold lyes to God himself ye vaunt,
As if you'd fain keep him too ignorant.
Limbus and Purgatory they believe,
For lesser sinners; that is, I conceive,
Malignants only: you this trick does please;
For the same cause ye 'ave made new Limbuses,
Where we may lie imprison'd long, ere we
A day of judgment in your courts shall see.
But Pym can, like the pope, with this dispense,
And for a bribe deliver souls from thence.
Their councils claim infallibility:
Such must your conventicle-synod be;
And teachers from all parts of th' Earth ye call,
To make 't a council oecumenical.
They several times appoint from meats' t' abstain
You now for th' Irish wars a fast ordain;
And, that that kingdom might be sure to fast,
Ye take a course to starve them all at last:
Nay, though ye keep no eves, Fridays, nor Lent,
Not to dress meat on Sundays you're content;
Then you repeat, repeat, and pray, and pray,
Your teeth keep sabbath, and tongues working-day.
They preserve relics: you have few or none,
Unless the clout sent to John Pym be one;
Of Holles's rich widow, she who carry'd
A relic in her womb before she marry'd.
They in succeeding Peter take a pride:
So do you; for your master ye 'ave deny'd.
But chiefly Peter's privilege ye choose,
At your own wills to bind and to unloose.
He was a fisherman; you 'll be so too,
When nothing but your ships are left to you:
He went to Rome; to Rome you backward ride,
(Though both your goings are by some deny'd)
Nor is 't a contradiction, if we say,
You go to Rome the quite contrary way.
He dy'd o' th' cross; that death 's unusual now;
The gallows is most like 't, and that 's for you.
They love church-music; it offends your sense,
And therefore ye have sung it out from thence;
Which shows, if right your mind be understood,
You hate it not as music, but as good:
Your madness makes you sing as much as they
Dance who are bit with a tarantula.
But do not to yourselves, alas! appear
The most religious traitors that e'er were,
Because your troops singing of psalms do go;
There's many a traitor has march'd Holborn so.
Nor was't your wit this holy project bore;
Tweed and the Tyne have seen those tricks before.
They of strange miracles and wonders tell:
You are yourselves a kind of miracle;
Ev'n such a miracle as in writ divine
We read o'—th' Devil's hurrying down the swine.
They have made images to speak: 'tis said,
You a dull image have your speaker made;
And, that your bounty in offerings might abound,
Ye 'ave to that idol giv'n six thousand pound.
They drive-out devils, they say: here ye begin
To differ, I confess—you let them in.
They maintain transubstantiation;
You by a contrary philosophers-stone,
To transubstantiate metals have the skill,
And turn the kingdom's gold to ir'n and steel.
I' th' sacrament ye differ; but 'tis noted,
Bread must be flesh, wine blood, if e'er 't be voted.
They make the pope their head; y' exalt for him,
Primate and metropolitan, master Pym;
Nay, White, who sits i' th' infallible chair,
And most infallibly speaks nonsense there;
Nay, Cromwell, Pury, Whistler, sir John Wray,
He who does say, and say, ands ay, and say;
Nay, Lowry, who does new church-government wish,
And prophesies, like Jonas, 'midst the fish;
Who can such various business wisely sway,
Handling both herrings and bishops in one day:
Nay all your preachers, women, boys, and men,
From master Calamy to mistress Ven,
Are perfect popes, in their own parish, grown;
For, to out-do the story of pope Joan,
Your women preach too, and are like to be
The whores of Babylon as much as she.
They depose kings by force: by force you'd do it,
But first use fair means to persuade them to it.
They dare kill kings: and 'twixt ye here's the strife,
That you dare shoot at kings to save their life:
And what's the difference, pray, whether he fall
By the Pope's Bull or your Ox general?
Three kingdoms thus ye strive to make your own,
And, like the pope, usurp a triple crown.
Such is your faith, such your religion;
Let's view your manners now, and then I've done.
Your covetousness let gasping Ireland tell,
Where first the Irish lands, and next ye sell
The English blood, and raise rebellion here
With that which should suppress and quench it there.
What mighty sums have ye squeez'd out o' th' city!
Enough to make them poor, and something witty.
Excise, loans, contributions, poll-monies,
Bribes, plunder, and such parliament priv'leges,
Are words which you ne'er learnt in holy writ,
Till th' spirit, and your synod, mended it.
Where's all the twentieth part now, which hath been
Paid you by some, to forfeit the nineteen?
Where's all the goods distrain'd, and plunders past?
For you're grown wretched pilfering knaves at last;
Descend to brass and pewter, till of late,
Like Midas, all ye touch'd must needs be plate.
By what vast hopes is your ambition fed?
'Tis writ in blood, and may be plainly read:
You must have places, and the kingdom sway;
The king must be a ward to your lord Say.
Your innocent speaker to the Rolls must rise;
Six thousand pound hath made him proud and wise.
Kimbolton for his father's place doth call,
Would be like him;—would he were, face and all!
Isaack would always be lord-mayor; and so
May always be, as much as he is now.
For the five members, they so richly thrive,
That they would always be but members five.
Only Pym does his natural right enforce,
By th' mother's side he's master of the horse.
Must shall have places by these popular tricks,
The rest must be content with bishoprics.
For 't is 'gainst superstition you're intent;
First to root out that great church-ornament,
Money and lands: your swords, alas! are drawn
Against the bishop, not his cap, or lawn.
O let not such lewd sacrilege begin,
Tempted by Henry's rich, successful sin!
Henry! the monster-king of all that age;
Wild in his lust, but wilder in his rage.

Expect not you his fate, though Hotham thrives
In imitating Henry's tricks for wives;
Nor fewer churches hopes, than wives, to see
Buried, and then their lands his own to be.
Ye boundless tyrants! how do you outvy
Th' Athenians' Thirty, Rome's Decemviry!
In rage, injustice, cruelty, as far
Above those men, as you in number are.
What mysteries of iniquity do we see!
New prisons made to defend liberty!
Our goods forc'd from us for property's sake;
And all the real nonsense which ye make!
Ship-money was unjustly ta'en, ye say;
Unjustlier far, you take the ships away.
The High Commission you call'd tyranny:
Ye did! good God! what is the High Committee?
Ye said that gifts and bribes preferments bought:
By money and blood too they now are sought.
To the king's will, the laws men strove to draw:
The subjects' will is now become the law.
'Twas fear'd a new religion would begin:
All new religions, now, are enter'd in.
The king delinquents to protect did strive:
What clubs, pikes, halberts, lighters, sav'd the Five!
You think th' parl'ment like your state of grace;
Whatever sins men do, they keep their place.
Invasions then were fear'd against the state;
And Strode swore last year[8] would be eighty-eight.
You bring in foreign aid to your designs,
First those great foreign forces of divines,
With which ships from America were fraught;
Rather may stinking tobacco still be brought
From thence, I say; next, ye the Scots invite,
Which you term brotherly-assistance, right;
For England you intend with them to share:
They, who, alas! but younger brothers are,
Must have the monies for their portion;
The houses and the lands will be your own.
We thank you for the wounds which we endure,
Whilst scratches and slight pricks ye seek to cure;
We thank you for true real fears, at last,
Which free us from so many false ones past;
We thank you for the blood which fats our coast,
As a just debt paid to great Strafford's ghost;
We thank you for the ills receiv'd, and all
Which yet by your good care in time we shall;
We thank you, and our gratitude's as great
As yours, when you thank'd God for being beat.

[8] viz. 1642.

THE CHARACTER OF AN HOLY-SISTER.

She that can sit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes;
She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifies her looks with little ruffs;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best;
She that will lye, yet swear she hates a lyar,
Except it be the man that will lie by her;
She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake;
She that sings psalms devoutly next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen, where none see 't;
She that will sit in shop for five hours space,
And register the sins of all that pass,
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,
That none can possibly be sav'd but they
That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sense,
Moses, or Dod on the commandements;
She that can sigh, and cry "Queen Elizabeth,"
Rail at the pope, and scratch-out "sudden death:"
And for all this can give no reason why:
This is an holy-sister, verily.

ANACREONTIQUES:

OR,

SOME COPIES OF VERSES,

TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF ANACREON.

I. LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muse! but lo! the strings
To my great song rebellious prove;
The strings will sound of nought but love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
These sure (said I) will me obey;
These, sure, heroic notes will play.
Straight I began with thundering Jove,
And all th' immortal powers; but Love,
Love smil'd, and from m' enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love and soft desire.
Farewell then, heroes! farewell, kings!
And mighty numbers, mighty things!
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

II. DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck-in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy Sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,
The Moon and stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night,
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

III. BEAUTY.

Liberal Nature did dispense
To all things arms for their defence;
And some she arms with sinewy force,
And some with swiftness in the course;
Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
And some with horns or tusked jaws:
And some with scales, and some with wings,
And some with teeth, and some with stings.
Wisdom to man she did afford,
Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armour, has sh' assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compare?
What steel, what gold, or diamond,
More impassible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart
Like porcupines from every part.
Who can, alas! their strength express,
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pie with nakedness?

IV. THE DUEL.

Yes, I will love then, I will love;
I will not now Love's rebel prove,
Though I was once his enemy;
Though ill-advis'd and stabborn I,
Did to the combat him defy.
An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,
Like some new Ajax, I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did shake;
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow;
So well my armour did resist,
So oft by flight the blow I mist:
But when I thought all danger past,
His quiver empty'd quite at last,
Instead of arrow or of dart
He shot himself into my heart.
The living and the killing arrow
Ran through the skin, the flesh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow,
No trench of work or life withstood.
In vain I now the walls maintain;
I set out guards and scouts in vain;
Since th' enemy does within remain.
In vain a breast-plate now I wear,
Since in my breast the foe I bear;
In vain my feet their swiftness try;
For from the body can they fly?

V. AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know;
This, I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

VI. THE ACCOUNT.

When all the stars are by thee told
(The endless sums of heavenly gold);
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From sickly Autumn's head that fall;
Or when the drops that make the sea,
Whilst all her sands thy counters be;
Thou then, and thou alone, mays't prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.
An hundred loves at Athens score,
At Corinth write an hundred more:
Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,
So few is an escaping there.
Write then at Chios seventy-three;
Write then at Lesbos (let me see)
Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one.
And, next to these, let me present
The fair Ionian regiment;
And next the Carian company;
Five hundred both effectively.
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred 'tis, I 'm sure, complete;
For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And every eye's an archer there.
Go on: this stop why dost thou make?
Thou think'st, perhaps that I mistake.
Seems this to thee too great a sum?
Why many thousands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boast
Such different nations in his host.
On; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
Must find some better secretary.
I have not yet my Persian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
Nor Indian, nor Arabian;
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;
Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
There's a whole map behind of names
Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
And cold ones in the frigid one,
Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
And parched loves beneath the line.

VII. GOLD.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood;
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love;
A curse on her, and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendships seperate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

VIII. THE EPICURE.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To day is ours, what do we fear?
To day is ours; we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to morrow.

IX. ANOTHER.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments show'r?
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

X. THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou d st innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

XI. THE SWALLOW.

Foolish Prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy seasons' noise:
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks-out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou hast ta'en from me away,
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream, that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the Spring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON.

WHO WAS CHOAKED BY A GRAPE-STONE,
SPOKEN BY THE GOD OF LOVE.

How shall I lament thine end,
My best servant and my friend?

Nay, and, if from a deity
So much deified as I,
It sound not too profane and odd,
Oh, my master and my god!
For 'tis true, most mighty poet!
(Though I like not men should know it)
I am in naked Nature less,
Less by much, than in thy dress.
All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves or sparrows,
Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,
Or their riper following blisses,
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound;
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy style,
The smooth-pac'd hours of every day
Glided numerously away.
Like thy verse each hour did pass;
Sweet and short, like that, it was.
Some do but their youth allow me,
Just what they by Nature owe me,
The time that's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown:
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too busy, or too wise, for me.
Thou wert wiser, and didst know
None too wise for love can grow;
Love was with thy life entwin'd,
Close as heat with fire is join'd;
A powerful brand prescrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's, fate.
Th' antiperistasis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage;
Thy silver hairs yielded me more
Than even golden curls before.
Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,
Where I the matter must obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay,
My creatures should be all like thee,
'Tis thou shouldst their idea be:
They, like thee, should thoroughly hate
Business, honour, title, state;
Other wealth they should not know,
But what my living mines bestow;
The pomp of kings, they should confess,
At their crownings, to be less
Than a lover's humblest guise,
When at his mistress' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more should mind
Than men safe landed do the wind;
Wisdom itself they should not hear,
When it presumes to be severe;
Beauty alone they should admire,
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,
Nor ask what parents it can shew;
With dead or old 't has nought to do.
They should not love yet all, or any,
But very much and very many:
All their life should gilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety;
Well remembering and applying
The necessity of dying.
Their chearful heads should always wear
All that crowns the flowery year:
They should always laugh, and sing,
And dance, and strike th' harmonious string;
Verse should from their tongue so flow,
As if it in the mouth did grow,
As swiftly answering their command,
As tunes obey the artful hand.
And whilst I do thus discover
Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy sake
I of the Grape no mention make.
Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
Cursed Plant! I lov'd thee well;
And 'twas oft my wanton use
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Cursed Plant! 'tis true, I see,
Th' old report that goes of thee—
That with giants' blood the Earth
Stain'd and poison'd gave thee birth;
And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite
On men in whom the gods delight.
Thy patron, Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worse than his tigers, he delights;
In all our Heaven I think there be
No such ill-natur'd god as he.
Thou pretendest, traiterous Wine!
To be the Muses' friend and mine:
With love and wit thou dost begin,
False fires, alas! to draw us in;
Which, if our course we by them keep,
Misguide to madness or to sleep:
Sleep were well; thou 'ast learnt a way
To death itself now to betray.
It grieves me when I see what fate
Does on the best of mankind wait.
Poets or lovers let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poesy
Can arm, against Death's smallest dart,
The poet's head or lover's heart;
But when their life, in its decline,
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men;
Nay, in Death's hand, the grape-stone proves
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS[1].

CHRIST'S PASSION,

TAKEN OUT OF A GREEK ODE, WRITTEN BY MR. MASTERS, OF NEW-COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

Enough, my Muse! of earthly things,
And inspirations but of wind;
Take up thy lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlasting strings;
And on them play, and to them sing,
The happy mournful stories,
The lamentable glories,
Of the great crucified King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which dost rise
Till Earth thou joinest with the skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half seen by mortal eye!
How shall I grasp this boundless thing?
What shall I play; what shall I sing?
I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed spirits above,
With all their comments can explain;
How all the whole world's life to die did not disdain!

I'll sing the searchless depths of the compassion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By reason's plummet and the line of wit;
Too light the plummet, and too short the line!

How the eternal Father did bestow
His own eternal Son as ransom for his foe.
I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear
The triumph of the buried Conqueror.
How Hell was by its prisoner captive led,
And the great slayer, Death, slain by the dead.

Methinks, I hear of murdered men the voice,
Mixt with the murderers' confused noise,
Sound from the top of Calvary;
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;
Oh, how unlike the others he!
Look, how he bends his gentle head with blessings from the tree!
His gracious hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood!
And sinful man does fondly bind
The arms, which he extends t' embrace all humankind.

Unhappy man! canst thou stand by and see
All this as patient as he?
Since he thy sins does bear,
Make thou his sufferings thine own,
And weep, and sigh, and groan,
And beat thy breast, and tear
Thy garments and thy hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love,
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Dost thou not see thy prince in purple clad all o'er,
Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Dost thou not see the roses which adorn
The thorny garland by him worn?
Dost thou not see the livid traces
Of the sharp scourges' rude embraces?

[1] These verses were not included among those which Mr. Cowley himself styled Miscellanies; but were classed by Bishop Sprat under the title by which they are here distinguished. *N.*

If yet thou feelest not the smart
Of thorns and scourges in thy heart;
If that be yet not crucified;
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his side!

Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
And let them call
Their stock of moisture forth where'er it lies!
For this will ask it all.
'Twould all, alas! too little be,
Though thy salt tears come from a sea.
Canst thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital springs for thee?
Take heed; for by his side's mysterious flood
May well be understood,
That he will still require some waters to his blood.

ODE.

ON ORINDA'S POEMS.

We allow'd you beauty, and we did submit
To all the tyrannies of it;
Ah! cruel sex, will you depose us too in wit?
Orinda [2] does in that too reign;
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancel great Appollo's Salique law.
We our old title plead in vain,
Man may be head, but woman's now the brain.
Verse was Love's fire-arms heretofore,
In Beauty's campit was not known;
Too many arms besides that conqueror bore:
'Twas the great cannon we brought down
T' assault a stubborn town;
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
Our strongest quarter take,
And so successful prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own artillery.

Women, as if the body were their whole,
Did that, and not the soul,
Transmit to their posterity;
If in it sometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive issue never liv'd.
'Twere shame and pity', Orinda, if in thee
A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field;
And 'tis a strange increase that it does yield.
As, when the happy gods above
Meet altogether at a feast,
A secret joy unspeakable does move
In their great mother Cybele's contented breast:
With no less pleasure thou, methinks, should see,
This, thy no less immortal progeny;
And in their birth thou no one touch dost find,
Of th' ancient curse to woman-kind:
Though bring'st not forth with pain;
It neither travail is nor labour of the brain:
So easily they from thee come,
And there is so much room
In the unexhausted and unfathom'd womb,
That, like the Holland countess, thou may'st bear
A child for every day of all the fertile year.

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy, raise,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise:
Where'er I see an excellence,
I must admire to see thy well knit sense,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high;
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye.
'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis angelical;
For, as in angels, we
Do in thy verses see
Both improv'd sexes eminently meet;
They are than man more strong, and more than woman sweet.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female chimeras, that o'er poets reign;
I ne'er could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft, I'm sure, in vain:
They talk of Sappho; but, alas! the shame!
Ill-manners soil the lustre of her fame;
Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
That, like a lantern's fair enclosed light,
It through the paper shines where she does write.
Honour and friendship, and the generous scorn
Of things for which we were not born
(Things that can only by a fond disease,
Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs please)
Are the instructive subjects of her pen;
And, as the Roman victory
Taught our rude land arts and civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters, men.

But Rome with all her arts could ne'er inspire
A female breast with such a fire:
The warlike Amazonian train,
Who in Elysium now do peaceful reign,
And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by her.
Merlin, the seer, (and sure he would not lye,
In such a sacred company)
Does prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago;
Ev'n Boadicia's angry ghost
Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
And to her injur'd daughters now does boast,
That Rome's o'ercome at last, by a woman of her race,

ODE

UPON OCCASION OF A COPY OF VERSES OF MY LORD BROGHILL'S.

Be gone (said I) ingrateful Muse! and see
What others thou canst fool, as well as me.
Since I grew man, and wiser ought to be,
My business and my hopes I left for thee:
For thee (which was more hardly given away)
I left, even when a boy, my play.
But say, ingrateful mistress! say,
What for all this, what didst thou ever pay?
Thou 'lt say, perhaps, that riches are
Not of the growth of lands where thou do st trade,
And I as well my country might upbraid
Because I have no vineyard there.
Well: but in love thou dost pretend to reign;
There thine the power and lordship is;
Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas such a way as could not miss.
I, like a fool, did thee obey:
I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain;
For, after all my expense of wit and pain,
A rich, unwriting hand, carried the prize away.

[2] Mrs. Catharine Phillips.

Thus I complain'd, and strait the Muse reply'd,
That she had given me fame.
Bounty immense! and that too must be try'd
When I myself am nothing but a name.
Who now, what reader does not strive
T' invalidate the gift whilst we're alive?
For, when a poet now himself doth show,
As if he were a common foe:
All draw upon him, all around,
And every part of him they wound,
Happy the man that gives the deepest blow:
And this is all, kind Muse! to thee we owe.
Then in rage I took,
And out at window threw,
Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew;
Homer himself went with them too;
Hardly escap'd the sacred Mantuan book:
I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,
And I resolv'd, nay, and I think I swore,
That I no more the ground would till and sow,
Where only flowery weeds instead of corn did grow.

When (see the subtile ways which Fate does find
Rebellious man to bind!
Just to the work for which he is assign'd)
The Muse came in more chearful than before,
And bade me quarrel with her now no more:
"Lo! thy reward! look, here and see
What I have made" (said she)
"My lover and belov'd, my Broghill, do for thee!
Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,
Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.
What critics, the great Hectors now in wit,
Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,
Will dare t' oppose thee, when
Broghill in thy defence has drawn his conquering pen?"
I rose and bow'd my head,
And pardon ask'd for all that I had said:
Well satisfy'd and proud,
I strait resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,
That from her service now I ne'er would part;
So strongly large rewards work on a grateful heart!

Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise
As praises from the men whom all men praise:
'Tis the best cordial, and which only those
Who have at home th' ingredients can compose;
A cordial that restores our fainting breath,
And keeps up life e'en after death!
The only danger is, lest it should be
Too strong a remedy;
Lest, in removing cold, it should beget
Too violent a heat;
And into madness turn the lethargy.
Ah! gracious God! that I might see
A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o'er-heat with praise!
But I within me bear, alas! too great allays.

'Tis said, Apelles, when he Venus drew,
Did naked women for his pattern view,
And with his powerful fancy did refine
Their human shapes into a form divine:
None who had sat could her own picture see,
Or say, one part was drawn for me:
So, though this nobler painter, when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my book should before him sit,
Not as a cause, but an occasion, to his wit;
Yet what have I to boast, or to apply
To my advantage out of it; since I
Instead of my own likeness, only find
The bright idea there of the great writer's mind?

ODE.

MR. COWLEY'S BOOK PRESENTING ITSELF TO THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF OXFORD.

HAIL, Learning's Pantheon! Hail, the sacred ark
Where all the world of science does embark!
Which ever shall withstand, and hast so long withstood,
Insatiate Time's devouring flood.
Hail, tree of knowledge! thy leaves fruit! which well
Dost in the midst of Paradise arise,
Oxford! the Muse's Paradise,
From which may never sword the bless'd expel!
Hail, bank of all past ages! where they lie
T' enrich with interest posterity!
Hail, Wit's illustrious galaxy!
Where thousand lights into one brightness spread;
Hail, living University of the dead!

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues! which e'er
The mighty linguist, Fame, or Time, the mighty traveller,
That could speak, or this could hear.
Majestic monument and pyramid!
Where still the shades of parted souls abide
Embalm'd in verse; exalted souls which now
Enjoy those arts they woo'd so well below;
Which now all wonders plainly see,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the mysterious library,
The beatific Bodley of the Deity;
Will you into your sacred throng admit
The meanest British wit?
You, general-council of the priests of Fame,
Will you not murmur and disdain,
That I a place among you claim,
The humblest deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of ornament, which here
Your noble prisoners proudly wear;
A chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindaric liberty!
Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,
Like an Apocrypha with Holy Writ?
Whatever happy book is chained here,
No other place or people need to fear;
His chain's a passport to go every where.

As when a seat in Heaven
Is to an unmalicious sinner given,
Who, casting round his wondering eye,
Does none but patriarchs and apostles there espy;
Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
And saints, who martyrs liv'd below;
With trembling and amazement he begins
To recollect his frailties past and sins;
He doubts almost his station there;
His soul says to itself, "How came I here?"
It fares no otherwise with me,
When I myself with conscious wonder see
Amidst this purify'd elected company.
With hardship they, and pain,
Did to this happiness attain:
No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;
I think predestination only was my friend.

O cruel loss! as if the golden fleece,
With so much cost and labour bought,
And from afar by a great hero brought,
Had sunk ev'n in the ports of Greece.
O cursed War! who can forgive thee this?
Houses and towns may rise again;
And ten times easier 'tis
To rebuild Paul's, than any work of his:
That mighty task none but himself can do,
Nay, scarce himself too, now;
For, though his wit the force of age withstand,
His body, alas! and time, it must command;
And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,
Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

ODE, FROM CATULLUS.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimius said:

"My dearest Acme, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee
With a passion far above
All that e'er was called love;
In a Libyan desert may
I become some lion's prey;
Let him, Acme, let him tear
My breast, when Acme is not there."

The god of love, who stood to hear him
(The god of love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and blest the augury.
Acme, enflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head;
And, her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kist his drunken rolling eyes.

"My little life, my all!" (said she)
So may we ever servants be
To this best god, and ne'er retain
Our hated liberty again!
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee a man!
Into my marrow is it gone,
Fixt and settled in the bone;
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs, like life, through every part."
She spoke; the god of love aloud
Sneez'd again; and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and blest the augury.

This good omen thus from Heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing else but Acme grow)
Acme's bosom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne;
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all human-kind.

If the gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'd advise them, when they spy
Any illustrious piety,
To reward her, if it be she—
To reward him, if it be he—
With such a husband, such a wife,
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

ODE

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION AND RETURN.

—Quod optanti divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro. Virg.

Now blessings on you all, ye peaceful stars,
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispense
Your universal gentle influence
To calm the stormy world, and still the rage of wars!
Nor, whilst around the continent
Plenipotentiary beams ye sent,
Did your pacific lights disdain
In their large treaty to contain
The world apart, o'er which do reign
Your seven fair brethren of great Charles his wain;
No star amongst ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous assistance give,
As that which, thirty years ago,
At Charles's birth [3], did, in despite
Of the proud Sun's meridian light,
His future glories and this year foreshow.
No less effects than these we may
Be assur'd of from that powerful ray,
Which could out-face the Sun, and overcome the day,

Auspicious star! again arise,
And take thy noon-tide station in the skies,
Again all heaven prodigiously adorn;
For lo! thy Charles again is born.
He then was born with and to pain;
With and to joy he's born again.
And, wisely for this second birth,
By which thou certain were to bless
The land with full and flourishing happiness,
Thou mad'st of that fair month thy choice,
In which heaven, air, and sea, and earth,
And all that's in them, all, does smile and does rejoice.
'Twas a right season; and the very ground
Ought with a face of Paradise to be found,
Then, when we were to entertain
Felicity and Innocence again.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that blessed pair behold,
Which the abused people fondly sold
For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,
By seeking all like gods to be?
Will Peace her halcyon nest venture to build
Upon a shore with shipwrecks fill'd,
And trust that sea, where she can hardly say
She has known these twenty years one calmy day?

[3] The star that appeared at noon, the day of the king's birth, just as the king his father was riding to St. Paul's to give thanks to God for that blessing.

Ah! mild and gall-less dove,
Which dost the pure and candid dwellings love,
Canst thou in Albion still delight?
Still canst thou think it white?
Will ever fair Religion appear
In these deform'd ruins? will she clear
Th' Augean stables of her churches here?
Will Justice hazard to be seen
Where a high court of justice e'er has been?
Will not the tragic scene,
And Bradshaw's bloody ghost, affright her there,
Her, who shall never fear?
Then may Whitehall for Charles's seat be fit,
If Justice shall endure at Westminster to sit.

Of all, methinks, we least should see
The chearful looks again of Liberty.
That name of Cromwell, which does freshly still
The curses of so many sufferers fill,
Is still enough to make her stay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Lest, as a tempest carried him away,
Some hurricane should bring him back again.
Or, she might justlier be afraid
Lest that great serpent, which was all a tail,
(And in his poisonous folds whole nations prisoners made)
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To join again, and with worse sting arise,
As it had done when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye sacred Four!
And dread your perish'd enemies no more.
Your fears are causeless all, and vain,
Whilst you return in Charles's train;
For God does him, that he might you, restore,
Nor shall the world him only call
Defender of the Faith, but of you all.

Along with you plenty and riches go,
With a full tide to every port they flow,
With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country blow.
Honour does, as ye march, her trumpet sound,
The Arts encompass you around,
And, against all alarms of Fear,
Safety itself brings up the rear.
And, in the head of this angelic band,
Lo! how the goodly prince at last does stand
(O righteous God!) on his own happy land:
'Tis happy now, which could with so much ease
Recover from so desperate a disease;
A various complicated ill,
Whose every symptom was enough to kill;
In which one part of three frenzy possest,
And lethargy the rest:
'Tis happy, which no bleeding does endure,
A surfeit of such blood to cure:
'Tis happy, which beholds the flame
In which by hostile hands it ought to burn,
Or that which, if from Heaven it came,
It did but well deserve, all into bonfire turn.

We fear'd (and almost touch'd the black degree
Of instant expectation)
That the three dreadful angels we,
Of famine, sword, and plague, should here establish'd see,
(God's great triumvirate of desolation!)
To scourge and to destroy the sinful nation.
Justly might Heaven Protectors such as those,
And such committees, for their safety, impose
Upon a land which scarcely better chose.

We fear'd, that the fanatic war,
Which men against God's houses did declare,
Would from the Almighty enemy bring down
A sure destruction on our own.
We read th' instructive histories which tell
Of all those endless mischiefs that befel
The sacred town which God had lov'd so well,
After that fatal curse had once been said,
"His blood be upon ours and on our children's head."
We know, though there a greater blood was spilt,
'Twas scarcely done with greater guilt.
We know those miseries did befal
Whilst they rebell'd against that prince, whom all
The rest of mankind did the love and joy of mankind call.

Already was the shaken nation
Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,
And it was hasting on (we thought)
Even to the last of ills—annihilation:
When, in the midst of this confused night,
Lo! the blest Spirit mov'd, "and there was light;"
For, in the glorious general's previous ray,
We saw a new created day:
We by it saw, though yet in mists it shone,
The beauteous work of Order moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bless,
And with the marks of good success
Sign his allowance of their wickedness?
Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to find
In the fierce thunder and the violent wind:
God came not till the storm was past;
In the still voice of Peace he came at last!
The cruel business of destruction
May by the claws of the great fiend be done;
Here, here we see th' Almighty's hand indeed,
Both by the beauty of the work we see't, and by the speed.

He who had seen the noble British heir,
Even in that ill disadvantageous light
With which misfortune strives t' abuse our sight—
He who had seen him in his cloud so bright—
He who had seen the double pair
Of brothers, heavenly good! and sisters, heavenly fair!—
Might have perceiv'd, methinks, with ease,
(But wicked men see only what they please)
That God had no intent t' extinguish quite
The pious king's eclipsed right.
He who had seen how by the Power Divine
All the young branches of this royal line
Did in their fire, without consuming, shine—
How through a rough Red-sea they had been led,
By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed—
How many years of trouble and distress
They 'ad wander'd in their fatal wilderness,
And yet did never murmur or repine;—
Might, methinks, plainly understand,
That, after all these conquer'd trials past,
Th' Almighty mercy would at last
Conduct them, with a stong unerring hand,
To their own promis'd land:
For all the glories of the Earth
Ought to b' entail'd by right of birth;
And all Heaven's blessings to come down
Upon his race, to whom alone was given
The double royalty of Earth and Heaven;
Who crown'd the kingly with the martyr's crown.

The martyrs' blood was said, of old, to be
The seed from whence the church did grow.
The royal blood which dying Charles did sow
Becomes no less the seed of royalty:
'Twas in dishonour sown;
We find it now in glory grown,
The grave could but the dross of it devour;
"'Twas sown in weakness, and 'tis rais'd in power."
We now the question well decided see,
Which eastern wits did once contest,
At the great monarch's feast,
"Of all on earth what things the strongest be?"
And some for women, some for wine, did plead;
That is, for folly and for rage,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter age;
But, as 'tis prov'd by Heaven, at length,
The king and Truth have greatest strength,
When they their sacred force unite,
And twine into one right:
No frantic commonwealths or tyrannies;
No cheats, and perjuries, and lies;
No nets of human policies;
No stores of arms or gold (though you could join
Those of Peru to the great London mine);
No towns; no fleets by sea, or troops by land;
No deeply-entrench'd islands, can withstand,
Or any small resistance bring,
Against the naked Truth and the unarmed king.

The foolish lights which travellers beguile
End the same night when they begin;
No art so far can upon Nature win
As e'er to put out stars, or long keep meteors in.
Where 's now that *ignus fatuus*, which ere-while
Misled our wandering isle?
Where 's the impostor Cromwell gone?
Where 's now that falling-star, his son?
Where 's the large comet now, whose raging flame
So fatal to our monarchy became;
Which o'er our heads in such proud horrour stood,
Insatiate with our ruin and our blood?
The fiery tail did to vast length extend;
And twice for want of fuel did expire,
And twice renew'd the dismal fire:
Though long the tail, we saw at last its end.
The flames of one triumphant day.
Which, like an anti-comet here,
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away:
Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right
First strike our ravish'd sight;
Which Malice or which Art no more could stay,
Than witches' charms can a retardment bring
To the resuscitation of the Day,
Or resurrection of the Spring.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bless the preceding Winter, and the Night!

Man ought his future happiness to fear,
If he be always happy here—
He wants the bleeding marks of grace,
The circumcision of the chosen race.
If no one part of him supplies
The duty of a sacrifice,
He is, we doubt, reserv'd entire
As a whole victim for the fire.
Besides, ev'n in this world below,
To those who never did ill-fortune know,
The good does nauseous or insipid grow.
Consider man's whole life, and you'll confess
The sharp ingredient of some bad success
Is that which gives the taste to all his happiness.
But the true method of felicity
Is, when the worst
Of human life is plac'd the first,
And when the child's correction proves to be
The cause of perfecting the man:
Let our weak days lead up the van;
Let the brave second and Triarian band
Firm against all impression stand:
The first we may defeated see;
The virtue of the force of these are sure of victory.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now we see
Begin their glorious march with thee:
Long may their march to Heaven, and still triumphant be!
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill-fortune never shall o'er-take thee more.
To see 't again, and pleasure in it find,
Cast a disdainful look behind;
Things which offend when present, and affright,
In memory well-painted move delight.
Enjoy then all thy afflictions now—
Thy royal father's came at last;
Thy martyrdom's already past:
And different crowns to both ye owe.
No gold did e'er the kingly temples bind,
Than thine more try'd and more refin'd,
As a choice medal for Heaven's treasury,
God did stamp first upon one side of thee
The image of his suffering humanity:
On th' other side, turn'd now to sight, does shine
The glorious image of his power divine!

So, when the wisest poets seek
In all their liveliest colours to set forth
A picture of heroic worth,
(The pious Trojan or the prudent Greek)
They chuse some comely prince of heavenly birth,
(No proud gigantic son of Earth,
Who strives t' usurp the gods' forbidden seat)
They feed him not with nectar, and the meat
That cannot without joy be ate;
But, in the cold of want, and storms of adverse chance,
They harden his young virtue by degrees:
The beauteous drop first into ice does freeze,
And into solid crystal next advance.
His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,
And from his flaming country flee:
Much is he tost at sea, and much at land;
Does long the force of angry gods withstand:
He does long troubles and long wars sustain,
Ere he his fatal birth-right gain.
With no less time or labour can
Destiny build up such a man,
Who's with sufficient virtue fill'd
His ruin'd country to rebuild.

Nor without cause are arms from Heaven,
To such a hero by the poets given
No human metal is of force t' oppose
So many and so violent blows.

Such was the helmet, breast-plate, shield
Which Charles in all attacks did wield:
And all the weapons Malice e'er could try,
Of all the several makes of wicked Policy,
Against this armour struck, but at the stroke,
Like swords of ice, in thousand pieces broke.
To angels and their brethren spirits above,
No show on Earth can sure so pleasant prove,
As when they great misfortunes see
With courage borne, and decency.
So were they borne when Worcester's dismal day
Did all the terrours of black Fate display!
So were they borne when no disguises' cloud
His inward royalty could shrowd;
And one of th' angels whom just God did send
To guard him in his noble flight
(A troop of angels did him then attend!)
Assur'd me, in a vision th' other night,
That he (and who could better judge than he?)
Did then more greatness in him see,
More lustre and more majesty,
Than all his coronation-pomp can show to human eye.

Him and his royal brothers when I saw
New marks of honour and of glory
From their affronts and sufferings draw,
And look like heavenly saints e'en in their purgatory;
Methought I saw the three Judean youths
(Three unhurt martyrs for the noblest truths!)
In the Chaldean furnace walk;
How cheerfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No hair is sing'd, no smallest beauty blasted!
Like painted lamps they shine unwasted!
The greedy fire itself dares not be fed
With the blest oil of an anointed head.
The honourable flame
(Which rather light we ought to name)
Does like a glory compass them around,
And their whole body's crown'd.
What are those two bright creatures which we see
Walk with the royal three
In the same ordeal fire,
And mutual joys inspire?
Sure they the beauteous sisters are,
Who, whilst they seek to bear their share,
Will suffer no affliction to be there.
Less favour to those three of old was shown:
To solace with their company
The fiery trials of adversity!
Two angels join with these, the other had but one.

Come forth, come forth, ye men of God belov'd!
And let the power now of that flame,
Which against you so impotent became,
On all your enemies be prov'd.
Come, mighty Charles! desire of nations! come;
Come, you triumph exile, home.
He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise
Of a whole land which does at once rejoice,
I hear th' united people's sacred voice.
The sea which circles us around,
Ne'er sent to land so loud a sound;
The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale,
And swells up every sail:
The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all;
The artificial joy's drown'd by the natural.
All England but one bonfire seems to be,
One Etna shooting flames into the sea:
The starry worlds, which shine to us, afar,
Take ours at this time for a star.
With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits, flow;
And we, the priests of a poetic rage,
Wonder that in this golden age
The rivers too should not do so.
There is no Stoic, sure, who would not now
Ev'n some excess allow;
And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly
Should end our twenty years of dismal melancholy.

Where's now the royal mother, where,
To take her mighty share
In this so ravishing sight,
And, with the part she takes, to add to the delight?
Ah! why art thou not here,
Thou always best, and now the happiest queen!
To see our joy, and with new joy be seen;
God has a bright example made of thee,
To show that woman-kind may be
Above that sex which her superior seems,
In wisely managing the wide extremes
Of great affliction, great Felicity.
How well those different virtues thee become,
Daughter of triumphs, wife of martyrdom!
Thy princely mind with so much courage bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With so much goodness us'd felicity,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee;
'Tis come, and seen to-day in all its bravery!

Who's that heroic person leads it on,
And gives it, like a glorious bride,
(Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)
Into the hands now of thy son?
'Tis the good general, the man of praise.
Whom God at last, in gracious pity,
Did to th' enthralled nation raise,
Their great Zerubbabel to be;
To loose the bonds of long captivity,
And to rebuild their temple and their city!
For ever blest may he and his remain,
Who, with a vast, though less appearing, gain,
Preferr'd the solid great above the vain,
And to the world this princely truth has shown—
That more 'tis to restore, than to usurp a crown!
Thou worthiest person of the British story!
(Though 'tis not small the British glory)
Did I not know my humble verse must be
But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee,
Thou and the world should see
How much my Muse, the foe of flattery,
Does make true praise her labour and design;
An Iliad or an Æneid should be thine.

And ill should we deserve this happy day,
If no acknowledgments we pay
To you, great patriots of the two
Most truly other houses now,
Who have redeem'd from hatred and from shame
A parliament's once venerable name;
And now the title of a house restore,
To that which was but slaughter house before,
If my advice, ye worthies! might be ta'en,
Within those reverend places,
Which now your living presence graces,
Your marble statues always should remain,
To keep alive your useful memory,
And to your successors th' example be
Of truth, religion, reason, loyalty:

For, though a firmly settled-peace
May shortly make your public labour cease,
The grateful nation will with joy consent,
That in this sense you should be said,
(Though yet the name sounds with some dread)
To be the long, the endless, parliament.

ON THE QUEEN'S REPAIRING SOMERSET HOUSE.

When God (the cause to me and men unknown)
Forsook the royal houses, and his own,
And both abandon'd to the common foe,
How near to ruin did my glories go!
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this princely place
Which covetous hands could take, or rude deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richest figures torn, and all around
Dismember'd statues of great heroes lay;
Such Naseby's field seem'd on the fatal day!
And me, when nought for robbery was left,
They starv'd to death: the gasping walls were cleft,
The pillars sunk, the roofs above me wept,
No sign of spring, or joy, my garden kept;
Nothing was seen which could content the eye,
Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.
See how my face is chang'd, and what I am
Since my true mistress, and now foundress, came!
It does not fill her bounty to restore
Me as I was (nor was I small before):
She imitates the kindness to her shown;
She does, like Heaven, (which the dejected throne
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears)
Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what she repairs.
And now I dare, (though proud I must not be,
Whilst my great mistress I so humble see
In all her various glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudest palaces compare.
My beauty and convenience will, I'm sure,
So just a boast with modesty endure;
And all must to me yield, when I shall tell
How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.
Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its western reach, the London tide,
The spring-tides of the term: my front looks down
On all the pride and business of the town;
My other front (for, as in kings we see
The liveliest image of the Deity,
We in their houses should Heaven's likeness find,
Where nothing can be said to be behind)
My other fair and more majestic face
(Who can the fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on itself below,
In the best mirror that the world can show.
And here behold, in a long bending row,
How two joint-cities make one glorious bow!
The midst, the noblest place, possess'd by me,
Best to be seen by all, and all o'er-see!
Which way soe'er I turn my joyful eye,
Here the great court, there the rich town I spy;
On either side dwells Safety and Delight;
Wealth on the left, and Power upon the right
T' assure yet my defence on either hand,
Like mighty forts, in equal distance stand
Two of the best and stateliest piles which e'er
Man's liberal piety of old did rear;
Where the two princes of th' apostles' band,
My neighbours and my guards, watch and command
My warlike guard of ships, which farther lie,
Might be my object too, were not the eye
Stopt by the houses of that wondrous street,
Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.
The stream's eternal siege they fixt abide,
And the swoln stream's auxiliary tide,
Though both their ruin with joint power conspire,
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but fire.
And here my Thames, though it more gentle be
Than any flood so strengthen'd by the sea,
Finding by art his natural forces broke,
And bearing, captive-like, the arched yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the disgrace,
But re-composes straight, and calms his face;
Is into reverence and submission strook,
As soon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the white palace where that king does reign,
Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.
Amidst these louder honours of my seat;
And two vast cities, troublesomely great,
In a large various plain the country too
Opens her gentler blessings to my view:
In me the active and the quiet mind,
By different ways, equal content may find.
If any prouder virtuoso's sense
At that part of my prospect take offence,
By which the meaner cabbins are descry'd,
Of my imperial river's humbler side—
If they call that a blemish—let them know,
God, and my godlike mistress, think not so;
For the distress'd and the afflicted lie
Most in their care, and always in their eye.
And thou, fair River! who still pay'st to me
Just homage, in thy passage to the sea,
Take here this one instruction as thou go'st—
When thy mix't waves shall visit every coast;
When round the world their voyage they shall make,
And back to thee some secret channels take;
Ask them what nobler sight they e'er did meet,
Except thy mighty master's sovereign fleet,
Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,
The terrour of all lands, the ocean's pride.
From hence his kingdoms, happy now at last,
(Happy, if wise by their misfortunes past!)
From hence may omens take of that success
Which both their future wars and peace shall bless.
The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build;
With her son's fabrics the rough sea is fill'd.

THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,

Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey,
Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay:
And lo! a Muse appear'd to 's closed sight,
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal light.
A golden harp with silver strings she bore;
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate;
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest time of life is past,
And Winter marches on so fast?
But, when I meant t'adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolv'd t'exalt thy anointed name,
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou, changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,
Would'st into courts and cities from me go;
Would'st see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there:
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a state,
And business thou would'st find, and would'st create;
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence;
Business! the thing which I of all things hate;
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

"Go, renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostacy.
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,
All thy remaining life should sunshine be;
Behold! the public storm is spent at last,
The sovereign's tost at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore.
But, whilst thy fellow voyagers I see
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
Thou, still alone, alas! dost gaping stand
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand!

"As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our king;
Enriching moisture drop'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light!

But then, alas! to thee alone,
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown;
For every tree and every herb around
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said
(The men whom through long wanderings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a heaven of brass:
They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

"The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Given to another thou didst see;
Given to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be!
Go on; twice seven years more thy fortune try;
Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the court's deceitful lottery:
But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
Should'st in a hard and barren season thrive,
Should'st even able be to live;
Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
In that miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said—
"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
Lo! still in verse against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds;
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
Make all my art and labour fruitless now;
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow.

"When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye:
Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white:
To all the ports of honour and of gain,
I often steer my course in vain;
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.

Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy lose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only Heaven desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my errour, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

"Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court, and better king, t' accuse:
The heaven under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
Thine, thine is all the barrenness; if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough.
When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient sovereign did attend
His long misfortunes' fatal end;
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend;
I ought to be accurst, if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say; and, though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all the princes, thou
Should'st not reproach rewards for being small or slow;
Thou! who rewardest but with popular breath,
And that too after death."

ON

COLONEL TUKE'S TRAGI-COMEDY, THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

As when our kings (lords of the spacious main)
Take in just wars a rich plate-fleet of Spain,
The rude unshapen ingots they reduce
Into a form of beauty and of use;
On which the conqueror's image now does shine,
Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine:
So, in the mild contentions of the Muse,
(The war which Peace itself loves and pursues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought
This cargazon of Spain with treasures fraught.
You have not basely gotten it by stealth,
Nor by translation borrow'd all its wealth;
But by a powerful spirit made it your own;
Metal before, money by you 'tis grown.
'Tis current now, by your adorning it
With the fair stamp of your victorious wit.
But, though we praise this voyage of your mind,
And though ourselves enrich'd by it we find;
We're not contented yet, because we know
What greater stores at home within it grow.
We've seen how well you foreign ores refine;
Produce the gold of your own nobler mine:
The world shall then our native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you;
They all shall watch the travails of your pen,
And Spain on you shall make reprisals then,

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. KATHARINE PHILIPS.

Cruel Disease! ah, could not it suffice
Thy old and constant spite to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
Which still thy depredations most do vex?
Where still thy malice most of all
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall?
And in them most assault the fairest place,
The throne of empress Beauty, ev'n the face?
There was enough of that here to assuage,
(One would have thought) either thy lust or rage.
Was 't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease!
Didst on this glorious temple seize?
Was 't not enough, like a wild zealot, there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images?
Was 't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou must quite destroy, the goodly pile?
And thy unbounded sacrilege commit
On th' inward holiest holy of her wit?
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy power,
No mine of Death can that devour;
On her embalmed name it will abide
An everlasting pyramid,
As high as Heaven the top, as Earth the basis wide.

All ages past record, all countries now,
In various kinds such equal beauties show,
That ev'n judge Paris would not know
On whom the golden apple to bestow;
Though goddesses t' his sentence did submit,
Women and lovers would appeal from it:
Nor durst he say, of all the female race,
This is the sovereign face.
And some (though these be of a kind that's rare,
That's much, ah, much less frequent than the fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are,
That it the mother of the gods might pose,
When the best woman for her guide she chose,
But if Apollo should design
A woman laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nina
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a princess, or a queen,
Is great; but 'tis a greatness always seen;
The world did never but two women know,
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did rise
To the two tops of spiritual dignities;
One female pope of old, one female poet now.

Of female poets, who had names of old,
Nothing is shown, but only told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flattery only, and male-poetry.
Few minutes did their beauty's lightning waste,
The thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that too soon was past.
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
In her own lasting characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Though long perhaps, too, that may live.
The trade of glory, manag'd by the pen,
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;
'Tis, by the number of the sharers, drown'd.

Orinda, on the female coasts of Fame,
Engrosses all the goods of a poetic name;
She does no partner with her see;
Does all the business there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine;
Unless to virtue's prop it join,
Firm and erect towards Heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be crown'd,
It lies, deform'd and rotting, on the ground.
Now shame and blushes on us all,
Who our own sex superior call!
Orinda does our boasting sex out-do,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
She does above our best examples rise,
In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.
Never did spirit of the manly make,
And dip'd all o'er in Learning's sacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.
No violent passion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodness of her mind:
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her soft breast they hit, powerless and dead they lay!

The Fame of Friendship, which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious names of old,
Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew,
Rejoices now t' have got a new,
A new and more surprizing story,
Of fair Lucasia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in some foreign country he must live,
The language and the manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come no stranger there:
So well Orinda did herself prepare,
In this much different clime, for her remove
To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb!
Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smil'd;

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and Heaven to Earth make love!

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom be!

Say from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and Power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the Word Divine,

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou,
And skill in painting, dost bestow,
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd when begun;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tents for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd, and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm:
At the first opening of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
Creep, conscious, to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head:
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sun-shine melts away his cold.
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,
To Darkness' curtains he retires;
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume
A body's privilege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands
On the fair tulip thou dost doat;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

With flame condens'd thou do'st thy jewels fix,
And solid colours in it mix:
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less liberal to gold!
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man relieve!

To me the Sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah! wondrous few, there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O goddess! ev'n to thee.

Through the soft ways of Heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,
In th' empyræan Heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Philosophy, the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
Though full of years he do appear,
(Philosophy, I say, and call it he,
For, whatsoe'er the painter's fancy be,
It a male-virtue seems to me)
Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate.
Three or four thousand years, one would have thought,
To ripeness and perfection might have brought
A science so well bred and nurst,
And of such hopeful parts too at the first:
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors, then
(Some negligent and some ambitious men)
Would ne'er consent to set him free,
Or his own natural powers to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their authority.

That his own business he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton wit;
With the deserts of poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;
Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him
Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse;
Instead of carrying him to see
The riches which do hoarded for him lie
In Nature's endless treasury,
They chose his eye to entertain
(His curious but not covetous eye)
With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.
Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shown,
That labour'd to assert the liberty
(From guardians who were now usurpers grown)
Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;
But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight
For such a long-oppressed right.
Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,
(Whom a wise king, and Nature, chose,
Lord chancellor of both their laws)
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause.

Authority—which did a body boast,
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about,
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
To terrify the learned rout
With the plain magic of true Reason's light—
He chas'd out of our sight;
Nor suffer'd living men to be misled
By the vain shadows of the dead:
To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd phantom fled.
He broke that monstrous god which stood
In midst of th' orchard, and the whole did claim;
Which with a useless scythe of wood,
And something else not worth a name,
(Both vast for show, yet neither fit
Or to defend, or to beget;
Ridiculous and senseless terrours!) made
Children and superstitious men afraid.
The orchard's open now, and free,
Bacon has broke the scare-crow deity:
Come, enter, all that will,
Behold the ripen'd fruit, come gather now your fill!
Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the forbidden tree—
We would be like the Deity—
When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we,
Without the senses' aid, within ourselves would see;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his mind.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
(Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew)
To things, the mind's right object, he it brought:
Like foolish birds, to painted grapes we flew;
He sought and gather'd for our use the true;
And, when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
He prest them wisely the mechanic way,
Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
Ferment into a nourishment divine,
The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others' work a copy take;
No, not from Rubens or Vandyke;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory.
No, he before his sight must place
The natural and living face;

The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

From these and all long errours of the way
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
In deserts, but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last:
The barren wilderness he past;
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest Promis'd land;
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and show'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds, and conquer too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.
The work he did we ought t' admire;
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
Of low affliction and high happiness:
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That's always in a triumph or a fight?

From you, great champions! we expect to get
These spacious countries, but discover'd yet;
Countries, where yet, instead of Nature, we
Her images and idols worship'd see:
These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
Though Learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop she ne'er together drew:
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with design has pick'd out you,
To do those noble wonders by a few:
When the whole host he saw, "They are" (said he)
"Too many to o'ercome for me:"
And now he chooses out his men,
Much in the way that he did then;
Not those many whom he found
Idly extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled:
No; but those few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take;
Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Io! sound too the trumpets here!
Already your victorious lights appear;
New scenes of Heaven already we espy,
And crowds of golden worlds on high,
Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea
Could never yet discover'd be,
By sailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye.
Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
No smallness her near objects can secure;
Y' have taught the curious sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible littleness!
Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
And well begun her deepest sense to understand!

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So virtuous and so noble a design,
So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
The things which these proud men despise, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest actions do!
Whoever would deposed Truth advance
Into the throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp points of envious Wit.
So, when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
In many thousand years
A star, so long unknown, appears,
Though Heaven itself more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, show.

With courage and success you the bold work begin;
Your cradle has not idle been:
None e'er, but Hercules and you, would be
At five years age worthy a history:
And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' historian to the story fit:
As you from all old errours free
And purge the body of Philosophy;
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid style like a clean stream does slide,
And his bright fancy, all the way,
Does like the sun-shine in it play;
It does, like Thames, the best of rivers! glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour, the crystal urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole current guide:
'T has all the beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely dress, without the paint, of Art.

UPON

THE CHAIR MADE OUT OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP,

PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF OXFORD, BY JOHN DAVIS, OF DEPTFORD, ESQUIRE.

To this great ship, which round the globe has run,
And match'd in race the chariot of the Sun,
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim
Without presumption so deserv'd a name,
By knowledge once, and transformation now)
In her new shape, this sacred port allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate
A more blest station, or more blest estate;
For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford, and to him in Heaven.

PROLOGUE

TO THE CUTTER OF COLMAN STREET.

As, when the midland sea is no where clear
From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier,—
Which coast about, to all they meet with foes,
And upon which nought can be got but blows—
The merchant-ships so much their passage doubt,
That, though full freighted, none dares venture out,
And trade decays, and scarcity ensues:
Just so the timorous wits of late refuse,

How would those learned trees have follow'd you!
You would have drawn them and their poet too.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,
They're here the only fair, and shine alone;
You did their natural rights invade;
Wherever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no shade,
Although the Sun had granted it:
The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,
Than painted flowers, set next to them, could do.

hene'er then you come hither, that shall be
he time, which this to others is, to me.
The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear;
When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are:
'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;
This is for beasts, and that for men, the Spring.

WRITTEN IN

JUICE OF LEMON.

WHILST what I write I do not see,
I dare thus, ev'n to you, write poetry.
Ah, foolish Muse! which dost so high aspire,
And know'st her judgment well,
How much it does thy power excel,
Yet dar'st be read by, thy just doom, the fire.

Alas! thou think'st thyself secure,
Because thy form is innocent and pure:
Like hypocrites, which seem unspotted here;
But, when they sadly come to die,
And the last fire their truth must try,
Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, since thou needs must sin, confess it too:
Confess 't, and with humility clothe thy shame;
For thou, who else must burned be
An heretic, if she pardon thee,
May'st, like a martyr, then enjoy the flame.

But, if her wisdom grow severe,
And suffer not her goodness to be there;
If her large mercies cruelly it restrain;
Be not discourag'd, but require
A more gentle ordeal fire,
And bid her by Love's flames read it again.

Strange power of heat! thou yet dost show
Like winter-earth, naked, or cloath'd with snow:
But as, the quickening Sun approaching near,
The plants arise up by degrees;
A sudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind Nature's characters appear:

So, nothing yet in thee is seen;
But, when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

Still, silly Paper! thou wilt think,
That all this might as well be writ with ink:
Oh, no; there 's sense in this, and mystery—
Thou now may'st change thy author's name,
And to her hand lay noble claim;
For, as she reads, she makes, the words in thee.

Yet, if thine own unworthiness
Will still that thou art mine, not her's, confess,
Consume thyself with fire before her eyes,
And so her grace or pity move:
The gods, though beasts they do not love,
Yet like them when they 're burnt in sacrifice.

INCONSTANCY.

FIVE years ago (says story) I lov'd you,
For which you call me most inconstant now.
Pardon me, madam, you mistake the man,
For I am not the same that I was then;
No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,
And that my mind is chang'd, yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,
If from one subject they t' another move;
My members then the father members were,
From whence these take their birth which now are here.
If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere incest; which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this day inconstant name,
Because the weather is not still the same
That it was yesterday—or blame the year,
'Cause the spring flowers, and autumn fruit, does bear.
The world's a scene of changes; and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy;
For 'twere to break the laws herself has made:
Our substances themselves do fleet and fade;
The most fix'd being still does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.
T' imagine then that love should never cease
(Love, which is but the ornament of these)
Were quite as senseless, as to wonder why
Beauty and colour stays not when we die.

NOT FAIR.

'TIS very true, I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are;
Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee:
But then, methoughts, there something shin'd, within,
Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin;
Nor could I chuse but count it the Sun's light,
Which made this cloud appear so bright.
But, since I knew thy falsehood and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside,
A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would seem to be.
So men (they say) by Hell's delusions led,
Have ta'en a succubus to their bed;
Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
Till the cleft foot discovers all:
Then they start from 't, half ghosts themselves with fear;
And devil, as 'tis, it does appear.

So, since against my will I found thee foul,
Deform'd and crooked in thy soul,
My reason straight did to my senses show,
That they might be mistaken too:
Nay, when the world but knows how false you are,
There 's not a man will think you fair;
Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,
They'll call their eyes as false as thee.
Be what thou wilt, Hate will present thee so
As Puritans do the pope, and Papists Luther do.

PLATONIC LOVE.

Indeed I must confess,
When souls mix 'tis an happiness;
But not complete till bodies too combine,
And closely as our minds together join:
But half of Heaven the souls in glory taste,
Till by love in Heaven, at last,
Their bodies too are plac'd.

In thy immortal part,
Man, as well as I, thou art;
But something 'tis that differs thee and me;
And we must one even in that difference be.
I thee, both as a man and woman, prize;
For a perfect love implies
Love in all capacities.

Can that for true love pass,
When a fair woman courts her glass?
Something unlike must in Love's likeness be;
His wonder is, one, and variety:
For he, whose soul nought but a soul can move,
Does a new Narcissus prove,
And his own image love.

That souls do beauty know,
'Tis to the bodies' help they owe;
If, when they know 't, they straight abuse that trust,
And shut the body from 't, 'tis as unjust
As if I brought my dearest friend to see
My mistress, and at th' instant he
Should steal her quite from me.

THE CHANGE.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
In all her outward parts Love's always seen;
But oh! he never went within.

Within, Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride:
So, the Earth's face trees, herbs, and flowers, do dress,
With other beauties numberless;
But at the centre darkness is, and Hell;
There wicked spirits, and there the damned, dwell.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and death lie in my weeping eyes,
Despair and paleness in my face appears,
And grief, and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen,

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within too stor'd enough of love:
Give me but your's, I 'll by that change so thrive,
That love in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can
My outside woman, and your inside man.

CLAD ALL IN WHITE.

Fairest thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear?
Would'st thou a white most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear:
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Than Winter when 'tis clad with snow.

'Tis not the linen shows so fair;
Her skin shines through, and makes it bright:
So clouds themselves like suns appear,
When the Sun pierces them with light:
So, lilies in a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as white as those.

Thou now one heap of beauty art;
Nought outwards, or within, is foul:
Condensed beams make every part;
Thy body's cloathed like thy soul;
Thy soul, which does itself display,
Like a star plac'd i' th' milky-way.

Such robes the saints departed wear,
Woven all with light divine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with such full glory shine:
But they regard not mortals' pain;
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

Yet, seeing thee so gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue still;
Thou would'st not take this garment, sure,
When thou hadst an intent to kill!
Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
When the white flag he sees hung out?

LEAVING ME, AND THEN LOVING MANY.

So men, who once have cast the truth away,
Forsook by God, do strange wild lusts obey;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
One deity, could not stop at thousands more:
Their zeal was senseless straight, and boundless, grown;
They worship'd many a beast and many a stone.
Ah, fair apostate! couldst thou think to flee
From truth and goodness, yet keep unity?
I reign'd alone; and my blest self could call
The universal monarch of her all.
Mine, mine, her fair East-Indies were above,
Where those suns rise that cheer the world of Love;
Where beauties shine like gems of richest price;
Where coral grows, and every breath is spice:
Mine too her rich West-Indies were below,
Where mines of gold and endless treasures grew.

But as, when the Pellæan conqueror dy'd,
Many small princes did his crown divide;
So, since my love his vanquish'd world forsook,
Murder'd by poisons from her falsehood took,
An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

MY HEART DISCOVERED.

Her body is so gently bright,
Clear and transparent to the sight,
(Clear as fair crystal to the view,
Yet soft as that, ere stone it grew)
That through her flesh, methinks, is seen
The brighter soul that dwells within:
Our eyes the subtile covering pass,
And see that lily through its glass.
I through her breast her heart espy,
As souls in hearts do souls descry:
I see 't with gentle motions beat;
I see light in 't, but find no heat.
Within, like angels in the sky,
A thousand gilded thoughts do fly;
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,
Fair and chaste as mother-mind.
But oh! what other heart is there,
Which sighs and crouds to her's so near?
'Tis all on flame, and does, like fire,
To that, as to its Heaven, aspire!
The wounds are many in 't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and still does weep!
Whose-ever wretched heart it be,
I cannot choose but grieve to see:
What pity in my breast does reign!
Methinks I feel too all its pain.
So torn, and so defac'd, it lies,
That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes;
But oh! at last I heard it groan,
And knew by th' voice that 'twas mine own.
So poor Alcione, when she saw
A shipwreck'd body tow'rds her draw,
Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
Which only then did pity wear:
But, when the corpse on shore were cast,
Which she her husband found at last,
What should the wretched widow do?
Grief chang'd her straight; away she flew,
Turn'd to a bird: and so at last shall I
Both from my murder'd heart and murderer fly.

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICS.

So angels love; so let them love for me;
When I 'm all soul, such shall my love too be:
Who nothing here but like a spirit would do,
In a short time, believe 't, will be one too.
But, shall our love do what in beasts we see?
Ev'n beasts eat too, but not so well as we:
And you as justly might in thirst refuse
The use of wine, because beasts water use:
They taste those pleasures as they do their food;
Undress'd they take 't, devour it raw and crude:
But to us men, Love cooks it at his fire,
And adds the poignant sauce of sharp desire.
Beasts do the same: 'tis true; but ancient Fame
Says, gods themselves turn'd beasts to do the same.
The Thunderer, who, without the female bed,
Could goddesses bring-forth from out his head,
Chose rather mortals this way to create;
So much h' esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.
Ye talk of fires which shine, but never burn;
In this cold world they 'll hardly serve our turn;
As useless to despairing lovers grown,
As lambent flames to men i' th' frigid zone.
The Sun does his pure fires on Earth bestow
With nuptial warmth, to bring-forth things below;
Such is Love's noblest and divinest heat,
That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.
Lust you call this; a name to yours more just,
If an inordinate desire be lust:
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More lustful was, than the hot youth of Troy.

THE VAIN LOVE.

LOVING ONE FIRST BECAUSE SHE COULD LOVE NOBODY, AFTERWARDS LOVING HER WITH DESIRE.

What new-found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to kindle me?
Strange art! like him that should devise
To make a burning-glass of ice:
When Winter so, the plants would harm,
Her snow itself does keep them warm.
Fool that I was! who, having found
A rich and sunny diamond,
Admir'd the hardness of the stone,
But not the light with which it shone.
Your brave and haughty scorn of all
Was stately and monarchical;
All gentleness, with that esteem'd,
A dull and slavish virtue seem'd;
Should'st thou have yielded then to me,
Thou 'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee;
For who would serve one, whom he sees
That he can conquer if he please?
It far'd with me, as if a slave
In triumph led, that does perceive
With what a gay majestic pride
His conqueror through the streets does ride,
Should be contented with his woe,
Which makes up such a comely show.
I sought not from thee a return,
But without hopes or fears did burn;
My covetous passion did approve
The hoarding-up, not use, of love.
My love a kind of dream was grown,
A foolish, but a pleasant one:
From which I 'm waken'd now; but, oh!
Prisoners to die are waken'd so;
For now th' effects of loving are
Nothing but longings, with despair:
Despair, whose torments no men, sure,
But lovers and the damn'd, endure.
Her scorn I doated once upon,
Ill object for affection;
But since, alas! too much 'tis prov'd,
That yet 'twas something that I lov'd;
Now my desires are worse, and fly
At an impossibility:
Desires which, whilst so high they soar,
Are proud as that I lov'd before.

What lover can like me complain,
Who first lov'd vainly, next in vain!

THE SOUL.

If mine eyes do e'er declare
They've seen a second thing that 's fair;
Or ears, that they have music found,
Besides thy voice, in any sound;
If my taste do ever meet,
After thy kiss, with aught that 's sweet;
If my abused touch allow
Aught to be smooth, or soft, but you;
If what seasonable springs,
Or the eastern summer brings,
Do my smell persuade at all
Aught perfume, but thy breath, to call;
If all my senses' objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And so through thee more powerful pass,
As beams do through a burning-glass;
If all things that in Nature are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in thee so' epitomis'd,
That nought material's not compris'd;
May I as worthless seem to thee,
As all, but thou, appears to me!

If I ever anger know,
Till some wrong be done to you;
If gods or kings my envy move,
Without their crowns crown'd by thy love;
If ever I a hope admit,
Without thy image stamp'd on it;
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you 're concern'd therein;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That tastes of any thing but thee;
If any sorrow touch my mind,
Whilst you are well, and not unkind;
If I a minute's space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myself and all;
And for love, if ever I
Approach to it again so nigh,
As to allow a toleration
To the least glimmering inclination;
If thou alone dost not control
All those tyrants of my soul,
And to thy beauties ty'st them so,
That constant they as habits grow;
If any passion of my heart,
By any force, or any art,
Be brought to move one step from thee,
May'st thou no passion have for me!

If my busy Imagination,
Do not thee in all things fashion;
So that all fair species be
Hieroglyphic marks of thee;
If when she her sports does keep
(The lower soul being all asleep)
She play one dream, with all her art,
Where thou hast not the longest part;
If aught get place in my remembrance,
Without some badge of thy resemblance,
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of art, of memory;

If my Understanding do
Seek any knowledge but of you;
If she do near thy body prize
Her bodies of philosophies;
If she to the will do shew
Aught desirable but you;
Or, if that would not rebel,
Should she another doctrine tell;
If my Will do not resign
All her liberty to thine;
If she would not follow thee,
Though Fate and thou should'st disagree;
And if (for I a curse will give,
Such as shall force thee to believe)
My Soul be not entirely thine;
May thy dear body ne'er be mine!

THE PASSIONS.

From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy, free,
And all the passions else that be,
In vain I boast of liberty,
In vain this state a freedom call;
Since I have Love, and Love is all:
Sot that I am, who think it fit to brag
That I have no disease besides the plague!

So in a zeal the sons of Israel
Sometimes upon their idols fell,
And they depos'd the powers of Hell;
Baal and Astarte down they threw,
And Acharon and Moloch too:
All this imperfect piety did no good,
Whilst yet, alas! the calf of Bethel stood.

Fondly I boast, that I have drest my vine
With painful art, and that the wine
Is of a taste rich and divine;
Since Love, by mixing poison there,
Has made it worse than vinegar.
Love ev'n the taste of nectar changes so,
That gods chuse rather water here below.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all passions else that be,
Drive this one tyrant out of me,
And practise all your tyranny!
The change of ills some good will do:
Th' oppressed wretched Indians so,
Being slaves by the great Spanish monarch made,
Call in the States of Holland to their aid.

WISDOM.

'Tis mighty wise that you would now be thought,
With your grave rules from musty morals brought;
Through which some streaks too of divin'ty ran,
Partly of monk and partly puritan;
With tedious repetitions too you 'ave ta'en
Often the name of Vanity in vain.
Things which, I take it, friend, you'd ne'er recite,
Should she I love but say t' you, "Come at night."
The wisest king refus'd all pleasures quite,
Till Wisdom from above did him enlight;
But, when that gift his ignorance did remove,
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in love.

And, if by event the counsels may be seen,
This Wisdom 'twas that brought the southern queen:
She came not, like a good old wife, to know
The wholesome nature of all plants that grow;
Nor did so far from her own country roam,
To cure scald-heads and broken-shins at home;
She came for that, which more befits all wives,
The art of giving, not of saving, lives.

THE DESPAIR.

Beneath this gloomy shade,
By Nature only for my sorrows made,
I'll spend this voice in cries;
In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed;
So Lust, of old, the Deluge punished.
"Ah, wretched youth!" said I;
"Ah, wretched youth!" twice did I sadly cry;
"Ah, wretched youth!" the fields and floods reply.

When thoughts of love I entertain,
I meet no words but "Never," and "In vain."
"Never," alas! that dreadful name
Which fuels the eternal flame:
"Never" my time to come must waste;
"In vain" torments the present and the past.
"In vain, in vain," said I;
"In vain, in vain!" twice did I sadly cry;
"In vain, in vain!" the fields and floods reply.

No more shall fields and floods do so;
For I to shades more dark and silent go:
All this world's noise appears to me
A dull, ill acted comedy:
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the Sun's busy and impertinent light.
Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth; and for a while was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

"Ah, sottish soul!" said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly;
"Fool, to resume her broken chain,
And row her galley here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou should'st come to live it o'er again in me?"

THE WISH.

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!

And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From Heaven did always chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing die!
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear—
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

MY DIET.

Now, by my Love, the greatest oath that is,
None loves you half so well as I:
I do not ask your love for this;
But for Heaven's sake believe me, or I die.
No servant e'er but did deserve
His master should believe that he does serve;
And I'll ask no more wages, though I starve.

'Tis no luxurious diet this, and sure
I shall not by 't too lusty prove;
Yet shall it willingly endure,
If 't can but keep together life and love.
Being your prisoner and your slave,
I do not feasts and banquets look to have;
A little bread and water 's all I crave.

On a sigh of pity I a year can live;
One tear will keep me twenty, at least;
Fifty, a gentle look will give;
An hundred years on one kind word I'll feast:
A thousand more will added be,
If you an inclination have for me;
And all beyond is vast eternity!

THE THIEF.

Thou robb'st my days of business and delights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights;
Ah, lovely thief! what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of Heaven too?
Thou ev'n my prayers dost steal from me;
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

Is it a sin to love, that it should thus,
Like an ill conscience, torture us?
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
(None guiltless e'er was haunted so!)
Still, still, methinks, thy face I view,

And still thy shape does me pursue,
As if, not you me, but I had murder'd you.

From books I strive some remedy to take,
But thy name all the letters make;
Whate'er 'tis writ, I find that there,
Like points and commas every where:
Me blest for this let no man hold;
For I, as Midas did of old,
Perish by turning every thing to gold.

What do I seek, alas! or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my deity,
I gave the then ubiquity.
My pains resemble Hell in this;
The Divine Presence there too is,
But to torment men, not to give them bliss.

ALL-OVER LOVE.

'Tis well, 'tis well with them, say I,
Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves can die;
For none can be unhappy, who,
'Midst all his ills, a time does know
(Though ne'er so long) when he shall not be so.

Whatever parts of me remain.
Those parts will still the love of thee retain;
For 'twas not only in my heart,
But, like a god, by powerful art
'Twas all in all, and all in every part.

My affection no more perish can
Than the first matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter, if one dust of me
Mix'd with another's substance be,
'Twill leaven that whole lump with love of thee.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse
My atoms over all the universe;
At the last they easily shall
Themselves know, and together call;
For thy love, like a mark, is stamp'd on all.

LOVE AND LIFE.

Now, sure, within this twelvemonth past,
I've lov'd at least some twenty years or more:
Th' account of love runs much more fast
Than that with which our life does score:
So, though my life be short, yet I may prove
The great Methusalem of love.

Not that love's hours or minutes are
Shorter than those our being 's measur'd by:
But they 're more close compacted far,
And so in lesser room do lie:
Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
Things solid take up little place.

Yet love, alas! and life in me,
Are not two several things, but purely one;
At once how can there in it be
A double, different motion?
O yes, there may; for so the self-same Sun
At once does slow and swiftly run:

Swiftly his daily journey he goes,
But treads his annual with a statelier pace;
And does three hundred rounds enclose
Within one yearly circle's space;
At once, with double course in the same sphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.

When Sol does to myself refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but slowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is love.
Love's my diurnal course, divided right,
'Twixt hope and fear—my day and night.

THE BARGAIN.

Take heed, take heed, thou lovely maid,
Nor be by glittering ills betray'd;
Thyself for money! oh, let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n so low!
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
When Love, that's blind, is by blind Fortune led?

The foolish Indian, that sells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wise and gainful traffic hold,
Than thou, who sell'st thyself for gold.
What gains in such a bargain are?
He 'll in thy mines dig better treasures far.

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
The Sun, that makes it, 's not so fair;
The Sun, which can nor make nor ever see
A thing so beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does pass,
Though the sea serv'd him for a looking-glass.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee;
Since Magus, none so bold as he:
Thou 'rt so divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted simony;
Too dear he 'll find his sordid price
Has forfeited that and the benefice.

If it be lawful thee to buy,
There's none can pay that rate but I;
Nothing on Earth a fitting price can be,
But what on Earth's most like to thee;
And that my heart does only bear;
For there thyself, thy very self is there.

So much thyself does in me live,
That, when it for thyself I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
Whose stamp and value equal is;
And, that full weight too may be had,
My soul and body, two grains more, I 'll add.

THE LONG LIFE.

Love from Time's wings hath stol'n the feathers, sure
He has, and put them to his own;
For hours, of late, as long as days endure,
And very minutes hours are grown.

The various motions of the turning year
Belong not now at all to me:
Each summer's night does Lucy's now appear,
Each winter's day St. Barnaby.

How long a space since first I lov'd it is!
To look into a glass I fear;
And am surpriz'd with wonder when I miss
Gray hairs and wrinkles there.

Th' old Patriarchs' age, and not their happiness too,
Why does hard Fate to us restore?
Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew,
What the flood wash'd away before?

Sure those are happy people that complain
O' th' shortness of the days of man;
Contract mine, Heaven! and bring them back again
To th' ordinary span.

If when your gift, long life, I disapprove,
I too ingrateful seem to be;
Punish me justly, Heaven; make her to love,
And then 'twill be too short for me.

COUNSEL.

Gently, ah, gently, madam, touch
The wound which you yourself have made;
That pain must needs be very much,
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purgings grow.

Do but awhile with patience stay
(For counsel yet will do no good)
Till time, and rest, and Heaven, allay
The violent burnings of my blood;
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men drunk, for being so?

Perhaps the physic's good you give,
But ne'er to me can useful prove;
Med'cines may cure, but not revive;
And I'm not sick, but dead in love,
In Love's Hell, not his world, am I;
At once I live, am dead, and die.

What new-found rhetoric is thine!
Ev'n thy dissuasions me persuade,
And thy great power does clearest shine,
When thy commands are disobey'd,
In vain thou bid'st me to forbear;
Obedience were rebellion here.

Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant
Against thine eyes t' assist mine hearts
But different far was his intent,
For straight the traitor took their part:
And by this new foe I 'm bereft
Of all that little which was left.

The act, I must confess, was wise,
As a dishonest act could be:
Well knew the tongue, alas! your eyes
Would be too strong for that and me;
And part o' th' triumph chose to get,
Rather than be a part of it.

RESOLVED TO BE BELOVED.

'Tis true, I 'ave lov'd already three or four,
And shall three or four hundred more;
I 'll love each fair-one that I see,
Till I find one at last that shall love me.

That shall my Canaan be, the fatal soil
That ends my wanderings and my toil:
I 'll settle there, and happy grow;
The country does with milk and honey flow

The needle trembles so, and turns about,
Till 't the northern point find out;
But constant then and fix'd does prove,
Fix'd, that his dearest pole as soon may move.

Then may my vessel torn and shipwreck'd be,
If it put forth again to sea!
It never more abroad shall roam,
Though 't could next voyage bring the Indies home.

But I must sweat in love, and labour yet,
Till I a competency get;
They 're slothful fools who leave a trade,
Till they a moderate fortune by 't have made.

Variety I ask not; give me one
To live perpetually upon.
The person, Love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it.

THE SAME.

For Heaven's sake, what d' you mean to do?
Keep me, or let me go, one of the two;
Youth and warm hours let me not idly lose,
The little time that Love does chuse,
If always here I must not stay,
Let me be gone whilst yet 'tis day;
Lest I, faint and benighted, lose my way.

'Tis dismal, one so long to love
In vain; till to love more as vain must prove
To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we
Too weary to take others be;
Alas! 'tis folly to remain,
And waste our army thus in vain,
Before a city which will ne'er be ta'en.

At several hopes wisely to fly,
Ought not to be esteem'd inconstancy;
'Tis more inconstant always to pursue
A thing that always flies from you;
For that at last may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found,
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless round.

When it does hardness meet, and pride,
My love does then rebound t' another side;
But, if it aught that's soft and yielding hit,
It lodges there, and stays in it.
Whatever 'tis shall first love me,
That it my Heaven may truly be,
I shall be sure to give 't eternity.

THE DISCOVERY.

By Heaven, I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she;
Why should she asham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by me?
The gods may give their altars o'er,
They 'll smoak but seldom any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.

The lightning, which tall oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain
The humble furzes of the plain.
She being so high, and I so low,
Her power by this does greater show,
Who at such distance, gives so sure a blow.

Compar'd with her, all things so worthless prove,
That nought on Earth can tow'rds her move,
Till 't be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas! there's none;
She like a deity is grown,
That must create, or else must be alone.

If there be man who thinks himself so high,
As to pretend equality,
He deserves her less than I;
For he would cheat for his relief;
And one would give, with lesser grief,
T'an undeserving beggar than a thief.

AGAINST FRUITION.

No; thou 'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e'er thou grant;
Much of my veneration thou must want,
When once thy kindness puts my ignorance out;
For a learn'd age is always least devout.
Keep still thy distance; for at once to me
Goddess and woman too thou canst not be:
Thou 'rt queen of all that sees thee, and as such
Must neither tyrannize nor yield too much;
Such freedoms give as may admit command,
But keep the forts and magazines in hand.
Thou 'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
My large ambition; but 'tis dangerous still,
Lest I like the Pellæan prince should be,
And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd thee:
When Love has taken all thou hast away,
His strength by too much riches will decay,
Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee, as thou'rt there, for very thee.
Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
That, should'st thou nectar give, 'twould spoil the taste.
Beauty at first moves wonder and delight;
'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight.
W'admire it whilst unknown; but after, more
Admire ourselves for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
Does over-gorge himself with his own prey;
Of very hopes a surfeit he'll sustain,
Unless by fears he cast them up again:
His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone;
If once he lose his sting, he grows a drone.

LOVE UNDISCOVERED.

Some others may with safety tell
The moderate flames which in them dwell;
And either find some med'cine there,
Or cure themselves ev'n by despair;
My love's so great, that it might prove
Dangerous to tell her that I love.
So tender is my wound, it must not hear
Any salute, though of the kindest air.

I would not have her know the pain,
The torments, for her I sustain;
Lest too much goodness make her throw
Her love upon a fate too low.
Forbid it, Heaven! my life should be
Weigh'd with her least conveniency:
No, let me perish rather with my grief,
Than, to her disadvantage, find relief!

Yet when I die, my last breath shall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all:
Like covetous men, who ne'er descry
Their dear-hid treasures till they die.
Ah, fairest maid! how will it cheer
My ghost, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed; for if me thou pitiest then,
Twenty to one but I shall live again.

THE GIVEN HEART.

I wonder what those lovers mean, who say
They 'ave given their hearts away:
Some good kind lover, tell me how:
For mine is but a torment to me now.

If so it be one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courtesy can Love do more,
Than to join hearts that parted were before?

Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the self-same room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a granado shot into a magazine.

Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
Of both our broken hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make,
From her's th'allay, from mine the metal, take.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No dross was there, to perish in the fire.

THE PROPHET.

Teach me to love! go teach thyself more wit;
I chief professor am of it.
Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews,
Teach boldness to the stews;
In tyrants' courts teach supple flattery;
Teach Jesuits, that have travell'd far, to lie;
Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,
Teach restless fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull Earth fixt to abide,
Teach women-kind inconstancy and pride:
See if your diligence here will useful prove;
But, pr'ythee, teach not me to love.

The god of love, if such a thing there be,
May learn to love from me;
He who does boast that he has been
In every heart since Adam's sin;
I'll lay my life, nay mistress, on't, that's more,
I'll teach him things he never knew before;
I'll teach him a receipt, to make
Words that weep, and tears that speak;
I'll teach him sighs, like those in death,
At which the souls go out too with the breath:
Still the soul stays, yet still does from me run,
As light and heat does with the Sun.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am; 'tis I
Who must new worlds in it descry;
Rich worlds, that yield a treasure more
Than all that has been known before.
And yet like his, I fear, my fate must be,
To find them out for others, not for me.

Me times to come, I know it, shall
Love's last and greatest prophet call;
But, ah! what's that, if she refuse
To hear the wholesome doctrines of my Muse;
If to my share the prophet's fate must come—
Hereafter fame, here martyrdom?

THE RESOLUTION.

The Devil take those foolish men
Who gave you first such powers;
We stood on even grounds till then;
If any odds, creation made it ours.

For shame, let these weak chains be broke;
Let 's our slight bonds, like Samson, tear;
And nobly cast away that yoke,
Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.

French laws forbid the female reign;
Yet Love does them to slavery draw:
Alas! if we'll our rights maintain,
'Tis all mankind must make a Salique law.

CALLED INCONSTANT.

Ha! ha! you think you 've kill'd my fame,
By this not understood, yet common, name:
A name that 's full and proper, when assign'd
To woman-kind;
But, when you call us so,
It can at best but for a metaphor go.

Can you the shore inconstant call,
Which still, as waves pass by, embraces all;
That had as lief the same waves always love,
Did they not from him move?
Or can you fault with pilots find
For changing course, yet never blame the wind?

Since, drunk with vanity, you fell,
The things turn'd round to you that stedfast dwell;
And you yourself, who from us take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of sight.
So the same errour seizes you,
As men in motion think the trees move too.

THE WELCOME.

Go, let the fatted calf be kill'd;
My prodigal 's come home at last,
With noble resolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with sorrow for the past:
No more will burn with love or wine;
But quite has left his women and his swine.

Welcome, ah! welcome, my poor Heart!
Welcome! I little thought, I 'll swear
('Tis now so long since we did part)
Ever again to see thee here:
Dear wanderer! since from me you fled,
How often have I heard that thou wert dead!

Hast thou not found each woman's breast
(The lands where thou hast travelled)
Either by savages possest,
Or wild, and uninhabited?
What joy could'st take, or what repose,
In countries so unciviliz'd as those?

Lust, the scorching dog-star, here
Rages with immoderate heat;
Whilst Pride, the rugged northern bear,
In others makes the cold too great:
And where these are temperate known,
The soil 's all barren sand or rocky stone.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich, well-govern'd heart,
Like China, it admitted you
But to the frontier-part.
From Paradise shut for evermore,
What good is 't that an angel kept the door?

Well fare the pride, and the disdain,
And vanities, with beauty join'd;
I ne'er had seen this heart again,
If any fair-one had been kind:
My dove, but once let loose, I doubt
Would ne'er return, had not the flood been out.

THE HEART FLED AGAIN.

False, foolish Heart! didst thou not say
That thou would'st never leave me more?
Behold! again 'tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before.
I strove to bring it back again;
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

Ev'n so the gentle Tyrian dame,
When neither grief nor love prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful Trojan, hoist his sail:
Aloud she call'd to him to stay;
The wind bore him and her lost words away.

The doleful Ariadne so,
On the wide shore forsaken stood:
"False Theseus whither dost thou go?"
Afar false Theseus cut the flood.
But Bacchus came to her relief;
Bacchus himself 's too weak to ease my grief.

Ah! senseless Heart, to take no rest,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be froz'n in every breast!
And to be scorch'd in every eye!
Wandering about like wretched Cain,
Thrust-out, ill-us'd, by all, but by none slain!

Well, since thou wilt not here remain,
I 'll e'en to live without thee try;
My head shall take the greater pain,
And all thy duties shall supply:
I can more easily live, I know,
Without thee, than without a mistress thou.

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITION.

Or I 'm a very dunce, or woman-kind
Is a most unintelligible thing:
I can no sense nor no contexture find,
Nor their loose parts to method bring:
I know not what the learn'd may see,
But they 're strange Hebrew things to me.

By customs and traditions they live,
And foolish ceremonies of antique date;
We lovers, new and better doctrines give,
Yet they continue obstinate:
Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,
Like Jews, they keep their old law still.

Before their mothers' gods they fondly fall,
Vain idol-gods, that have no sense nor mind:
Honour 's their Ashtaroth, and Pride their Baal,
The thundering Baal of woman-kind;
With twenty other devils more,
Which they, as we do them, adore.

But then, like men both covetous and devout,
Their costly superstition loth t' omit—
And yet more loth to issue monies out,
At their own charge to furnish it—
To these expensive deities
The hearts of men they sacrifice.

THE SOUL.

Some dull philosopher—when he hears me say
My soul is from me fled away,
Nor has of late inform'd my body here,
But in another's breast does lie,
That neither is, nor will be, I,
As a form servient and assisting there—

Will cry, "Absurd!" and ask me how I live;
And syllogisms against it give.
A curse on all your vain philosophies,
Which on weak Nature's law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and religion, those great mysteries!

Her body is my soul; laugh not at this,
For by my life I swear it is.
'Tis that preserves my being and my breath;
From that proceeds all that I do,
Nay all my thoughts and speeches too;
And separation from it is my death.

ECHO.

Tir'd with the rough denials of my prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey;
I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,
That gives consent to all I say.
Ah, gentle nymph! who lik'st so well
In hollow, solitary caves to dwell;
Her heart being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me so!

Complaisant nymph! who dost thus kindly share
In griefs whose cause thou dost not know;
Hadst thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,
How much compassion would'st thou show!
Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,
Was of less beauty, and less ravishing power.
Alas! I might as easily
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.

By repercussion beams engender fire;
Shapes by reflection shapes beget;
The voice itself, when stopt, does back retire,
And a new voice is made by it.
Thus things by opposition
The gainers grow; my barren love alone
Does from her stony breast rebound,
Producing neither image, fire, nor sound.

THE RICH RIVAL.

They say you're angry, and rant mightily,
Because I love the same as you:
Alas! you're very rich, 'tis true;
But, pr'ythee, fool! what's that to love and me?
You 'ave land and money, let that serve;
And know you 'ave more by that than you deserve.

When next I see my fair-one, she shall know
How worthless thou art of her bed;
And, wretch! I'll strike thee dumb and dead,
With noble verse not understood by you;
Whilst thy sole rhetoric shall be
"Jointure" and "jewels," and "our friends agree."

Pox o' your friends, that doat and domineer;
Lovers are better friends than they;
Let's those in other things obey;
The fates, and stars, and gods, must govern here.
Vain names of blood! in love let none
Advise with any blood, but with their own.

'Tis that which bids me this bright maid adore;
No other thought has had access!
Did she now beg, I'd love no less,
And, were she an empress, I should love no more;
Were she as just and true to me,
Ah, simple soul! what would become of thee?

AGAINST HOPE.

Hope! whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:
Vain shadow! which does vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all,

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!
The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty custom's paid to thee.
For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond archer, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!
Thin, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears!
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
By ignes fatui for north-stars we sail.

Brother of Fear, more gayly clad!
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:

Add one more likeness (which I'm sure you can)
And let me and my sun beget a man!

MY PICTURE.

Here, take my likeness with you, whilst 'tis so;
For, when from hence you go,
The next Sun's rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old:
The man who did this picture draw,
Will swear next day my face he never saw.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this shadow smile,
Your presence will such vigour give,
(Your presence, which makes all things live!)
And absence so much alter me,
This will the substance, I the shadow, be.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
And your bright looks awake it,
Ah! be not frighted if you see
The new-soul'd picture gaze on thee,
And hear it breathe a sigh or two;
For those are the first things that it will do.

My rival-image will be then thought blest,
And laugh at me as dispossest;
But thou, who (if I know thee right)
I' th' substance dost not much delight,
Wilt rather send again for me,
Who then shall but my picture's picture be.

THE CONCEALMENT.

No; to what purpose should I speak?
No, wretched heart! swell till you break.
She cannot love me if she would;
And, to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.
No; to the grave thy sorrows bear;
As silent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live;
So perish, that her killing thee
May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By her beauty, not her anger, die:
This will look justly, and become
An execution; that a martyrdom.
The censuring world will ne'er refrain
From judging men by thunder slain.
She must be angry, sure, if I should be
So bold to ask her to make me,
By being her's, happier than she!
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear;
When, sound in every other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart;
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too with my breath.

Then shall the world my noble ruin see,
Some pity and some envy me;
Then she herself, the mighty she,
Shall grace my funerals with this truth;
"'Twas only love destroy'd the gentle youth!"

THE MONOPOLY.

What mines of sulphur in my breast do lie,
That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart!
Not Etna flames more fierce or constantly,
The sounding shop of Vulcan's smoky art:
Vulcan his shop has placed there.
And Cupid's forge is set-up here.

Here all those arrows' mortal heads are made,
That fly so thick unseen through yielding air;
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
Are Jealousy, Fear, Sadness, and Despair.
Ah, cruel god! and why to me
Gave you this curs'd monopoly?

I have the trouble, not the gains, of it:—
Give me but the disposal of one dart,
And then (I 'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you please your furnace in my heart:
So sweet's revenge to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly die.

Deep into her bosom would I strike the dart,
Deeper than woman e'er was struck by thee;
Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from th' heart,
They flutter still about, inconstantly:
Curse on thy goodness, whom we find
Civil to none but woman-kind!

Vain god! who women dost thyself adore!
Their wounded hearts do still retain the power
To travel and to wander, as before:
Thy broken arrows 'twixt that sex and ours
So unjustly are distributed,
They take the feathers, we the head.

THE DISTANCE.

I've followed thee a year, at least,
And never stopp'd myself to rest;
But yet can thee o'ertake no more
Than this day can the day that went before.

In this our fortunes equal prove
To stars, which govern them above;
Our stars, that move for ever round,
With the same distance still betwixt them found.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
The wheel of Fate faster to drive;
Since, if around it swiftlier fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,
That there can never meet a pair!
Tamelier than worms are lovers slain!
The wounded heart ne'er turns to wound again.

THE INCREASE.

I thought, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more
Than I had done before;

But you as easily might account,
Till to the top of numbers you amount,
As cast up my love's score.
Ten thousand millions was the sum;
Millions of endless millions are to come.

I'm sure her beauties cannot greater grow;
Why should my love do so?
A real cause at first did move;
But mine own fancy now drives on my love,
With shadows from itself that flow.
My love, as we in numbers see,
By cyphers is increas'd eternally.

So the new-made and untry'd spheres above
Took their first turn from th' hand of Jove;
But are, since that beginning, found
By their own forms to move for ever round.
All violent motions short do prove;
But, by the length, 'tis plain to see
That love's a motion natural to me.

LOVE'S VISIBILITY.

With much of pain, and all the art I knew,
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

The world perceives it, and, it may be, she;
Though so discreet and good she be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

Men without love have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shown;
But none who had it ever seem'd t'have none.

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find,
But thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

The very eye betrays our inward smart:
Love of himself left there a part,
When through it he past into the heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the secret wisely, yet,
Like drunkenness, into the tongue 'twill get.

LOOKING ON, AND DISCOURSING WITH, HIS MISTRESS.

These full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on Heaven with mighty gulphs between
Was the great miser's greatest pain;
So near was he to Heaven's delight,
As with the blest converse he might,
Yet could not get one drop of water by 't.

Ah wretch! I seem to touch her now; but, oh,
What boundless spaces do us part!
Fortune, and friends, and all Earth's empty show,
My lowness, and her high desert:
But these might conquerable prove;
Nothing does me so far remove,
As her hard soul's aversion from my love.

So travellers, that lose their way by night,
If from afar they chance t' espy
Th'uncertain glimmerings of a taper's light,
Take flattering hopes, and think it nigh;
Till, wearied with the fruitless pain,
They sit them down, and weep in vain,
And there in darkness and despair remain.

RESOLVED TO LOVE.

I wonder what the grave and wise
Think of all us that love;
Whether our pretty fooleries
Their mirth or anger move:
They understand not breath that words does want;
Our sighs to them are insignificant.

One of them saw me, th' other day,
Touch the dear hand which I admire;
My soul was melting straight away,
And dropt before the fire:
This silly wise-man, who pretends to know,
Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?

Another, from my mistress' door
Saw me with eyes all wat'ry come;
Nor could the hidden cause explore,
But thought some smoke was in the room:
Such ignorance from unwounded learning came;
He knew tears made by smoke, but not by flame.

If learn'd in other things you be,
And have in love no skill,
For God's sake keep your arts from me,
For I'll be ignorant still:
Study or action others may embrace;
My love's my business, and my books her face.

These are but trifles, I confess,
Which me, weak mortal! move;
Nor is your busy seriousness
Less trifling than my love:
The wisest king, who from his sacred breast
Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

MY FATE.

Go bid the needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling reverence it does bend;
Go bid the stones a journey upwards make;
Go bid th'ambitious flame no more ascend:
And, when these false to their old motions prove,
Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

The fast-link'd chain of everlasting Fate
Does nothing tie more strong than me to you;
My fixt love hangs not on your love or hate,
But will be still the same, whate'er you do:
You cannot kill my love with your disdain:
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

Me, mine example, let the Stoics use,
Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain;
Let all predestinators me produce,
Who struggle with eternal bonds in vain:
This fire I'm born to—but 'tis she must tell,
Whether 't be beams of Heaven or flames of Hell.

You, who men's fortunes in their faces read,
To find out mine, look not, alas! on me;
But mark her face, and all the features heed;
For only there is writ my destiny:
Or, if stars show it, gaze not on the skies
But study the astrology of her eyes.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the fate of mortal days
Is writ in Heaven; but oh, my heaven is there.
What can men learn from stars they scarce can see?
Two great lights rule the world, and her two me.

THE HEART-BREAKING.

It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
In vain it something would have spoke:
The love within too strong for't was,
Like poison put into a Venice-glass.

I thought that this some remedy might prove;
But oh, the mighty serpent Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

And now, alas! each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart;
And every smallest corner still
Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

Even so rude armies, when the field they quit,
And into several quarters get;
Each troop does spoil and ruin more
Than all join'd in one body did before.

How many loves reign in my bosom now!
How many loves, yet all of you!
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My monarch-love into a tyrant-state.

THE USURPATION.

Thou 'adst to my soul no title or pretence;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had given myself to thee;
But thou hast kept me slave and prisoner since.
Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,
Fond tyrant! I'll depose thee from thy throne;
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall;
My country, kindred, and my best
Acquaintance, were to share the rest;
But thou, their covetous neighbour, draw'st out all:
Nay more; thou mak'st me worship thee,
And would'st the rule of my religion be:
Did ever tyrant claim such power as you,
To be both emperor and pope too?

The public miseries, and my private fate,
Deserve some tears; but greedy thou
(Insatiate maid!) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee should alienate:
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,
Though the sole cause of most of them thou art;
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
Since first mine eyes I gave to you.

Thou all my joys and all my hopes dost claim;
Thou ragest like a fire in me,
Converting all things into thee;
Nought can resist, or not increase the flame:
Nay, every grief and every fear
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear:
Thy presence, like the crowned basilisk's breath,
All other serpents puts to death.

As men in Hell are from diseases free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known formality:
But all pains eminently lie in thee!
Alas, alas! I hope in vain
My conquer'd soul from out thine hands to gain;
Since all the natives there thou 'ast overthrown,
And planted garrisons of thine own.

MAIDENHEAD.

Thou worst estate ev'n of the sex that 's worst;
Therefore by Nature made at first
T' attend the weakness of our birth!
Slight outward curtain to the nuptial bed!
Thou case to buildings not yet finished!
Who, like the centre of the Earth,
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,
Though thou a point imaginary be!

A thing God thought for mankind so unfit,
That his first blessing ruin'd it.
Cold, frozen nurse of fiercest fires!
Who, like the parched plains of Afric's sand,
(A sterile, and a wild unlovely land!)
Art always scorch'd with hot desires,
Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring
Monsters and serpents forth thyself to sting!

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell
Like a close conjurer in his cell,
And fear'st the day's discovering eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou should'st be
Such tedious and unpleasant company,
Who liv'st so melancholily!
Thou thing of subtile, slippery kind,
Which women lose, and yet no man can find!

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I 'm resolv'd to search for thee;
The search itself rewards the pains:
So, though the chymic his great secret miss,
(For neither it in art nor Nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unsought experiments by the way.

Say what thou wilt, chastity is no more
Thee, than a porter is his door.
In vain to honour they pretend, [walls;
Who guard themselves with ramparts and with
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an open breach defend.
Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,
Within so hated, and so lov'd without.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

Impossibilities! oh no, there 's none;
Could mine bring thy heart captive home,
As easily other dangers were o'erthrown,
As Cæsar, after vanquish'd Rome,
His little Asian foes did overcome.

True lovers oft by Fortune are envied;
Oft Earth and Hell against them strive;
But Providence engages on their side,
And a good end at last does give:
At last, just men and lovers always thrive.

As stars (not powerful else) when they conjoin,
Change, as they please, the world's estate;
So thy heart in conjunction with mine
Shall our own fortunes regulate;
And to our stars themselves prescribe a fate.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold romance,
That should two kind examples shew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;
Not that I thought that story true,
But none should fancy more, than I would do.

Through spite of our worst enemies, thy friends;
Through local banishment from thee; [ends,
Through the loud thoughts of less-concerning
As easy shall my passage be,
As was the amorous youth's o'er Helle's sea:

In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar;
In vain the stars their aid deny'd;
He saw the Sestian tower on th' other shore:
Shall th' Hellespont our loves divide?
No, not the Atlantic ocean's boundless tide.

Such seas betwixt us easily conquer'd are;
But, gentle maid! do not deny
To let thy beams shine on me from afar;
And still the taper let me espy:
For, when thy light goes out, I sink and die.

SILENCE.

Curse on this tongue, that has my heart betray'd,
And his great secret open laid!
For, of all persons, chiefly she
Should not the ills I suffer know;
Since 'tis a thing might dangerous grow,
Only in her to pity me:
Since 'tis for me to lose my life more fit,
Than 'tis for her to save and ransom it.

Ah! never more shall thy unwilling ear
My helpless story hear;
Discourse and talk awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain
That in my breast does reign;
Silence perhaps may make it sleep:
I 'll bind that sore up I did ill reveal;
The wound, if once it close, may chance to heal.

No, 'twill ne'er heal; my love will never die,
Though it should speechless lie.
A river, ere it meet the sea,
As well might stay its source,
As my love can his course,
Unless it join and mix with thee:
If any end or stop of it be found,
We know the flood runs still, though under ground.

THE DISSEMBLER.

Unsought, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with the pain:
But now I feel the mighty evil;
Ah! there 's no fooling with the Devil!
So, wanton men, whilst others they would fright,
Themselves have met a real sprite.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome lye
Had been no sin at all in poetry;
But now I suffer an arrest,
For words were spoke by me in jest.
Dull, sottish god of love! and can it be
Thou understand'st not raillery?

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,
I nam'd but for the rhyme, or the conceit;
Nor meant my verse should raised be
To this sad fame of prophesy:
Truth gives a dull propriety to my style,
And all the metaphors does spoil.

In things where fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign;
The play at last a truth does grow,
And custom into Nature go:
By this curst art of begging I became
Lame, with counterfeiting lame.

My lines of amorous desire
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire;
And 'twas a barbarous delight
My fancy promis'd from the sight:
But now, by love, the mighty Phalaris, I
My burning Bull the first do try.

THE INCONSTANT.

I never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifty's space,
They all victorious be.
Love, thou 'rt a devil, if I may call thee one;
For sure in me thy name is Legion.

Colour, or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis woman-kind;
And I 'm so weak, the pistol need not be
Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

If tall, the name of Proper slays;
If fair, she 's pleasant as the light;
If low, her prettiness does please;
If black, what lover loves not night?
If yellow-hair'd, I love, lest it should be
Th' excuse to others for not loving me.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart;
The lean, with love makes me too so:
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow:
Nay, age itself does me to rage incline,
And strength to women gives, as well as wine.

Just half as large as Charity
My richly-landed Love's become;
And, judg'd aright, is Constancy,
Though it take up a larger room:
Him, who loves always one, why should they call
More constant than the man loves always all?

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all Love's gardens and his fields;
And, like the wise, industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
Though I return not home with laden thighs.

My soul at first indeed did prove
Of pretty strength against a dart,
Till this habit got of love;
But my consum'd and wasted heart,
Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire,
Since that, by every spark is set on fire.

THE CONSTANT.

Great and wise conqueror, who, where'er
Thou com'st, dost fortify, and settle there;

Who canst defend as well as get,
And never hadst one quarter beat-up yet;
Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part
With one inch of my vanquish'd heart;
For, since thou took'st it by assault from me,
'Tis garrison'd so strong with thoughts of thee
It fears no beauteous enemy.

Had thy charming strength been less,
I 'ad serv'd ere this an hundred mistresses:
I 'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my prison to be a vagabond;
A prison in which I still would be,
Though every door stood ope to me.
In spite both of thy coldness and thy pride,
All love is marriage on thy lover's side,
For only death can them divide.

Close, narrow chain, yet soft and kind
As that which spirits above to good does bind,
Gentle and sweet Necessity,
Which does not force, but guide, our liberty!
Your love on me were spent in vain,
Since my love still could but remain
Just as it is; for what, alas! can be
Added to that which hath infinity
Both in extent and quality?

HER NAME.

With more than Jewish reverence as yet
Do I the sacred name conceal;
When, ye kind stars, ah when will it be fit
This gentle mystery to reveal?
When will our love be nam'd, and we possess
That christening as a badge of happiness?

So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,
To wear that gem on any line;
Nor, till the happy nuptial Muse be seen,
Shall any stanza with it shine.
Rest, mighty name! till then; for thou must be
Laid down by her, ere taken up by me.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;
Then Echo's burthen it shall be;
Then all the birds in several notes shall sing,
And all the rivers murmur, thee;
Then every wind the sound shall upwards bear,
And softly whisper 't to some angel's ear.

Then shall thy name through all my verse be spread,
Thick as the flowers in meadows lie,
And, when in future times they shall be read,
(As sure, I think, they will not die)
If any critic doubt that they be mine,
Men by that stamp shall quickly know the coin.

Meanwhile I will not dare to make a name
To represent thee by;
Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame
One that enough should signify:
Astrea or Celia as unfit would prove
For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity Jove.

WEEPING.

See where she sits, and in what comely wise
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!
Ah, charming maid! let not Ill-fortune see
Th' attire thy sorrow wears,
Nor know the beauty of thy tears;
For she 'll still come to dress herself in thee.

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
In every drop, methinks, her eye.
The baby, which lives there, and always plays
In that illustrious sphere,
Like a Narcissus does appear,
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

Ne'er yet did I behold such glorious weather,
As this sun-shine and rain together.
Pray Heaven her forehead, that pure hill of snow,
(For some such fountain we must find,
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below!

Ah, mighty Love! that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbeck sweat!
But what, alas! ah, what does it avail,
That she weeps tears so wondrous cold,
As scarce the ass's hoof can hold,
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail?

DISCRETION.

Discreet! what means this word discreet?
A curse on all discretion!
This barbarous term you will not meet
In all Love's lexicon.

Jointure, portion, gold, estate,
Houses, household-stuff, or land,
(The low conveniences of Fate)
Are Greek no lovers understand.

Believe me, beauteous one! when love
Enters into a breast.
The two first things it does remove
Are friends and interests.

Passion 's half blind, nor can endure
The careful, scrupulous eyes;
Or else I could not love, I 'm sure,
One who in love were wise.

Men, in such tempests tost about,
Will, without grief or pain,
Cast all their goods and riches out,
Themselves their port to gain.

As well might martyrs, who do choose
That sacred death to take,
Mourn for the cloaths which they must lose,
When they 're bound naked to the stake.

THE WAITING-MAID.

Thy Maid! ah! find some nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place;
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
The glories of thy face.

Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim lamp must disappear
Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
Maliciously are spent;
And make that beauty tyranny,
That 's else a civil government.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart
Too apt before to kill.

The ministering angels none can see;
'Tis not their beauty or their face,
For which by men they worship'd be;
But their high office and their place.
Thou art my goddess, my saint she;
I pray to her, only to pray to thee.

COUNSEL.

Ah! what advice can I receive!
No, satisfy me first;
For who would physic-potions give
To one that dies with thirst?

A little puff of breath, we find,
Small fires can quench and kill;
But, when they 're great, the adverse wind
Does make them greater still.

Now whilst you speak, it moves me much,
But straight I 'm just the same;
Alas! th' effect must needs be such
Of cutting through a flame.

THE CURE.

Come, doctor! use thy roughest art,
Thou canst not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture, every part,
To heal me of my love.

There is no danger, if the pain
Should me to a fever bring;
Compar'd with heats I now sustain,
A fever is so cool a thing,
(Like drink which feverish men desire)
That I should hope 'twould almost quench my fire.

THE SEPARATION.

Ask me not what my love shall do or be
(Love, which is soul to body, and soul of me!)
When I am separated from thee;
Alas! I might as easily show,
What after death the soul will do;
'Twill last, I 'm sure, and that is all we know.

The thing call'd soul will never stir nor move,
But all that while a lifeless carcase prove;
For 'tis the body of my love:
Not that my love will fly away,
But still continue; as, they say,
Sad troubled ghosts about their graves do stray.

THE TREE.

I chose the flourishing'st tree in all the park,
With freshest boughs and fairest head;
I cut my love into his gentle bark,
And in three days, behold! 'tis dead:
My very written flames so violent be,
They 've burnt and wither'd-up the tree.

How should I live myself, whose heart is found
Deeply graven every where
With the large history of many a wound,
Larger than thy trunk can bear?
With art as strange as Homer in the nut,
Love in my heart has volumes put.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
The leaves and beauties all,
As a strong poison with one drop does make
The nails and hairs to fall:
Love (I see now) a kind of witchcraft is,
Or characters could ne'er do this.

Pardon, ye birds and nymphs, who lov'd this shade;
And pardon me, thou gentle tree;
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And blessed omens hop'd from thee:
"Notes of my love, thrive here," said I, "and grow;
And with ye let my love do so."

Alas, poor youth! thy love will never thrive!
This blasted tree predestines it;
Go, tie the dismal knot (why should'st thou live?)
And, by the lines thou there hast writ,
Deform'dly hanging, the sad picture be
To that unlucky history.

HER UNBELIEF.

'Tis a strange kind of ignorance this in you,
That you your victories should not spy,
Victories gotten by your eye!
That your bright beams, as those of comets do,
Should kill, but not know how, nor who!

That truly you my idol might appear,
Whilst all the people smell and see
The odorous flames I offer thee,
Thou sitt'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear,
Thy constant, zealous worshipper.

They see 't too well who at my fires repine;
Nay, th' unconcern'd themselves do prove
Quick-ey'd enough to spy my love;
Nor does the cause in thy face clearlier shine,
Than the effect appears in mine.

Fair infidel! by what unjust decree
Must I, who with such restless care
Would make this truth to thee appear,
Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy incredulity?

I, by thy unbelief, am guiltless slain:
Oh, have but faith, and then, that you
May know that faith for to be true,
It shall itself by a miracle maintain,
And raise me from the dead again!

Meanwhile my hopes may seem to be o'erthrown;
But lovers' hopes are full of art,
And thus dispute—That, since my heart,
Though in thy breast, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'st not know thine own.

THE GAZERS.

Come, let's go on, where love and youth does
I've seen too much, if this be all. [call;
Alas! how far more wealthy might I be
With a contented ignorant poverty!
To show such stores, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and vex my want.
For Love to die an infant is lesser ill,
Than to live long, yet live in childhood still.

We 'ave both sat gazing only, hitherto,
As man and wife in picture do:
The richest crop of joy is still behind,
And he who only sees, in love, is blind.
So, at first, Pygmalion lov'd,
But th' amour at last improv'd;
The Statue itself at last a woman grew,
And so at last, my dear, should you do too.

Beauty to man the greatest torture is,
Unless it lead to farther bliss,
Beyond the tyrannous pleasures of the eye;
It grows too serious a cruelty,
Unless it heal, as well as strike:
I would not, salamander-like,
In scorching heats always to live desire,
But, like a martyr, pass to Heaven through fire.

Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,
And gently kisses every thing!
His loving beams unlock each maiden flower,
Search all the treasures, all the sweets devour:
Then on the earth, with bridegroom-heat,
He does still new flowers beget.
The Sun himself, although all eye he be,
Can find in love more pleasure than to see.

THE INCURABLE.

I try'd if books would cure my love, but found
Love made them nonsense all;
I apply'd receipts of business to my wound,
But stirring did the pain recall.

As well might men who in a fever fry,
Mathematic doubts debate;
As well might men who mad in darkness lie,
Write the dispatches of a state.

I try'd devotion, sermons, frequent prayer,
But those did worse than useless prove;
For prayers are turn'd to sin, in those who are
Out of charity, or in love.

I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care;
But wine, alas! was oil to th' fire;
Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there
Did double the desire.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
And mix'd with pleasant companies;
My mirth did graceless and insipid grow,
And 'bove a clinch it could not rise.

Nay, God forgive me for 't! at last I try'd,
'Gainst this, some new desire to stir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I espy'd
Some faint resemblances of her.

The physic made me worse, with which I strove
This mortal ill t' expel;
As wholesome med'cines the disease improve
There where they work not well.

HONOUR.

She loves, and she confesses too;
There 's then, at last, no more to do:
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin;
Iö, triumph! enter in.

What 's this, ye gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy!
Unlike to every other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men to fright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

THE INNOCENT ILL.

Though all thy gestures and discourses be
Coin'd and stamp'd by modesty;
Though from thy tongue ne'er slipp'd away
One word which nuns at th' altar might not say;
Yet such a sweetness, such a grace,
In all thy speech appear,
That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
That thy tongue is to th' ear:
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It strikes such heat through every part,
That thou a tempter worse than Satan art.

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracks have
So much as of original sin, [been
Such charms thy beauty wears, as might
Desires in dying confess'd saints excite:
Thou, with strange adultery,
Dost in each breast a brothel keep;
Awake, all men do lust for thee,
And some enjoy thee when they sleep.
Ne'er before did woman live,
Who to such multitudes did give
The root and cause of sin, but only Eve.

Though in thy breast so quick a pity be,
That a fly's death 's a wound to thee;
Though savage and rock-hearted those
Appear, that weep not ev'n romance's woes;
Yet ne'er before was tyrant known,
Whose rage was of so large extent;
The ills thou dost are whole thine own;
Thou'rt principal and instrument:
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the treble office do
Of judge, of torturer, and of weapon too.

Thou lovely instrument of angry Fate,
Which God did for our faults create!
Thou pleasant, universal ill,
Which, sweet as health, yet like a plague dost
kill!

Thou kind, well-natur'd tyranny!
Thou chaste committer of a rape!
Thou voluntary destiny,
Which no man can, or would escape!
So gentle, and so glad to spare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) ev'n the destroying-angels are.

DIALOGUE.

She. What have we done? what cruel passion mov'd thee,
Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee?
Me thou 'ast robb'd; but what art thou
Thyself the richer now?
Shame succeeds the short-liv'd pleasure;
So soon is spent, and gone, this thy ill-gotten treasure!

He. We have done no harm; nor was it theft in me,
But noblest charity in thee.
I 'll the well-gotten pleasure
Safe in my memory treasure:
What though the flower itself do waste,
The essence from it drawn does long and sweeter last.

She. No: I'm undone; my honour thou hast slain,
And nothing can restore 't again.
Art and labour to bestow,
Upon the carcase of it now,
Is but t' embalm a body dead;
The figure may remain, the life and beauty 's fled.

He. Never, my dear, was Honour yet undone
By Love, but Indiscretion.
To th' wise it all things does allow;
And cares not what we do, but how.
Like tapers shut in ancient urns,
Unless it let in air, for ever shines and burns.

She. Thou first, perhaps, who didst the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it;
For men, with Roman pride, above
The conquest do the triumph love;
Nor think a perfect victory gain'd,
Unless they through the streets their captive lead enchain'd.

He. Whoe'er his secret joys has open laid,
The bawd to his own wife is made;
Beside, what boast is left for me,
Whose whole wealth 's a gift from thee?
'Tis you the conqueror are, 'tis you
Who have not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd me too.

She. Though public punishment we escape, the sin
Will rack and torture us within:
Guilt and sin our bosom bears;
And, though fair yet the fruit appears,
That worm which now the core does waste,
When long 't has gnaw'd within, will break the skin at last.

He. That thirsty drink, that hungry food, I sought,
That wounded balm is all my fault;
And thou in pity didst apply
The kind and only remedy:
The cause absolves the crime; since me
So mighty force did move, so mighty goodness thee.

She. Curse on thine arts! methinks I hate thee now;
And yet I 'm sure I love thee too!
I 'm angry; but my wrath will prove
More innocent than did thy love.
Thou hast this day undone me quite;
Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come at night.

VERSES LOST UPON A WAGER.

As soon hereafter will I wagers lay
'Gainst what an oracle shall say;
Fool that I was, to venture to deny
A tongue so us'd to victory!
A tongue so blest by Nature and by Art,
That never yet it spoke but gain'd an heart:
Though what you said had not been true,
If spoke by any else but you;
Your speech will govern Destiny,
And Fate will change rather than you should lye.

'Tis true, if human Reason were the guide,
Reason, methinks, was on my side;
But that 's a guide, alas! we must resign,
When th' authority's divine.
She said, she said herself it would be so;
And I, bold unbeliever! answer'd no:
Never so justly, sure, before,
Errour the name of blindness bore;
For whatso'er the question be,
There 's no man that has eyes would bet for me.

If Truth itself (as other angels do
When they descend to human view)
In a material form would deign to shine,
'Twould imitate or borrow thine:
So dazzling bright, yet so transparent clear,
So well-proportion'd would the parts appear!
Happy the eye which Truth could see
Cloath'd in a shape like thee;
But happier far the eye
Which could thy shape naked like Truth espy.

Yet this lost wager costs me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before:
Who would not venture for that debt to play,
Which he were bound howe'er to pay?
If Nature gave me power to write in verse,
She gave it me thy praises to rehearse:
Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
Has such a sovereign right to it,
That no man's Muse for public vent is free,
Till she has paid her customs first to thee.

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

The fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers shew,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me;
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the Sun himself set there.

Why to mute fish should thou thyself discover,
And not to me thy no less silent lover?
As some from men their buried gold commit
To ghosts, that have no use of it;
Half their rich treasures so
Maids bury: and, for aught we know,
(Poor ignorants!) they're mermaids all below.

The amorous waves would fain about her stay,
But still new amorous waves drive them away,
And with swift current to those joys they haste,
That do as swiftly waste:
I laugh'd the wanton play to view;
But 'tis, alas! at land so too,
And still old lovers yield the place to new.

Kiss her, and as you part, you amorous waves,
(My happier rivals, and my fellow-slaves)
Point to your flowery banks, and to her shew
The good your bounties do;
Then tell her what your pride doth cost,
And how your use and beauty's lost,
When rigorous Winter binds you up with frost.

Tell her, her beauties and her youth, like thee,
Haste without stop to a devouring sea;
Where they will mix'd and undistinguish'd lie
With all the meanest things that die;
As in the ocean thou
No privilege dost know
Above th' impurest streams that thither flow.

Tell her, kind Flood! when this has made her sad,
Tell her there's yet one remedy to be had: [find
Show her how thou, though long since past, dost
Thyself yet still behind:
Marriage (say to her) will bring
About the self-same thing.
But she, fond maid, shuts and seals up the spring.

LOVE GIVEN OVER.

It is enough; enough of time and pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched Cowley! leave
Thyself with shadows to deceive;
Think that already lost which thou must never gain.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years,
(Toss'd in storms of hopes and fears)
Like helpless ships that be
Set on fire i' th' midst o' the sea,
Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd in tears.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky heart;
Since Fate does disapprove
Th' ambition of thy love,
And not one star in Heaven offers to take thy part.

If e'er I clear my heart of this desire,
If e'er it home to its breast retire,
It ne'er shall wander more about,
Though thousand beauties call it out:
A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire.

The pox, the plague, and every small disease
May come as oft as ill-fate please;
But Death and Love are never found
To give a second wound:
We're by those serpents bit; but we're devour'd by these.

Alas! what comfort is 't that I am grown
Secure of being again o'erthrown?
Since such an enemy needs not fear
Lest any else should quarter there,
Who has not only sack'd, but quite burnt down, the town.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

PRESERVED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

Throw an apple up an hill,
Down the apple tumbles still;
Roll it down, it never stops
Till within the vale it drops:
So are all things prone to Love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,
Up ascends the lambent flame;
Smoke and vapour mount the skies;
All preserve their unities;
Nought below, and nought above,
Seems averse, but prone to Love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light;
Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine,
Bid the planets not incline;
'Tis as vain, below, above,
To impede the course of Love.

Salamanders live in fire,
Eagles to the skies aspire,
Diamonds in their quarries lie,
Rivers do the sea supply:
Thus appears, below, above,
A propensity to Love.

Metals grow within the mine,
Luscious grapes upon the vine;
Still the needle marks the pole;
Parts are equal to the whole:
'Tis a truth as clear, that Love
Quickens all, below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
Snakes to creep, and birds to fly;
Fishes in the waters swim,
Doves are mild, and lions grim:
Nature thus, below, above,
Pushes all things on to Love.

Does the cedar love the mountain?
Or the thirsty deer the fountain?
Does the shepherd love his crook?
Or the willow court the brook?
Thus by nature all things move,
Like a running stream, to Love.

Is the valiant hero bold?
Does the miser doat on gold?
Seek the birds in spring to pair?
Breathes the rose-bud scented air?
Should you this deny, you'll prove
Nature is averse to Love.

As the wencher loves a lass,
As the toper loves his glass,
As the friar loves his cowl,
Or the miller loves the toll,
So do all, below, above,
Fly precipitate to Love.

When young maidens courtship shun,
When the Moon out-shines the Sun,

When the tigers lambs beget,
When the snow is black as jet,
When the planets cease to move,
Then shall Nature cease to love.

EPIGRAM,
ON THE POWER OF LOVE.

N. B. This is delivered down by tradition as a production of Cowley; and was spoken at the Westminster-School election, on the following subject:

Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis. Ovid.

Sol Daphne sees, and seeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celestial fires:
Had any remedy for Love been known,
The god of physic, sure, had cur'd his own.

PINDARIC ODES

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE

STYLE AND MANNER

OF THE

ODES OF PINDAR.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus. Hor. I. Ep. III. 3.

PREFACE.

If a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought, that one madman had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure, rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry, (quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider in Pindar the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries; and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance, And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider, that our ears are strangers to the music of his numbers, which, sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet; for though the grammarians and critics have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin comedies) yet in effect they are little better than prose to our ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poesy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that, after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is in some measure to be applied to all translations: and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens too in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation; which, being a vile and un-

worthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original: which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me, that the grammarians, perhaps, will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of translating, or imitating, (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words; as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which, (even Mr. Sandys himself; for in despite of popular errour, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that methinks they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes in my opinion no less short of David, than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Pancirolus, among the lost inventions of antiquity. This essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit: for which experiment I have chosen one of his Olympic, and another of his Nemæan Odes; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE OF PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron, prince of Agrigentum, (a famous city in Sicily, built by his ancestors) who, in the seventy-seventh Olympic, won the chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race, (whose story is often toucht on) from his great riches, (an ordinary common-place in Pindar) from his hospitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the poet) consists more in digressions, than in the main subject: and the reader must not be choqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

Queen of all harmonious things,
  Dancing words, and speaking strings!
What god, what hero, wilt thou sing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
  Begin, begin thy noble choice, [voice.
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy
  Pisa does to Jove belong;
  Jove and Pisa claim thy song.
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympic games,
  Alcides offer'd-up to Jove;
  Alcides too thy strings may move: [prove!
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthy
Join Theron boldly to their sacred names;
  Theron the next honour claims:
  Theron to no man gives place,
Is first in Pisa's and in Virtue's race!
  Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own swift forefathers has outgone,

They through rough ways, o'er many stops they past,
  Till on the fatal bank at last
They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
  Of fair-fac'd Sicily;
Which does itself i' th' river by
  With pride and joy espy.
Then chearful notes their painted years did sing,
And Wealth was one, and Honour th' other, wing;
Their genuine virtues did more sweet and clear,
  In Fortune's graceful dress, appear.
  To which, great son of Rhea! say
The firm word, which forbids things to decay!
  If in Olympus' top, where thou
  Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show;
  If in Alpheus' silver flight;
  If in my verse, thou dost delight,
  My verse, O Rhea's son! which is
  Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

  For the past sufferings of this noble race
(Since things once past, and fled out of thine hand,
  Hearken no more to thy command)
Let present joys fill up their place,
And with Oblivion's silent stroke deface
  Of foregone ills the very trace.
    In no illustrious line
  Do these happy changes shine
  More brightly, Theron! than in thine.
    So, in the crystal palaces
    Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,
  Ino her endless youth does please,
  And thanks her fall into the seas.
  Beauteous Semele does no less
  Her cruel midwife, Thunder, bless;
  Whilst, sporting with the gods on high,
  She enjoys secure their company;
  Plays with lightnings as they fly,
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity

But death did them from future dangers free;
  What god, alas! will caution be
    For living man's security,
Or will ensure our vessel in this faithless sea?

Never did the Sun as yet
So healthful a fair-day beget,
That travelling mortals might rely on it.
But Fortune's favour and her spite
Roll with alternate waves, like day and night:
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,
E'er since the fatal son his father slew,
And did old oracles fulfil
Of gods that cannot lie, for they foretell but their own will.

Erynnis saw 't, and made in her own seed
The innocent parricide to bleed;
She slew his wrathful sons with mutual blows:
But better things did then succeed,
And brave Thersander, in amends for what was past, arose.
Brave Thersander was by none,
In war, or warlike sports, out-done.
Thou, Theron, his great virtues dost revive;
He in my verse and thee again does live.
Loud Olympus, happy thee,
Isthmus and Nemæa, does twice happy see;
For the well-natur'd honour there,
Which with thy brother thou didst share,
Was to thee double grown
By not being all thine own;
And those kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

Greatness of mind, and fortune too,
Th' Olympic trophies shew:
Both their several parts must do
In the noble chase of fame; [lame.
This without that is blind, that without this is
Nor is fair Virtue's picture seen aright
But in Fortune's golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on short man long cannot wait;
The virtuous make of them the best,
And put them out to Fame for interest;
With a frail good they wisely buy
The solid purchase of eternity:
They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well, and know
Th' account they must hereafter give below;
Whereas th' unjust and covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the just decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults.

Whilst in the lands of unexhausted light,
O'er which the god-like Sun's unwearied sight
Ne'er winks in clouds, or sleeps in night,
An endless spring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy:
There neither earth nor sea they plough,
Nor aught to labour owe
For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,
And in the lamp of life consumes away.
Thrice had these men through mortal bodies past,
Did thrice the trial undergo,
Till all their little dross was purg'd at last,
The furnace had no more to do.
Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state
Were they for sacred treasures plac'd,
The Muse-discover'd world of Islands Fortunate.

Soft-footed winds with tuneful voices there
Dance through the perfum'd air;
There silver rivers through enamell'd meadows glide,
And golden trees enrich their side;
Th' illustrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,
And jewels for their fruit they bear,
Which by the blest are gathered
For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the head.
Here all the heroes, and their poets, live;
Wise Rhadamanthus did the sentence give,
Who for his justice was thought fit
With sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.
Peleus here, and Cadmus, reign;
Here great Achilles, wrathful now no more,
Since his blest mother (who before
Had try'd it on his body in vain)
Dipt now his soul in Stygian lake,
Which did from thence a divine hardness take,
That does from passion and from vice invulnerable make.

To Theron, Muse! bring back thy wandering song,
Whom those bright troops expect impatiently;
And may they do so long!
How, noble archer! do thy wanton arrows fly
At all the game that does but cross thine eye:
Shoot, and spare not, for I see
Thy sounding quiver can ne'er emptied be:
Let Art use method and good-husbandry,
Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;
Nature herself has unexhausted store,
Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,
That no vulgar eye can trace.
Art, instead of mounting high,
About her humble food does hovering fly;
Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love;
Whilst Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,
Now bears loud thunder; and anon with silent joy
The beauteous Phrygian boy
Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey;
And sometimes basks in th' open flames of day;
And sometimes too he shrowds
His soaring wings among the clouds.

Leave, wanton Muse! thy roving flight;
To thy loud string the well-fletcht arrow put;
Let Agrigentum be the butt,
And Theron be the white.
And, lest the name of verse should give
Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,
By the Castalian waters swear,
(A sacred oath no poets dare
To take in vain,
No more than gods do that of Styx prophane)
Swear, in no city e'er before,
A better man, or greater-soul'd, was born;
Swear, that Theron sure has sworn
No man near him should be poor!
Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful art
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.
But in this thankless world the givers
Are envied ev'n by the receivers:
Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion,
Rather to hide, than pay, the obligation:
Nay, 'tis much worse than so;
It now an artifice does grow,

Wrongs and outrages to do,
Lest men should think we owe.
Such monsters, Theron! has thy virtue found:
Put all the malice they profess,
Thy secure honour cannot wound;
For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
That them or to conceal, or else to tell,
Is equally impossible!

THE FIRST NEMÆAN ODE OF PINDAR.

Chromius, the son of Agesidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the chariot-race in the Nemæan games, (a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius; and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised) upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia, (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius's person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, passing into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that history.

Beauteous Ortygia! the first breathing-place
Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race!
Fair Delos' sister, the childbed
Of bright Latona, where she bred
Th' original new Moon!
Who saw'st her tender forehead ere the horns were grown!
Who, like a gentle scion newly started out,
From Syracusa's side dost sprout!
Thee first my song does greet,
With numbers smooth and fleet
As thine own horses' airy feet,
When they young Chromius' chariot drew,
And o'er the Nemæan race triumphant flew.
Jove will approve my song and me;
Jove is concern'd in Nemea, and in thee.

With Jove my song; this happy man,
Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;
From hence came his success,
Nor ought he therefore like it less,
Since the best fame is that of happiness;
For whom should we esteem above
The men whom gods do love?
'Tis them alone the Muse too does approve.
Lo! how it makes this victory shine
O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine!
The torches which the mother brought
When the ravish'd maid she sought,
Appear'd not half so bright,
But cast a weaker light,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and up to th' heavenly vault.

"To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,"
Said Jove, and, as he said,
Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.
"And thou, O isle!" said he, "for ever thrive,
And keep the value of our gift alive!
As Heaven with stars, so let
The country thick with towns be set,
And, numberless as stars,
Let all the towns be then
Replenish'd thick with men,
Wise in peace, and bold in wars!
Of thousand glorious towns the nation,
Of thousand glorious men each town a constellation!
Nor let their warlike laurel scorn
With the Olympic olive to be worn,
Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of Peace adorn!"

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse, and wait
At Chromius' hospitable gate;
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy lyre's voice shall but begin;
Joy, plenty, and free welcome, dwells within.
The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready drest,
The ivory table crowded with a feast:
The table which is free for every guest,
No doubt will thee admit,
And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.
Chromius and thou art met aright,
For, as by Nature thou dost write,
So he by Nature loves, and does by Nature fight.

Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was,
Sow'd strength and beauty through the forming mass;
They mov'd the vital lump in every part,
And carv'd the members out with wondrous art.
She fill'd his mind with courage, and with wit,
And a vast bounty, apt and fit
For the great dower which Fortune made to it.
'Tis madness, sure, treasures to hoard,
And make them useless, as in mines, remain,
To lose th' occasion Fortune does afford
Fame and public love to gain:
Ev'n for self-concerning ends,
'Tis wiser much to hoard-up friends.
Though happy men the present goods possess,
Th' unhappy have their share in future hopes no less.

How early has young Chromius begun
The race of virtue, and how swiftly run,
And borne the noble prize away,
Whilst other youths yet at the barriers stay!
None but Alcides e'er set earlier forth than he:
The god, his father's blood, nought could restrain,
'Twas ripe at first, and did disdain
The slow advance of dull humanity.
The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by nurses' hands,
Wrapt in purple swaddling-bands;
When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands,
Two dreadful serpents come,
Rolling and hissing loud, into the room;
To the bold babe they trace their bidden way;

Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings
went;
heir gaping mouths did forked tongues, like
thunderbolts, present.

Some of th' amazed women dropt down dead
With fear, some wildly fled
About the room, some into corners crept,
Where silently they shook and wept:
All naked from her bed the passionate mother
leap'd,
To save or perish with her child;
She trembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant
smil'd:
The mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes;
And, as their spotted necks up to the cradle rose,
With his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd:
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
In vain their armed tails they twist,
And angry circles cast about;
Black blood, and fiery breath, and poisonous
soul, he squeezes out!

With their drawn swords
In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords;
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
They saw the conquering boy
Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
Where, in death's pangs and their own gore, they
folding lay.
When wise Tiresias this beginning knew,
He told with ease the things t' ensue;
From what monsters he should free
The earth, the air, and sea;
What mighty tyrants he should slay,
Greater monsters far than they;
How much at Phlægra's field the distrest gods
should owe
To their great offspring here below;
And how his club should there outdo
Apollo's silver bow, and his own father's thunder
too:

And that the grateful gods, at last,
The race of his laborious virtue past,
Heaven, which he sav'd, should to him give;
Where, marry'd to eternal youth, he should for
ever live;
Drink nectar with the gods, and all his senses
please
In their harmonious, golden palaces;
Walk with ineffable delight
Through the thick groves of never-withering light,
And, as he walks, affright
The Lion and the Bear,
Bull, Centaur, Scorpion, all the radiant monsters
there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S SECOND ODE, B. IV.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

PINDAR is imitable by none;
The phenix Pindar is a vast species alone.
Who e'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,
And neither sink too low nor soar too high?
What could he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a sea to name?

Pindar's unnavigable song
Like a swoln flood from some steep mountain
pours along;
The ocean meets with such a voice,
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's
noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
Which in no channel deigns t'abide,
Which neither banks nor dykes control:
Whether th' immortal gods he sings,
In a no less immortal strain,
Or the great acts of god-descended kings,
Who in his numbers still survive and reign;
Each rich-embroider'd line,
Which their triumphant brows around,
By his sacred hand is bound,
Does all their starry diadems outshine.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
To carve in polish'd verse the conqueror's images;
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous song;
Whether some brave young man's untimely fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate—
Such mournful, and such pleasing words,
As joy to his mother's and his mistress' grief af-
fords—
He bids him live and grow in fame;
Among the stars he sticks his name;
The grave can but the dross of him devour,
So small is Death's, so great the poet's power!
Lo, how th' obsequious wind and swelling air,
The Theban swan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way!
Whilst, alas! my timorous Muse
Unambitious tracts pursues;
Does with weak, unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs,
About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,
About the fields and flowery meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble sweets contents her in-
dustry.

THE RESURRECTION.

NOR winds to voyagers at sea,
Nor showers to earth, more necessary be,
(Heaven's vital seed cast on the womb of Earth
To give the fruitful Year a birth)
Than Verse to Virtue; which can do
The midwife's office and the nurse's too;
It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,
And, when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till Heaven itself shall melt away,
And nought behind it stay.

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre;
Lo! how the Years to come, a numerous and
well-fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal mea-
sures dance!

Whilst the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company;
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound:
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string:
Then all the wide-extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die;
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When dead t' arise;
And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long sluggards of five thousand years!
This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears.
Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home;
Some from birds, from fishes some;
Some from earth, and some from seas;
Some from beasts, and some from trees;
Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And, where th' attending soul naked and shivering stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands;
As dispers'd soldiers, at the trumpet's call,
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,
Their joints new set, to be new-rack'd again,
To mountains they for shelter pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd than they.

Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vigorous heat,
Kindled at a hint so great;
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this steep hill would gallop up with violent course;
'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit;
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place;
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,
Conscious and proud of his own natural force:
'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too, that sits not sure.

THE MUSE.

Go, the rich chariot instantly prepare;
The queen, my Muse, will take the air:
Unruly Fancy with strong Judgment trace;
Put in nimble-footed Wit,
Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it;
Sound Memory with young Invention place;
Harness all the winged race:
Let the postillion Nature mount, and let
The coachman Art be set;
And let the airy footmen, running all beside,
Make a long row of goodly pride,
Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,
In a well-worded dress;
And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and useful Lies,
In all their gaudy liveries.
Mount, glorious queen! thy travelling throne,
And bid it to put on;
For long, though cheerful, is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

Where never foot of man, or hoof of beast,
The passage press'd;
Where never fish did fly,
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackless ocean of the air;
Where never yet did pry
The busy Morning's curious eye;
The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,
And all's an open road to thee;
Whatever God did say,
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way!
Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known,
Thou hast thousand worlds too of thine own.
Thou speak'st, great queen! in the same style as he;
And a new world leaps forth when thou say'st,
"Let it be."

Thou fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past,
And canst pluck up with ease
The years which thou dost please;
Like shipwreck'd treasures, by rude tempests cast
Long since into the sea,
Brought up again to light and public use by thee.
Nor dost thou only dive so low,
But fly
With an unwearied wing the other way on high,
Where Fates among the stars do grow;
There into the close nests of Time dost peep,
And there, with piercing eye,
Through the firm shell and the thick white, dost spy
Years to come a-forming lie,
Close in their sacred fecundine asleep,
Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital heat,
Which o'er them yet does brooding set,
They life and motion get,
And, ripe at last, with vigorous might
Break through the shell, and take their everlasting flight!

And sure we may
The same too of the present say,
If past and future times do thee obey.
Thou stop'st this current, and dost make
This running river settle like a lake;
Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery snake:
The fruit which does so quickly waste,
Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
Thou comfitest in sweets to make it last.
This shining piece of ice,
Which melts so soon away
With the Sun's ray,
Thy verse does solidate and crystallize,
Till it a lasting mirror be!
Nay, thy immortal rhyme
Makes this one short point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

TO MR. HOBBES.

Vast bodies of philosophy
I oft have seen and read;
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art fashioned;
I never yet the living soul could see,
But in thy books and thee!
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou dost show
Agree entirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like truth, 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,
As firm the parts upon their centre rest,
And all so solid are, that they, at least
As much as Nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagyrite retain
The universal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's short-liv'd leopard slain;
The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,
Oftener renew'd his age, and saw that die.
Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet, possest,
And, chac'd by a wild deluge from the East,
His monarchy new planted in the West.
But, as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this noble empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the school-men's hands it perish'd quite at last:
Then nought but words it grew,
And those all barbarous too:
It perish'd, and it vanish'd there;
The life and soul, breath'd out, became but empty air!

The fields, which answer'd well the ancients' plough,
Spent and out-worn, return no harvest now;
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of past fertility,
The poor relief of present poverty.
Food and fruit we now must want,
Unless new lands we plant.
We break-up tombs with sacrilegious hands;
Old rubbish we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,
And with fond diving wands
We search among the dead
For treasures buried;
Whilst still the liberal Earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limb'd Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit:
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing sees but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries.
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies!
Thy task was harder much than his;
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found-out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry;
But thy eloquence and thy wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd it.

I little thought before,
(Nor, being my own self so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store)
That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,
To cloathe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic Sense.
Thy solid reason, like the shield from Heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art!
A shield that gives delight
Ev'n to the enemies' sight,
Then, when they 're sure to lose the combat by't.

Nor can the snow, which now cold Age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be thou 'rt yet!
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of Wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too!
So contraries on Etna's top conspire;
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire!
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep;
Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep!
And if we weigh, like thee,
Nature and causes, we shall see
That thus it needs must be—
To things immortal, Time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

DESTINY.

Hoc quoque fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. Manil.

Strange and unnatural! let's stay and see
This pageant of a prodigy.
Lo, of themselves th' enliven'd Chess-men move!
Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd pieces prove
As full of art and industry,
Of courage and of policy,
As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise but we!
Here a proud Pawn I admire,
That, still advancing higher,
At top of all became
Another thing and name;
Here I'm amaz'd at th' actions of a Knight,
That does bold wonders in the fight;
Here I the losing party blame,
For those false moves that break the game,
That to their grave, the bag, the conquer'd pieces bring,
And, above all, th' ill-conduct of the Mated king.

"Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy
And sense or reason tell," said I,
"These things have life, election, liberty;
'Tis their own wisdom moulds their state,
Their faults and virtues make their fate.
They do, they do," said I; but straight,
Lo! from my enlighten'd eyes the mists and shadows fell,
That hinder spirits from being visible;
And, lo! I saw two angels play'd the Mate.
With man, alas! no otherwise it proves;
An unseen hand makes all their moves;
And some are great, and some are small,
Some climb to good, some from good-fortune fall;

Some wise-men, and some fools, we call;
Figures, alas! of speech, for Destiny plays us all.

Me from the womb the midwife Muse did take:
She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head
With her own hands she fashioned;
She did a covenant with me make, [spake:
And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she
"Thou of my church shalt be;
Hate and renounce," said she, [me.
"Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world, for
Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar:
Content thyself with the small barren praise,
That neglected verse does raise."
She spake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their several ways of life let others chuse,
Their several pleasures let them use,
But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star that did my being frame,
Was but a lambent flame,
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.
No matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise no less than she does
Let all her gifts the portion be [thee.
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion and Hypocrisy;
Do thou not grieve, nor blush to be,
As all th' inspired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down to Ben.

BRUTUS.

Excellent Brutus! of all human race
The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace;
Till men above themselves Faith raised more
Than Reason above beasts before.
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense
The gentle, vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference;
And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
That none could discord or disorder see
In all their contrariety:
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more mov'd, than the whole world, could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst swerve
(Mistaken, honest men!) in Cæsar's blood;
What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve
From him, who kill'd himself rather than serve?
Th' heroic exaltations of good
Are so far from understood,
We count them vice: alas! our sight 's so ill,
That things which swiftest move seem to stand still:
We look not upon Virtue in her height,
On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
In the original light;
But as her beams reflected pass
Through our own Nature or Ill-custom's glass:
As 'tis no wonder, so,
If with dejected eye
In standing pools we seek the sky,
That stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by and see
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before
The cancell'd name of friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar, who could Rome enthrall!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)
Than his successor Nero's parricide!
There 's none but Brutus could deserve
That all men else should wish to serve,
And Cæsar's usurp'd place to him should proffer;
None can deserve 't but he who would refuse the offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrap'd itself i' th' terrours of the night:
"I 'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sprite;
"I 'll meet thee there," saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight;
It vanish'd, as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought 't had heard the morning crow,
Or seen her well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hill afar.
Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
But, unseen, attack'd thee there:
Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou would'st have forc'd it back upon thy foes:
Or slain 't, like Cæsar, though it be
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus, by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched accidents, [sword?
The best cause and best man that ever drew a
When we see
The false Octavius and wild Antony,
God-like Brutus! conquer thee?
What can we say, but thine own tragic word—
That Virtue, which had worship'd been by thee
As the most solid good, and greatest deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name.
Hold, noble Brutus! and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain:
These mighty gulphs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time 's set forth already which shall quell
Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel;
Which these great secrets shall unseal,
And new philosophies reveal:
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded human Virtue's pride,
And show'd thee a God crucify'd.

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

How long, alas! has our mad nation been
Of epidemic war the tragic scene,

When Slaughter all the while
Seem'd, like its sea, embracing round the isle,
With tempests, and red waves, noise, and affright!
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from white!
What province or what city did it spare?
It, like a plague, infected all the air.
Sure the unpeopled land
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
Had God's all-mighty hand
At the same time let loose Diseases' rage
Their civil wars in man to wage.
But thou by Heaven wert sent
This desolation to prevent,
A med'cine, and a counter-poison, to the age.
Scarce could the sword dispatch more to the grave
Than thou didst save;
By wondrous art, and by successful care,
The ruins of a civil war thou dost alone repair!

The inundations of all liquid pain,
And deluge Dropsy, thou dost drain.
Fevers so hot, that one would say,
Thou might'st as soon hell-fires allay
(The damn'd scarce more incurable than they)
Thou dost so temper, that we find,
Like gold, the body but refin'd,
No unhealthful dross behind.
The subtle Ague, that for sureness' sake
Takes its own times th' assault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort does shake,
When thy strong guards, and works, it spies,
Trembles for itself, and flies.
The cruel Stone, that restless pain,
That 's sometimes roll'd away in vain,
But still, like Sysiphus's stone, returns again,
Thou break'st and meltest by learn'd juices' force,
(A greater work, though short the way appear,
Than Hannibal's by vinegar!)
Oppressed Nature's necessary course
It stops in vain; like Moses, thou
Strik'st but the rock, and straight the waters freely flow.

The Indian son of Lust (that foul disease
Which did on this his new-found world but lately seize,
Yet since a tyranny has planted here,
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is so quite rooted out by thee,
That thy patients seem to be
Restor'd, not to health only, but virginity.
The Plague itself, that proud imperial ill,
Which destroys towns, and does whole armies kill,
If thou but succour the besieged heart,
Calls all its poisons forth and does depart,
As if it fear'd no less thy art,
Than Aaron's incense, or than Phineas' dart.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vast and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?
At thy strong charms it must be gone
Though a disease, as well as devil, were called Legion.

From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou
Dost all the powers and several portions know,
Which father-Sun, and mother-Earth below,
On their green infants here bestow:
Canst all those magic virtues from them draw,
That keep Disease and Death in awe;
Who, whilst thy wondrous skill in plants they see,
Fear lest the tree of life should be found out by thee.
And thy well-travell'd knowledge, too, does give
No less account of th' empire sensitive;
Chiefly of man, whose body is
That active soul's metropolis.
As the great artist in his sphere of glass
Saw the whole scene of heavenly motions pass;
So thou know'st all so well that 's done within,
As if some living crystal man thou 'dst seen.

Nor does this science make thy crown alone,
But whole Apollo is thine own;
His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.
Thou 'rt by this noble mixture free
From the physician's frequent malady,
Fantastic incivility:
There are who all their patients' chagrin have,
As if they took each morn worse potions than they gave.
And this great race of learning thou hast run,
Ere that of life be half yet done;
Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,
And like t' enjoy thy conquests long.
The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of man report;
For thou dost make life long, and art but short.

Ah, learned friend! it grieves me, when I think
That thou with all thy art must die,
As certainly as I;
And all thy noble reparations sink
Into the sure-wrought mine of treacherous mortality.
Like Archimedes, honourably in vain,
Thou hold'st out towns that must at last be ta'en,
And thou thyself, their great defender, slain.
Let 's e'en compound, and for the present live,
'Tis all the ready-money Fate can give;
Unbend sometimes thy restless care,
And let thy friends so happy be
T' enjoy at once their health and thee:
Some hours, at least, to thine own pleasures spare:
Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
Bestow 't not all in charity.
Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
When all 's done, life is an incurable disease.

LIFE AND FAME.

Oh, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What's somebody, or nobody?
In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
We no such nice distinction woven see,
As 'tis "to be," or "not to be."
Dream of a shadow! a reflection made
From the false glories of the gay reflected bow,
Is a more solid thing than thou.
Vain weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities!
Yet canst nor wave nor wind sustain,
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless oceans meet again.

And wi h what rare inventions do we strive
Ourselves then to survive?
Wise, subtle arts, and such as well befit
That Nothing, man's no wit!—

Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.
"Here lies the great"—false Marble! where?
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.—
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
The fools and architects to please;
A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:
So he, who on th' Egyptain shore
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still, (oh! life most happy and most dear!
Oh! life that epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the seraphic entity of Fame;
He, since that toy his death, [breath.
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's
'Tis true, the two immortal syllables remain;
But, oh, ye learned men! explain
What essence, what existence, this,
What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,
In six poor letters is!
In those alone does the great Cæsar live,
'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.
We poets, madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantastic vanity,
Think we not only have, but give, eternity.
Fain would I see that prodigal,
Who his to morrow would bestow,
For all, old Homer's life, e'er since he dy'd till now!

THE EXTASY.

I LEAVE mortality, and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waste;
Farewell to ye all in haste,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;
And lo! I mount, and lo!
How small the biggest parts of Earth's proud title show!

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain o' th' sand!
For this will any sin, or bleed?
Of civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we
(Oh irony of words!) do call Great Britanie?

I pass by th' arched magazines which hold
Th 'eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold:
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
And lightnings, in my way,
Like harmless lambent fires, about my temples play.

Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame
I'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air:
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire,
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful breast did cover,
hen, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly, as I pass,
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere:
Here all th' extended sky
Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? Angels, and God is here;
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where!
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleasure could express.
Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less!

The mighty Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man who leap'd the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky!
With much of pomp and show
(As conquering kings in triumph go)
Did he to Heaven approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his coach.

'Twas gaudy all; and rich in every part
Of essences, of gems; and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould,
Drawn forth by chymic angels' art.
Here with moon-beams 'twas silver'd bright,
There double-gilt with the Sun's light;
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in Heaven's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightful'st breed;
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' th' Heaven crystal's line.

Thus mounted the great prophet to the skies;
Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise.
The soft clouds melted him away;
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore;
The wheels and horses' hoofs hizz'd as they past them o'er!

He past by th' Moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there which at this meteor gaz'd,
And their astrologers amaz'd
With th' unexampled sight.
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
Till phenix Nature, aged grown,
To a better thing do aspire,
And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

GREAT Janus! (who dost, sure, my mysteries view
With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few

If thy fore-face do see
No better things prepar'd for me,
Than did thy face behind;
If still her breast must shut against me be,
(For 'tis not Peace that temple's gate does bind)
Oh, let my life, if thou so many deaths a coming
With thine old year its voyage take, [find,
Borne down that stream of Time which no return
can make!

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
Th' old avaricious Year,
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a part of me away:
His well-hors'd troops, the Months, and Days, and
Though never any where they stay, [Hours,
Make in their passage all their prey;
The Months, Days, Hours, that march i' th' rear
Nought of value left behind. [can find
All the good wine of life our drunken youth
devours;
Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink,
Remain for latter years to drink;
Until, some one offended with the taste,
The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relics run
at last.

If then, young Year! thou needst must come,
(For in Time's fruitful womb
The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
Nor ever can miscarry)
Chuse thy attendants well; for 'tis not thee
We fear, but 'tis thy company;
Let neither Loss of Friends, or Fame, or Liberty,
Nor pining Sickness, nor tormenting Pain,
Nor Sadness, nor uncleanly Poverty,
Be seen among thy train:
Nor let thy livery be
Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity:
Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!
Let not so much as Love be there;
Vain fruitless love, I mean; for, gentle Year!
Although I fear,
There 's of this caution little need,
Yet, gentle Year! take heed
How thou dost make
Such a mistake:
Such love I mean, alone,
As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown;
For, though I 've too much cause to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if life can live without it.

Into the future times why do we pry,
And seek to antedate our misery?
Like jealous men, why are we longing still
To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?
'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 'twere a sight
That would ev'n happiest men affright;
And something still they'd spy that would destroy
The past and present joy.
In whatsoever character
The book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we understand not it;
We should grow mad with little learning there:
Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,
Undecently and foolishly
We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture
The fatal flood to enter.
Since, willing or unwilling, we must do it;
They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once
into it.

LIFE.

Nascentes Morimur.

We're ill by these grammarians us'd;
We are abus'd by words, grossly abus'd:
From the maternal tomb
To the grave's fruitful womb,
We call here Life; but Life 's a name
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
We call our dwelling-place;
We call one step a race:
But angels, in their full enlighten'd state,
Angels, who live, and know what 'tis to be;
Who all the nonsense of our language see;
Who speak things, and our words, their ill-
drawn pictures, scorn;
When we, by a foolish figure, say,
"Behold an old man dead!" then they
Speak properly, and cry, "Behold a man-child
born!"

My eyes are open'd, and I see
Through the transparent fallacy:
Because we seem wisely to talk
Like men of business; and for business walk
From place to place,
And mighty voyages we take,
And mighty journeys seem to make,
O'er sea and land, the little point that has no
space:
Because we fight, and battles gain;
Some captives call, and say, "the rest are slain:"
Because we heap up yellow earth, and so
Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous, seem to grow:
Because we draw a long nobility
From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,
And impudently talk of a posterity,
And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
Who write of twenty thousand years,
With maravedies make th' account,
That single time might to a sum amount:
We grow at last by custom to believe,
That really we live:
Whilst all these shadows, that for things we
take,
Are but the empty dreams which in Death's sleep
we make.

But these fantastic errours of our dream
Lead us to solid wrong;
We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,
And wish uncharitably for them
To be as long a dying as Methusalem.
The ripen'd soul longs from his prison to come;
But we would seal, and sow up, if we could, the
womb:
We seek to close and plaister up by art
The cracks and breaches of th' extended shell,
And in that narrow cell
Would rudely force to dwell
The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part.

THE XXXIVth CHAPTER OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

Awake, and with attention hear,
Thou drowsy World! for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I say, and listen well,
To what from God, I, his loud prophet, tell.

Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise,
And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.
Be still, thou sea; be still, thou air and earth,
Still as old Chaos, before Motion's birth:
A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,
In strength and number more
Than e'er was rais'd by God before,
To scourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,
And from it streams a dismal ray:
I see the scabbard cast away;
How red anon with slaughter will it prove!
How will it sweat and reek in blood!
How will the scarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with his food,
And devour all the mighty feast!
Nothing soon but bones will rest.
God does a solemn sacrifice prepare;
But not of oxen, nor of rams,
Not of kids, nor of their dams,
Not of heifers, nor of lambs:
The altar all the land, and all men in 't the victims are.
Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,
The beasts so long have sacrificed been;
Since men their birth-right forfeit still by sin;
'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,
When, at the final doom,
Nature and Time shall both be slain,
Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,
And the whole world their funeral pile become.
The wide stretch'd scroll of Heaven, which we
Immortal as the Deity think,
With all the beauteous characters that in it
With such deep sense by God's own hand were writ
(Whose eloquence, though we understand not, we admire)
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
Like parchment in a fire:
Th' exhausted Sun to th' Moon no more shall lend;
But truly then headlong into the sea descend:
The glittering host, now in such fair array,
So proud, so well-appointed, and so gay,
Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
Thick as ripe fruit, or yellow leaves, in autumn fall,
With such a violent storm as blows down tree and all.

And thou, O cursed land!
Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost stand
(Though thou stand'st just upon the brink)
Thou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt drink:
Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so
With human blood o'erflow,
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their prey:
The rotten corpse shall so infect the air,
Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,
That by thine own dead shall be slain
All thy few living that remain.
As one who buys, surveys, a ground,
So the destroying-angel measures it around;
So careful and so strict he is,
Lest any nook or corner he should miss:
He walks about the perishing nation,
Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place
Be choak'd with brambles and o'ergrown with grass:
The serpents through thy streets shall roll,
And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,
Though no new ills can be foreboded there:
The lion then shall to the leopard say,
"Brother leopard, come away;
Behold a land which God has given us in prey
Behold a land from whence we see my!"
Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!
The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not stay.

The glutted vultures shall expect in vain
New armies to be slain;
Shall find at last the business done,
Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone:
Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,
The satyrs laugh to hear them groan,
The evil spirits, that delight
To dance and revel in the mask of night,
The Moon and stars, their sole spectators, shall affright:
And, if of lost mankind
Aught happen to be left behind;
If any relics but remain;
They in their dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces shall reign.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

Is this thy bravery, man, is this thy pride?
Rebel to God, and slave to all beside!
Captiv'd by every thing! and only free
To fly from thine own liberty!
All creatures, the Creator said, were thine;
No creature but might since say, "Man is mine."
In black Egyptian slavery we lie;
And sweat and toil in the vile drudgery
Of tyrant Sin!
To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our breath
In building up the monuments of Death;
We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!
In vain the prophets and apostles come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'd Canaan above, [honey flow;
Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant
And even i' th' way to which we should be fed
With angels' tasteful bread:
But we, alas! the flesh-pots love,
We love the very leeks and sordid roots below.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see!
In vain did God to descend hither deign;
He was his own ambassador in vain,
Our Moses and our guide himself to be!
We will not let ourselves to go,
And with worse harden'd hearts do our own Pharaohs grow.
Ah! lest at last we perish so,
Think, stubborn man, think of th' Egyptian prince
(Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou);
Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince
The feeble arguments that human power could show;

Think what plagues attend on thee,
Who Moses' God does now refuse, more oft than Moses he.

"If from some god you come," (said the proud king
With half a smile and half a frown;
But what god can to Egypt be unknown?)
"What sign, what powers, what credence do you bring?"
"Behold his seal! behold his hand!"
Cries Moses, and casts down th' all-mighty wand.
Th' all-mighty wand scarce touch'd the earth,
When, with an undiscerned birth,
Th' all-mighty wand a serpent grew,
And his long half in painted folds behind him drew:
Upwards his threatening tail he threw;
Upwards he cast his threatening head:
He gap'd and hiss'd aloud,
With flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,
And, like a basilisk, almost look'd th' assembly dead;
Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him fled.

Jannes and Jambres stopp'd their flight,
And with proud words allay'd th' affright.
"The God of slaves," said they, "how can he be
More powerful than their master's deity?"
And down they cast their rods,
And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the servile gods.
The evil spirits their charms obey,
And in a subtle cloud they snatch the rods away,
And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay.
Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land
Were ready still at hand,
And all at the Old Serpent's first command.
And they too gap'd, and they too hiss'd,
And they their threatening tails did twist;
But straight on both the Hebrew-serpent flew,
Broke both their active backs, and both it slew,
And both almost at once devour'd;
So much was over-power'd,
By God's miraculous creation,
His servant's, Nature's, slightly-wrought and feeble generation!

On the fam'd bank the prophets stood,
Touch'd with their rod, and wounded, all the flood:
Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood.
The helpless fish were found
In their strange current drown'd:
The herbs and trees wash'd by the mortal tide
About it blush'd and dy'd:
Th' amazed crocodiles made haste to ground;
From their vast trunks the dropping gore they spied,
Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried.
Nor all thy priests, north no,
O king! could'st ever show
From whence thy wandering Nile begins his course—
Of this new Nile thou seest the sacred source;
And, as thy land that does o'erflow,
Take heed lest this do so!
What plague more just could on thy waters fall?
The Hebrew infants' murder stains them all:
The kind instructing punishment enjoy;
Whom the red river cannot mend, the Red-sea shall destroy.

The river yet gave one instruction more;
And, from the rotten fish and unconcocted gore,
(Which was but water just before)
A loathsome host was quickly made,
That scal'd the banks, and with loud noise did all the country invade.
As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed
(But like a friend he visits all the land
With welcome presents in his hand)
So did this living tide the fields o'erspread:
In vain th' alarmed country tries
To kill their noisome enemies;
From th' unexhausted source still new recruits arise.
Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice,
The towns and houses they possess,
The temples and the palaces,
Nor Pharaoh, nor his gods, they fear;
Both their importune croakings hear.
Unsatiate yet, they mount up higher,
Where never sun-born frog durst to aspire,
And in the silken beds their slimy members place;
A luxury unknown before to all the watery race!

The water thus her wonders did produce;
But both were to no use;
As yet the sorcerers' mimic power serv'd for excuse.
"Try what the earth will do," said God, and lo!
They strook the earth a fertile blow,
And all the dust did straight to stir begin;
One would have thought some sudden wind't had been;
But lo! 'twas nimble life was got within!
And all the little springs did move,
And every dust did an arm'd vermin prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the magic-gods could neither make nor find.
The wretched shameful foe allow'd no rest
Either to man or beast.
Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be,
With all his change of raiments, free;
The devils themselves confess'd
This was God's hand; and 'twas but just,
To punish thus man's pride, to punish dust with dust.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,
And swarming clouds of insects fill the air;
With sullen noise they take their flight,
And march in bodies infinite;
In vain 'tis day above, 'tis still beneath them night.
Of harmful flies the nations numberless
Compos'd this mighty army's spacious boast;
Of different manners, different languages;
And different habits, too, they wore,
And different arms they bore;
And some, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,
And some on green, and some on flowery food;
And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various host.
Houses secure not men, the populous ill
Did all the houses fill:
The country all around
Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle sound;
About the fields enrag'd they flew,
And wish'd the plague that was t' ensue.

From poisonous stars a mortal influence came
(The mingled malice of their flame);
A skilful angel did th' ingredients take,
And with just hands the sad composure make,

And over all the land did the full vial shake.
Thirst, giddiness, faintness, and putrid heats,
And pining pains, and shivering sweats,
On all the cattle, all the beasts, did fall;
With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.
The labouring ox drops down before the plough;
The crowned victims to the altar led
Sink, and prevent the lifted blow:
The generous horse from the full manger turns his head,
Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn,
Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,
Nor can his lifeless nostril please
With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled mistresses;
The starving sheep refuse to feed,
They bleat their innocent souls out into air;
The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;
Th' astonish'd shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful reed.

Thus did the beasts for man's rebellion die;
God did on man a gentler med'cine try,
And a disease, for physic, did apply.
Warm ashes from the furnace Moses took;
The sorcerers did with wonder on him look,
And smil'd at th' unaccustom'd spell,
Which no Egyptian rituals tell:
He flings the pregnant ashes through the air,
And speaks a mighty prayer;
Both which the ministering winds around all Egypt bear.
As gentle western blasts with downy wings,
Hatching the tender springs,
To th' unborn buds with vital whispers say,
"Ye living buds why do ye stay?" [way:
The passionate buds break through the bark their
So, wheresoe'er this tainted wind but blew,
Swelling pains and ulcers grew:
It from the body call'd all sleeping poisons out,
And to them added new;
A noisome spring of sores, as thick as leaves, did sprout.

Heaven itself is angry next;
(Woe to man, when Heaven is vext!)
With sullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound:
Till Moses, lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected signal of his wand;
And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged squadrons move,
And fill the spacious plains above;
Through which the rolling thunder first does play,
And opens wide the tempest's noisy way.
And straight a stony shower
Of monstrous hail does downwards pour,
Such as ne'er Winter yet brought forth,
From all her stormy magazines of the north.
It all the beasts and men abroad did slay,
O'er the defaced corpse, like monuments, lay;
The houses and strong-bodied trees it broke,
Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's stroke;
The thunder but for terrour through it flew,
The hail alone the work could do.
The dismal lightnings all around,
Some flying through the air, some running on the ground,
Some swimming o'er the water's face,
Fill'd with bright horrour every place;
One would have thought, their dreadful day to have seen,
The very hail, and rain itself, had kindled been.

The infant corn, which yet did scarce appear,
Escap'd this general massacre
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-stor'd Egyptian year
Began to clothe her fields and trees anew.
When lo; a scorching wind from the burnt coun-
And endless legions with it drew [tries blew,
Of greedy locusts; who, where'er
With sounding wings they flew,
Left all the earth depopulate and bare,
As if Winter itself had march'd by there.
Whate'er the Sun and Nile
Gave with large bounty to the thankful soil,
The wretched pillagers bore away,
And the whole Summer was their prey;
Till Moses with a prayer
Breath'd forth a violent western wind,
Which all these living clouds did headlong bear
(No stragglers left behind)
Into the purple sea, and there bestow
On the luxurious fish a feast they ne'er did know.
With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,
And little thinks their fate attends on him and his so near.

What blindness or what darkness did there e'er
Like this undocile king's appear!
What, e'er, but that which now does represent
And paint the crime out in the punishment?
From the deep baleful caves of Hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow—
Substantial Night, that does disclaim
Privation's empty name—
Through secret conduits monstrous shapes arose,
Such as the Sun's whole force could not oppose:
They with a solid cloud
All Heaven's eclipsed face did shroud;
Seem'd, with large wings spread o'er the sea and earth,
To brood up a new Chaos's deformed birth.
And every lamp, and every fire,
Did at the dreadful sight wink and expire,
To th' empyrean source all streams of light seem'd to retire.
The living men were in their standing houses bu-
But the long Night no slumber knows, [ried;
But the short Death finds no repose!
Ten thousand terrours through the darkness fled,
And ghosts complain'd, and spirits murmured;
And Fancy's multiplying sight
View'd all the scenes invisible of Night.

Of God's dreadful anger these
Were but the first light skirmishes;
The shock and bloody battle now begins,
The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd sins.
It was the time when the still Moon
Was mounted softly to her noon, [arose,
And dewy sleep, which from Night's secret springs
Gently as Nile the land o'erflows.
When lo! from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without allay—
Whose dross, in the creation purg'd away,
Made up the Sun's adulterate ray—
Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,
Swift as the journies of the sight,
Swift as the race of light,

And with his winged will cuts through the yielding sky.
He pass'd through many a star, and, as he past,
Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their sphere. [last,
On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at
And a mild look of sacred pity cast
Down on the sinful land where he was sent,
T' inflict the tardy punishment.
"Ah! yet," said he, "yet, stubborn king! repent,
Whilst thus unarm'd I stand, [hand;
Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded
Suffer but yet thyself, and thine to live:
Who would, alas! believe,
That it for man," said he,
"So hard to be forgiven should be,
And yet for God so easy to forgive!"

He spoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he
Made of the blackest fleece of Night, [threw,
And close-wrought to keep in the powerful light,
Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his flight;
But through the key-holes and the chinks of doors,
And through the narrow'st walks of crooked pores,
He past more swift and free,
Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee.
He took a pointed pestilence in his hand;
The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
The strongly-temper'd blade,
The sharpest sword that e'er was laid [land.
Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked
Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the sacred first-born strook
Of every womb; none did he spare,
None, from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purple heir.

The swift approach of endless night
Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes;
They awake the rest with dying cries,
And darkness doubles the affright;
The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear,
And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and fear.
Louder than all the shrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confused noise;
As brighter lightning cuts a way
Clear and distinguish'd through the day:
With less complaints the Zoan temples sound,
When the adored heifer 's drown'd;
And no true-mark'd successor to be found.
Whilst health and strength, and gladness, does
The festal Hebrew cottages; [possess
The blest destroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the sacred cheer
That new begins their well-reformed year:
Upon their doors he read and understood,
God's protection, writ in blood;
Well was he skill'd i' th' character Divine;
And, though he pass'd by it in haste,
He bow'd and worship'd, as he past,
The mighty mystery through its humble sign.

The sword strikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its edge to play;
No diligence or cost they spare
To haste the Hebrews now away,
Pharaoh himself chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is fear!
But, oh! the bounty which to fear we owe,
Is but like fire struck out of stone;
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it scarce out-lives the blow.
Sorrow and fear soon quit the tyrant's breast;
Rage and revenge their place possess'd;
With a vast host of chariots and of horse,
And all his powerful kingdom's ready force,
The travelling nation he pursues; [news.
Ten times o'ercome, he still th' unequal war re-
Fill'd with proud hopes, "At least," said he,
"Th' Egyptian gods, from Syrian magic free,
Will now revenge themselves and me;
Behold what passless rocks on either hand,
Like prison-walls, about them stand,
Whilst the sea bounds their flight before!
And in our injur'd justice they must find
A far worse stop than rocks and seas behind;
Which shall with crimson gore
New paint the water's name, and double dye the shore."

He spoke; and all his host
Approv'd with shouts th' unhappy boast;
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,
And drown'd them in the neighbouring sea.
No means t' escape the faithless travellers spy,
And, with degenerous fear to die,
Curse their new-gotten liberty.
But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
And saw a path hid yet from human sight:
He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side
Unloose their close embraces, and divide;
And backwards press, as in some solemn shew
The crowding people do
(Though just before no space was seen)
To let th' admired triumph pass between.
The wondering army saw on either hand
The no-less-wondering waves like rocks of crystal stand:
They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
The secret paths of God.
And here and there all scatter'd in their way
The sea's old spoils, and gaping fishes, lay
Deserted on the sandy plain:
The Sun did with astonishment behold
The inmost chambers of the open'd main;
For, whatsoe'er of old
By his own priests, the poets, has been said,
He never sunk till then into the Ocean's bed.

Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,
To th' other shore at morning-dawn they came,
And saw behind th' unguided foe
March disorderly and slow.
The prophet straight from th' Idumean strand
Shakes his imperious wand:
The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
The beckoning wand espy;
Straight their first right-hand files begin to move,
And, with a murmuring wind,
Give the word "March" to all behind.
The left-hand squadrons no less ready prove,
But, with a joyful, louder noise,
Answer their distant fellows' voice,
And haste to meet them make,
As several troops do all at once a common signal take.
What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell
Which on the Chamian army fell,

When on both sides they saw the roaring main
Broke loose from his invisible chain!
They saw the monstrous death and watery war
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar;
In vain some backward and some forwards fly
With helpless haste; in vain they cry
To their celestial beasts for aid;
In vain their guilty king they upbraid;
In vain on Moses he, and Moses' God, does call,
With a repentance true too late;
They're compass'd round with a devouring fate,
That draws, like a strong net, the mighty sea upon them all.

DAVIDEIS,

A SACRED POEM

OF THE TROUBLES OF DAVID,

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant, Cœlique vias ac Sidera monstrent.

Virg. Georg. II.

THE ARGUMENT

OF

BOOK I.

The proposition. The invocation. The entrance into the history from a new agreement betwixt Saul and David. A description of Hell. The Devil's speech Envy's reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the shape of Benjamin. Her speech, and Saul's to himself after she was vanished. A description of Heaven. God's speech: he sends an Angel to David: the Angel's message to him. David sent for, to play before Saul. A digression concerning music. David's psalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His escape to his own house, from whence being pursued by the king's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michal he escapes and flies to Naioth, the prophets' college at Ramah. Saul's speech, and rage at his escape. A long digression describing the prophets' college, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary subjects of their poetry. Saul's guards pursue David thither, and prophesy. Saul among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whose song concludes the book.

I sing the man who Judah's sceptre bore
In that right-hand which held the crook before;
Who from best poet, best of kings did grow;
The two chief gifts Heaven could on man bestow.
Much danger first, much toil, did he sustain,
Whilst Saul and Hell cross'd his strong fate in vain.
Nor did his crown less painful work afford,
Less exercise his patience or his sword:
So long her conqueror, Fortune's spite pursued;
Till with unwearied virtue he subdued
All home-bred malice, and all foreign boasts;
Their strength was armies, his the Lord of Hosts.
Thou, who didst David's royal stem adorn,
And gav'st him birth from whom thyself wast born;
Who didst in triumph at Death's court appear,
And slew'st him with thy nails, thy cross, and spear,
Whilst Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold
The glorious light he forfeited of old:
Who, Heaven's glad burthen now, and justest pride,
Sitt'st high enthron'd next thy great Father's side
(Where hallow'd flames help to adorn that head
Which once the blushing thorns environed,
Till crimson drops of precious blood hung down
Like rubies to enrich thine humble crown)
Ev'n thou my breast with such blest rage inspire,
As mov'd the tuneful strings of David's lyre!
Guide my bold steps with thine own travelling flame,
In these untrodden paths to sacred fame!
Lo, with pure hands thy heavenly fire to take,
My well-chang'd Muse I a chaste vestal make!
From Earth's vain joys, and Love's soft witchcraft, free,
I consecrate my Magdalene to thee!
Lo, this great work, a temple to thy praise,
On polish'd pillars of strong verse I raise!
A temple, where, if thou vouchsafe to dwell,
It Solomon's and Herod's shall excel.
Too long the Muses' land hath heathen been;
Their gods too long were devils, and virtues sin;
But thou, Eternal Word! hast call'd forth me,
Th' apostle to convert that world to thee;
T' unbind the charms that in slight fables lie,
And teach, that truth is truest poesy.
The malice now of jealous Saul grew less,
O'ercome by constant virtue and success:

He grew at last more weary to command
New dangers, than young David to withstand
Or conquer them; he fear'd his mastering fate,
And envy'd him a king's unpowerful hate.
Well did he know how palms by oppression
Victorious, and the victor's sacred meed! [speed
The burthen lifts them higher. Well did he know
How a tame stream does wild and dangerous grow
By unjust force; he now with wanton play
Kisses the smiling banks, and glides away;
But, his known channel stopp'd, begins to roar,
And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore;
His mutinous waters hurry to the war,
And troops of waves come rolling from afar:
Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,
And overruns the neighbouring fields with violent course.

This knew the tyrant, and this useful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind vows to David did renew,
Swore constancy, and meant his oath for true:
A general joy at this glad news appear'd,
For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.
Angels and men did peace and David love,
But Hell did neither him nor that approve;
From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,
And quiet here, does there new business make.

Beneath the silent chambers of the Earth,
Where the Sun's fruitful beams give metals birth—
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold, which above more influence has than he;—
Beneath the dens where unfletcht tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep;
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep, below,
Which genuine night and horrour does o'erflow;
No bound controls th' unwearied space but Hell,
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the Sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind reds display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the day:
No gentle stars with their fair gems of light
Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd Night.
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns;
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains;
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled nights;
But down like lightning, which him struck, he came;
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame:
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick shone the singed air;
Since when, the dismal solace of their woe
Has only been weak mankind to undo; [cite,
Themselves at first against themselves they ex-
(Their dearest conquest and most proud delight)
And, if those mines of secret treason fail,
With open force man's virtue they assail;
Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy, [ploy.
And, where their poisons miss, the sword em-
Thus sought the tyrant-fiend young David's fall,
And 'gainst him arm'd the powerful rage of Saul:

He saw the beauties of his shape and face,
His female sweetness, and his manly grace:
He saw the nobler wonders of his mind,
Great gifts! which for great works he knew design'd:
He saw (t' ashame the strength of man and Hell)
How by his young hands their Gathite champion fell;
He saw the reverend prophet boldly shed
The royal drops round his enlarged head;
And well he knew what legacy did place
The sacred sceptre in blest Judah's race,
From which th' eternal Shilo was to spring;
A knowledge which new hells to Hell did bring!
And, though no less he knew himself too weak
The smallest link of strong-wrought Fate to break,
Yet would he rage and struggle with the chain;
Lov'd to rebel, though sure that 'twas in vain.
And now it broke his form'd design, to find
The gentle change of Saul's recovering mind;
He trusted much in Saul, and rag'd, and griev'd
(The great deceiver!) to be himself deceiv'd.
Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll:
His eyes dart forth red flames, which scare the Night,
And with worse fires the trembling ghosts affright;
A troop of ghastly fiends compass him round,
And greedily catch at his lips' fear'd sound.
"Are we such nothings then!" said he, "our will
Crost by a shepherd's boy! and you yet still
Play with your idle serpents here? dares none
Attempt what becomes furies? Are ye grown
Benumb'd with fear, or virtue's spiritless cold,
You, who were once (I'm sure) so brave and bold?
Oh! my ill-chang'd condition! oh, my fate!
Did I lose Heaven for this?" [breast,
With that, with his long tail he lash'd his
And horribly spoke out in looks the rest.
The quaking powers of Night stood in amaze;
And at each other first could only gaze;
A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terrour of Hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains, was known,
The souls, amidst their tortures, durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin [in;
Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones with-
And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which to repair
Both night and day they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim; [grew,
With which, when she was drunk, she furious
And lash'd herself: thus from th' accursed crew

Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,
Envy, good only when she herself torments.
"Spend not, great king! thy precious rage," said she,
"Upon so poor a cause; shall mighty we
The glory of our wrath to him afford?
Are we not Furies still, and you our lord;
At thy dread anger the fixt world shall shake,
And frighted Nature her own laws forsake:
Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
And thunder echo't to the trembling sky;
Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,
As shall the fire's proud element affright:
Th' old drudging Sun from his long beaten way
Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day;
The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace
And stubborn poles change their allotted place;
Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,
Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere;
Nay, their God too—for fear he did, when we
Took noble arms against his tyranny,
So noble arms, and in a cause so great,
That triumphs they deserve for their defeat.
There was a day! oh might I see't again,
Tho' he had fiercer flames to thrust us in!
And can such powers be by a child withstood?
Will slings, alas! or pebbles do him good?
What th' untam'd lion, whet with hunger too,
And giants could not, that my word shall do:
I'll soon dissolve this peace; where Saul's new love
(But Saul we know) great as my hate shall prove,
Before their Sun twice more be gone about,
I, and my faithful snakes would drive it out.
By me Cain offer'd up his brother's gore,
A sacrifice for worse than that before;
I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant
At once his murder and his monument,
And laugh'd to see (for 'twas a goodly show)
The earth by her first tiller-fatten'd so:
I drove proud Pharaoh to the parted sea;
He and his host drank up cold death by me:
By me rebellious arms fierce Corah took,
And Moses (curse upon that name!) forsook;
Hither (ye know) almost alive he came
Through the cleft Earth; ours was his funeral flame:
By me—but I lose time, methinks, and should
Perform new acts whilst I relate the old.
David's the next our fury must enjoy:
'Tis not thy God himself shall save thee, boy!
No, if he do, may the whole world have peace;
May all ill actions, all ill fortune, cease,
And banished from this potent court below,
May I a ragged contemn'd Virtue grow!"
She spoke; all star'd at first, and made a pause;
But straight the general murmur of applause
Ran through Death's courts; she frown'd still, and begun
To envy at the praise herself had won.
Great Beelzebub starts from his burning throne
To 'embrace the fiend, but she, now furious grown
To act her part, thrice bow'd, and thence she fled;
The snakes all hiss'd, the fiends all murmured.

It was the time when silent night began
T' enchain with sleep the busy spirits of man;
And Saul himself, though in his troubled breast
The weight of empire lay, took gentle rest:
So did not Envy; but with haste arose;
And, as through Israel's stately towns she goes,
She frowns, and shakes her head; "Shine on" says she,
"Ruins ere long shall your sole monuments be."
The silver Moon with terrour paler grew,
And neighbouring Hermon sweated flowery dew;
Swift Jordan started, and straight backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head:
Lo, at her entrance Saul's strong palace shook;
And nimbly there the reverend shape she took
Of father Benjamin; so long her beard,
So large her limbs, so grave her looks, appear'd,
Just like his statue, which bestrid Saul's gate
And seem'd to guard the race it did create.
In this known form she' approach'd the tyrant's side;
And thus her words the sacred form bely'd:
"Arise, lost king of Israel! canst thou lie
Dead in this sleep, and yet thy last so nigh?
If king thou be'st, if Jesse's race as yet
Sit not on Israel's throne! And shall he sit?
Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly?
From the mild brickkiln's nobler slavery?
For this did seas your powerful rod obey?
Did wonders guide, and feed, you on your way?
Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage bear,
You who can serve a boy, and minstrel, here?
Forbid it, God! if thou be'st just; this shame
Cast not on Saul's, on mine, and Israel's, name!
Why was I else from Canaan's famine led?
Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead,
Ere my full loins discharg'd this numerous race,
This luckless tribe, ev'n crown'd to their disgrace!
Ah, Saul! thy servant's vassal must thou live?
Place to his harp must thy dread sceptre give?
What wants he now but that? canst thou forget
(If thou be'st man thou canst not) how they met
The youth with songs? alas! poor monarch! you
Your thousand only, he ten thousand, slew!
Him Israel loves, him neighbouring countries fear;
You but the name and empty title bear.
And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court;
The court that must be his; where he shall sport
Himself with all thy concubines, thy gold,
Thy costly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not told
This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he
With bold false threats from God affronted thee?
The dotard ly'd; God said it not, I know;
Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee so.
Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
Exact the royal lot, and call it forth?
Hast thou not since (my best and greatest son!)
To him, and to his perishing nation, done
Such lasting benefits as may justly claim
A sceptre as eternal as thy fame?
Poor prince! whom madmen, priests, and boys invade;
By thine own flesh, thy ungrateful son betray'd!
Unnatural fool! who can thus cheated be
By friendship's name, against a crown and thee?

Betray not too thyself; take courage, call
Thy enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.
Lo! this great cause makes thy dead fathers rise,
Breaks the firm seals of their clos'd tombs and eyes.
Nor can their jealous ashes, whilst this boy
Survives, the privilege of their graves enjoy.
Rise quickly, Saul! and take that rebel's breath,
Which troubles thus thy life, and ev'n our death:
Kill him, and thou 'rt secure; 'tis only he
That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee,
As Earth's low globe robs the high Moon of light;
When this eclipse is past, thy fate's all bright.
Trust me, dear son! and credit what I tell;
I've seen thy royal stars, and know them well.
Hence, fears and dull delays! is not thy breast
(Yes Saul, it is) with noble thoughts possest?
May they beget like acts!" With that she takes
One of her worst, her best-beloved snakes:
"Softly, dear worm! soft and unseen," said she,
"Into his bosom steal, and in it be
My viceroy." At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolv'd into the night.
Th' infected king leapt from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd:
And started back at plec'd-up shapes, which fear
And his distracted fancy painted there:
Terrour froze up his hair, and on his face
Showers of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace.
Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,
Earth with his feet, he cries, "Oh! 'tis confest;
I've been a pious fool, a woman-king;
Wrong'd by a seer, a boy, every thing.
Eight hundred years of death is not so deep,
So unconcern'd, as my lethargic sleep.
My patience even a sacrilege becomes,
Disturbs the dead, and opes their sacred tombs.
Ah! Benjamin, kind father! who for me
This cursed world endur'st again to see!
All thou hast said, great vision! is so true,
That all which thou command'st and more, I'll do:
Kill him! yes, mighty ghost! the wretch shall die,
Though every star in Heaven should it deny;
Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,
Had he ten times his fam'd ten thousand slain.
Should that bold popular madman, whose design
Is to revenge his own disgrace by mine,
Should my ungrateful son oppose th' intent,
Should mine own heart grow scrupulous and relent,
Curse me, just Heaven! (by which this truth I swear)
If I that seer, my son, or self, do spare.
No, gentle ghost! return to thy still home;
Thither, this day, mine and thy foe shall come.
If that curst object longer vex my sight,
It must have learnt t' appear as thou to night."
Whilst thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,
The threaten'd youth slept fearless on his bed:
Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take,
For, though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the sky;
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
Above those petty lamps that gild the night:
There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light;
Where Heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretch'd-out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space;
For there no twilight of the Sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day;
No pale-fac'd Moon does in stol'n beams appear,
Or with dim taper scatters darkness there;
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.
There sits th' Almighty, First of all, and End;
Whom nothing but himself can comprehend;
Who with his word commanded all to be,
And all obey'd him, for that word was he:
Only he spoke, and every thing that is
From out the womb of fertile Nothing ris',
Oh, who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne.
Thou great Three-One!
There thou thyself dost in full presence show,
Not absent from these meaner worlds below;
No, if thou wert, the elements' league would cease,
And all thy creatures break thy Nature's peace,
The Sun would stop his course, or gallop back,
The stars drop out, the poles themselves would crack;
Earth's strong foundations would be torn in twain,
And this vast work all ravel out again
To its first nothing: for his spirit contains
The well-knit mass; from him each creature gains
Being and motion, which he still bestows;
From him th' effect of our weak action flows:
Round him vast armies of swift angels stand,
Which seven triumphant generals command;
They sing loud anthems of his endless praise;
And with fix'd eyes drink-in immortal rays:
Of these he call'd out one; all Heaven did shake,
And silence kept whilst its Creator spake.
"Are we forgotten then so soon? can he
Look on his crown, and not remember me
That gave it? can he think we did not hear
(Fond man!) his threats? and have we made the ear,
To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard;
And it will cost thee dear: the ills thou'st fear'd,
Practis'd or thought on, I'll all double send;
Have we not spoke it, and dares man contend?
Alas, poor dust! didst thou but know the day
When thou must lie in blood at Gilboa,

Thou, and thy sons, thou would'st not threaten still;
Thy trembling tongue would stop against thy will.
Then shall thine head fix'd in curst temples be,
And all their foolish gods shall laugh at thee.
That hand, which now on David's life would prey,
Shall then turn just, and its own master slay;
He whom thou hat'st, on thy lov'd throne shall sit,
And expiate the disgrace thou dost to it.
Haste then; tell David what his king has sworn,
Tell him whose blood must paint this rising morn;
Yet bid him go securely, when he sends;
'Tis Saul that is his foe, and We his friends;
The man who has his God, no aid can lack,
And We, who bid him go, will bring him back."
He spoke; the Heavens seem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright inhabitants; and now
The jocund spheres began again to play,
Again each spirit sung Halleluia;
Only that angel was straight gone: even so
(But not so swift) the morning-glories flow
At once from the bright Sun, and strike the ground;
So winged lightning the soft air does wound.
Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call
The motion, having no account so small.
So flew this angel, till to David's bed
He came, and thus his sacred message said:
"Awake, young man, hear what thy king has sworn;
He swore thy blood should paint this rising morn:
Yet to him go securely, when he sends;
'Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends:
The man who has his God, no aid can lack;
And he who bids thee go, will bring thee back."
Up leap'd Jessides, and did round him stare,
But could see nought; for nought was left but air:
Whilst this great vision labours in his thought,
Lo! the short prophecy t' effect is brought:
In treacherous haste he 's sent for to the king
And with him bid his charmful lyre to bring.
The king, they say, lies raging in a fit,
Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit;
And true it was, soft music did appease
Th' obscure fantastic rage of Saul's disease.
Tell me, oh Muse! (for thou, or none, canst tell,
The mystic powers that in blest numbers dwell;
Thou their great nature know'st, nor is it fit
This noblest gem of thine own crown t' omit)
Tell me from whence these heavenly charms arise; [spise!
Teach the dull world t' admire what they de-
As first a various unform'd hint we find
Rise in some godlike poet's fertile mind,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with just marches verse and music make:
Such was God's poem, this world's new essay;
So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;
Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew,
An artless war from thwarting motions grew;
Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought
By the Eternal Mind's poetic thought.
Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the bass, the treble flame arose:
To th' active Moon a quick brisk stroke he gave,
To Saturn's string, a touch more soft and grave.
The motions straight, and round, and swift, and slow,
And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so—
Did in such artful figures smoothly fall—
As made this decent-measur'd dance of all.
And this is music: sounds that charm our ears,
Are but one dressing that rich Science wears.
Though no man hear 't, though no man it re-
Yet will there still be music in my verse; [hearse
In this great world so much of it we see,
The lesser, man, is all o'er harmony;
Storehouse of all proportions! single quire!
Which first God's breath did tunefully inspire!
From hence blest music's heavenly charms arise,
From sympathy, which them and man allies.
Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies win,
Not by their force, but party that's within:
Thus the strange cure, on our spilt blood apply'd,
Sympathy to the distant wound does guide:
Thus, when two brethren-strings are set alike,
To move them both, but one of them we strike:
Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,
And tun'd the harsh disorders of his soul.

"WHEN Israel was from bondage led,
Led by th' Almighty's hand
From out a foreign land,
The great sea beheld, and fled,
As men pursued, when that fear past they find,
Stop on some higher ground to look behind;
So, whilst through wondrous ways
The sacred army went,
The waves afar stood up to gaze,
And their own rocks did represent,
Solid as waters are above the firmament.

"Old Jordan's waters to their spring
Start back with sudden fright;
The spring amaz'd at sight,
Asks what news from sea they bring. [side
The mountains shook; and to the mountains'
The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide;
As young affrighted lambs,
When they aught dreadful spy,
Run trembling to their helpless dams:
The mighty sea and river by [fly.
Were glad, for their excuse to see the hills too

"What ail'd the mighty sea to flee?
Or why did Jordan's tide
Back to his fountain glide?
Jordan's tide what ailed thee? [shake?
Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains
What ail'd them, their fix'd natures to forsake?
Fly where thou wilt, O sea!
And Jordan's current cease!
Jordan, there is no need of thee;
For at God's word, whene'er he please,
The rocks shall weep new waters forth instead of these."

THUS sung the great Musician to his lyre;
And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire;
But Envy's serpent still with him remain'd,
And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdain'd,

Th' unthankful king, cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and buried still in it;
From his past madness draws this wicked use,
To sin disguis'd, and murder with excuse:
For, whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,
And the soft med'cine with kind art renews,
The barbarous patient casts at him his spear,
(The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear)
Casts it with violent strength; but into th' room
An arm more strong and sure than his was come;
An Angel, whose unseen and easy might
Put-by the weapon, and misled it right.
How vain man's power is! unless God command,
The weapon disobeys his master's hand;
Happy was now the errour of the blow;
At Gilboa it will not serve him so.
One would have thought, Saul's sudden rage t' have seen,
He had himself by David wounded been;
He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,
And thought his honour now engag'd i' th' sin;
A bloody troop of his own guards he sends
(Slaves to his will, and falsely call'd his friends)
To mend his errour by a surer blow;
So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not so.
Home flies the prince, and to his trembling wife
Relates the new-past hazard of his life;
Which she with decent passion hears him tell;
For not her own fair eyes she lov'd so well.
Upon their palace-top, beneath a row
Of lemon-trees—which there did proudly grow,
And with bright stores of golden fruit repay
The light they drank from the Sun's neighbouring ray,—
(A small, but artful Paradise) they walk'd,
And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.
Here Michal first an armed troop espies
(So faithful and so quick are loving eyes!)
Which march'd, and often glister'd through a wood,
That on right-hand of her fair palace stood;
She saw them; and cry'd out, "They're come to kill
My dearest lord; Saul's spear pursues thee still.
Behold his wicked guards! haste quickly, fly!
For Heaven's sake, haste! my dear lord, do not die!
Ah, cruel father! whose ill-natur'd rage
Neither thy worth, nor marriage, can assuage!
Will he part those he join'd so late before?
Were the two-hundred foreskins worth no more?
He shall not part us;" (then she wept between)
"At yonder window thou may'st 'scape unseen;
This hand shall let thee down! stay not, but haste;
'Tis not my use to send thee hence so fast."
"Best of all women!" he replies—and this
Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a kiss;
"Throw not away," said she, "thy precious breath;
Thou stay'st too long within the reach of death."
Timely he obeys her wise advice; and straight
To unjust force sh' opposes just deceit:
She meets the murderers with a virtuous lye,
And good dissembling tears. "May he not die
In quiet then?" said she, "will they not give
That freedom, who so fear lest he should live?
Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conspire,
And spares your guilt, yet does what you desire.
Must he not live? for that ye need not sin;
My much-wrong'd husband speechless lies within,
And has too little left of vital breath
To know his murderers, or to feel his death.
One hour will do your work ———"
Here her well govern'd tears dropp'd down apace:
Beauty and sorrow mingled in one face
Has such resistless charms, that they believe,
And an unwilling aptness find to grieve,
At what they came for. A pale statue's head,
In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed;
Two servants mournful stand, and silent, by,
And on the table med'cinal relics lie;
In the close room a well-plac'd taper's light
Adds a becoming horrour to the sight:
And for th' impression God prepar'd their sense;
They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts Saul's unblest anger tries,
By his own hands deceiv'd, and servant's eyes!
"It cannot be," said he, "no, can it? shall
Our great ten-thousand-slayer idly fall?
The silly rout thinks God protects him still;
But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.
Oh may he guard him! may his members be
In as full strength and well-set harmony,
As the fresh body of the first-made man
Ere sin, or sin's just meed, disease, began!
He will be else too small for our vast hate;
And we must share in our revenge with Fate.
No; let us have him whole; we else may seem
To 'ave snatch'd away but some few days from him,
And cut that thread which would have dropp'd in two;
Will our great anger learn to stoop so low?
I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
Of our just wrath the solemn sacrifice,
That must not blemish'd be; let him remain
Secure, and grow up to our stroke again:
'Twill be some pleasure then to take his breath,
When he shall strive and wrestle with his death;
Go, let him live——And yet——shall I then stay
So long? good and great actions hate delay.
Some foolish piety perhaps, or he
That has been still mine honour's enemy,
Samuel, may change or cross my just intent,
And I this formal pity soon repent:
Besides, Fate gives him me, and whispers this,
That he can fly no more, if we should miss.
Miss! can we miss again? Go bring him straight,
Though gasping out his soul; if the wish'd date
Of his accursed life be almost past,
Some joy 'twill be to see him breathe his last."
The troop return'd, of their short virtue asham'd,
Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakness blam'd;
But when the pious fraud they understood,
Scarce the respect due to Saul's sacred blood,
Due to the sacred beauty in it reign'd,
From Michal's murder their wild rage restrain'd.
She alleg'd the holiest chains that bind a wife,
Duty and love; she alleg'd that her own life,

Had she refus'd that safety to her lord,
Would have incurr'd just danger from his sword.
Now was Saul's wrath full-grown; he takes no rest;
A violent flame rolls in his troubled breast,
And in fierce lightning from his eye does break;
Not his own favourites and best friends dare speak,
Or look on him; but, mute and trembling, all
Fear where this cloud will burst, and thunder fall.
So, when the pride and terrour of the wood,
A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food,
Espies out from afar some well-fed beast,
And brustles up, preparing for his feast;
If that by swiftness 'scape his gaping jaws,
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out;
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horrour fill the place around;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.
Midst a large wood, that joins fair Rama's town
(The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)
A college stands, where at great prophets' feet
The prophets' sons with silent diligence meet;
By Samuel built, and moderately endow'd,
Yet more to his liberal tongue than hands they ow'd;
There himself taught, and his bless'd voice to hear,
Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.
The house was a large square, but plain and low;
Wise Nature's use Art strove not to outgo:
An inward square by well-rang'd trees was made;
And, midst the friendly cover of their shade,
A pure, well-tasted, wholesome fountain rose;
Which no vain cost of marble did enclose;
Nor through carv'd shapes did the fore'd waters pass,
Shapes gazing on themselves i' th' liquid glass;
Yet the chaste stream, that 'mong loose pebbles fell,
For cleanness, thirst, religion serv'd as well.
The scholars, doctors, and companions, here,
Lodg'd all apart in neat small chambers were,
Well-furnish'd chambers; for in each there stood
A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood;
More is but clog, where use does bound delight;
And those are rich whose wealth's proportion'd right
To their life's form: more goods would but become
A burthen to them, and contract their room.
A second court, more sacred, stood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd:
The hall and schools one side of it possest;
The library and synagogue the rest.
Tables of plain-cut fir, adorn'd the hall;
And with beasts' skins the beds were cover'd all.
The reverend doctors take their seats on high,
Th' elect companions in their bosoms lie;
The scholars far below, upon the ground,
On fresh-strew'd rushes, place themselves around.
With more respect the wise and ancient lay;
But ate not choicer herbs or bread than they,
Nor purer waters drank, their constant feast;
But by great days, and sacrifice increas'd.
The schools, built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this side extend;
To which their synagogue, on th' other side,
And to the hall their library reply'd,
The midst towards their large gardens open lay,
To admit the joys of spring and early day.
I' th' library a few choice authors stood; [good;
Yet 'twas well-stor'd, for that small store was
Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then
Itself, as now, grown a disease of men.
Learning, (young virgin) but few suitors knew;
The common prostitute she lately grew,
And with her spurious blood loads now the press;
Laborious effects of idleness!
Here all the various forms one might behold
How letters sav'd themselves from death of old;
Some painfully engrav'd in thin-wrought plates;
Some cut in wood, some lightlier trac'd on slates;
Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with short-liv'd
Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil: [toil,
Some wrought in silks, some writ in tender barks;
Some the sharp style in waxen tables marks;
Some in beasts' skins, and some in Biblos' reed;
Both new rude arts, which age and growth did need.
The schools were painted well with useful skill;
Stars, maps, and stories, the learn'd wall did fill.
Wise wholesome proverbs mix'd around the room,
Some writ, and in Egyptian figures some.
Here all the noblest wits of men inspir'd,
From Earth's slight joys, and worthless toils, retir'd
(Whom Samuel's fame and bounty thither lead)
Each day by turns their solid knowledge read.
The course and power of stars great Nathan taught,
And home to man those distant wonders brought;
How tow'rd both poles the Sun's fix'd journey bends,
And how the year his crooked walk attends;
By what just steps the wandering lights advance,
And what eternal measures guide their dance:
Himself a prophet; but his lectures show'd
How little of that art to them he ow'd.
Mahol, th' inferior world's fantastic face,
Through all the turns of matter's maze, did trace;
Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took;
On all the springs and smallest wheels did look
Of life and motion; and with equal art
Made up again the whole of every part.
The prophet Gad in learned dust designs
Th' immortal solid rules of fancy'd lines:
Of numbers too th' unnumber'd wealth he shows,
And with them far their endless journey goes;
Numbers, which still increase more high and wide
From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.
Of men and ages past Seraiah read;
Embalm'd in long-liv'd history the dead;
Show'd the steep falls and slow ascent of states;
What wisdom and what follies make their fates.
Samuel himself did God's rich law display;
Taught doubting men with judgment to obey;
And oft his ravish'd soul, with sudden flight,
Soar'd above present times and human sight.
Those arts but welcome strangers might appear,
Music and Verse seem'd born and bred-up here;
Scarce the blest Heaven, that rings with angels' voice,
Does with more constant harmony rejoice:

The sacred Muse does here each breast inspire;
Heman and sweet-mouth'd Asaph, rule their quire;
Both charming poets; and all strains they play'd,
By artful breath or nimble fingers made.
The synagogue was dress'd with care and cost,
(The only place where that they esteem'd not lost)
The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
The sides refresh'd with silks of sacred blue.
Here thrice each day they read their perfect law,
Thrice prayers from willing Heaven a blessing draw;
Thrice in glad hymns, swell'd with the Great One's praise,
The pliant voice on her seven steps they raise,
Whilst all th' enliven'd instruments around
To the just feet with various concord sound;
Such things were Muses then, contemn'd low earth;
Decently proud, and mindful of their birth.
'Twas God himself that here tun'd every tongue;
And gratefully of him alone they sung:
They sung how God spoke-out the world's vast ball;
From nothing, and from no-where, call'd forth all.
No Nature yet, or place for 't to possess,
But an unbottom'd gulph of emptiness:
Full of himself, th' Almighty sate, his own
Palace, and, without solitude, alone.
But he was goodness whole, and all things will'd;
Which, ere they were, his active word fulfill'd;
And their astonish'd heads o' th' sudden rear'd;
An unshap'd kind of something first appear'd,
Confessing its new being, and undrest,
As if it stepp'd in haste before the rest.
Yet, buried in this matter's darksome womb,
Lay the rich seeds of every thing to come:
From hence the cheerful flame leap'd up so high;
Close at its heels the nimble air did fly;
Dull Earth with his own weight did downwards pierce
To the fix'd navel of the universe,
And was quite lost in waters; till God said
To the proud Sea, "Shrink-in your insolent head,
See how the gaping Earth has made you place!"
That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace:
Since when, his bounds are set; at which in vain
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.
With richer stuff he bade Heaven's fabric shine,
And from him a quick spring of light divine
Swell'd up the Sun, from whence his cherishing flame
Fills the whole world, like him from whom it came.
He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect mould,
And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold;
"Be thou," said he, "queen of the mournful night,"
And as he spoke, she arose clad o'er in light,
With thousand stars attending on her train;
With her they rise, with her they set again.
Then herbs peep'd forth, new trees admiring stood,
And smelling flowers painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of birds through the glad air did flee,
Joyful and safe before man's luxury.
Singing their maker in their untaught lays:
Nay, the mute fish witness no less his praise;
For those he made, and cloth'd with silver scales,
From minnows, to those living islands, whales.
Beasts too were his command: what could he more?
Yes, man he could, the bond of all before;
In him he all things with strange order hurl'd;
In him, that full abridgment of the world.
This and much more of God's great works they told;
His mercies, and some judgments too, of old:
How, when all earth was deeply stained in sin,
With an impetuous noise the waves came rushing in:
Where birds erewhile dwelt and securely sung,
There fish (an unknown net) entangled hung:
The face of shipwreck'd Nature naked lay;
The Sun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but sea.
This men forgot, and burnt in lust again:
Till showers, strange as their sin, of fiery rain
And scalding brimstone, dropp'd on Sodom's head;
Alive, they felt those flames they fry-in dead.
No better end rash Pharaoh's pride befel,
When wind and sea waged war for Israel:
In his gilt chariots amaz'd fishes sat,
And grew with corpse of wretched princes fat;
The waves and rocks half eaten bodies stain;
Nor was it since call'd the Red Sea in vain.
Much too they told of faithful Abraham's fame,
To whose blest passage they owe still their name:
Of Moses much, and the great seed of Nun,
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won;
How many kings they slew, or captive brought;
They held the swords, but God and angels fought.
Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their days;
And their whole life was their dear Maker's praise.
No minute's rest, no swiftest thought, they sold
To that beloved plague of mankind, gold;
Gold, for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour tow'rds Hell, than those who digs its veins.
Their wealth was the contempt of it; which more
They valued than rich fools the shining ore.
The silk worms' precious death they scorned to wear,
And Tyrian dye appeared but sordid there.
Honour, which since the price of souls became,
Seem'd to these great-ones a low idle name.
Instead of down, hard beds they chose to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their grave.
Their board dispeopled no full element,
Free Nature's bounty thriftily they spent,
And spar'd the stock; nor could their bodies say
We owe this crudeness t' excess yesterday.
Thus souls live cleanly, and no soiling fear,
But entertain their welcome Maker there;
The senses perform nimbly what they 're bid,
And honestly, nor are by Reason chid;
And, when the down of sleep does softly fall,
Their dreams are heavenly then, and mystical;
With hasty wings time present they outfly,
And tread the doubtful maze of Destiny;
There walk, and sport among the years to come,
And with quick eye pierce every cause's womb.

Thus these wise saints enjoy'd their little all,
Free from the spite of much-mistaken Saul:
For, if man's life we in just balance weigh,
David deserv'd his envy less than they.
Of this retreat the hunted prince makes choice,
Adds to their choir his nobler lyre and voice.
But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie;
So bright his lustre, so quick Envy's eye!
Th' offended troop, whom he escap'd before,
Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more:
Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all promise to their swords.
They came, but a new spirit their hearts possest,
Scattering a sacred calm through every breast:
The furrows of their brow, so rough erewhile,
Sink down into the dimples of a smile:
Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaste streams with even current glide;
A sudden day breaks gently through their eyes,
And morning blushes in their cheeks arise:
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder, cease;
In peaceful tunes they adore the God of peace!
New messengers twice more the tyrant sent,
And was twice more mock'd with the same event:
His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay;
It sends him there himself: but on the way
His foolish anger a wise fury grew,
And blessings from his mouth unbidden flew:
His kingly robes he laid at Naioth down,
Began to understand, and scorn, his crown;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things,
And felt more solid joy than empire brings;
Embrac'd his wondering son, and on his head,
The balm of all past wounds, kind tears, he shed.
So covetous Balaam, with a fond intent
Of cursing the blest seed, to Moab went:
But as he went, his fatal tongue to sell,
His ass taught him to speak, God to speak well.
"How comely are thy tents, oh Israel!"
(Thus he began) "what conquest they foretell!
Less fair are orchards in their autumn pride,
Adorn'd with trees on some fair river's side;
Less fair are vallies, their green mantles spread!
Or mountains with tall cedars on their head!
'Twas God himself (thy God who must not fear?)
Brought thee from bondage to be master here.
Slaughter shall wear out these, new weapons get,
And Death in triumph on thy darts shall sit.
When Judah's lion starts up to his prey,
The beasts shall hang their ears and creep away;
When he lies down the woods shall silence keep,
And dreadful tigers tremble at his sleep.
Thy cursers, Jacob! shall twice cursed be;
And he shall bless himself that blesses thee!"

THE DAVIDEIS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The friendship betwixt Jonathan and David, and, upon that occasion, a digression concerning the nature of love. A discourse between Jonathan and David; upon which the latter absents himself from court, and the former goes thither, to inform himself of Saul's resolution. The feast of the New Moon; the manner of the celebration of it; and therein a digression of the history of Abraham. Saul's speech upon David's absence from the feast, and his anger against Jonathan, David's resolution to fly away; he parts with Jonathan and falls asleep under a tree. A description of Phansy! an angel makes up a vision in David's head; the vision itself, which is, a prophecy of all the succession of his race till Christ's time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking, Gabriel assumes a human shape, and confirms to him the truth of his vision.

But now the early birds began to call
The morning forth; up rose the Sun and Saul;
Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose;
But, both alas! from restless labours rose:
For in Saul's breast, Envy, the toilsome sin,
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:
She expell'd all forms of kindness, virtue, grace;
Of the past day no footstep left or trace;
The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear.
So near a storm wise David would not stay,
Nor trust the glittering of a faithless day;
He saw the Sun call in his beams apace,
And angry clouds march up into their place;
The sea itself smooths his rough brow awhile,
Flattering the greedy merchant with a smile;
But he, whose shipwreck'd bark it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the sea, and such was Saul.
But Jonathan, his son, and only good,
Was gentle as fair Jordan's useful flood;
Whose innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows,
On both his banks, to every flower and tree;
The manner how lies hid, th' effect we see.
But more than all, more than himself, he lov'd
The man whose worth his father's hatred mov'd;
For, when the noble youth at Dammin stood,
Adorn'd with sweat, and painted gay with blood,
Jonathan pierc'd him through with greedy eye,
And understood the future majesty
Then destin'd in the glories of his look;
He saw, and straight was with amazement strook,
To see the strength, the feature, and the grace
Of his young limbs: he saw his comely face,
Where love and reverence so well mingled were;
And head, already crown'd with golden hair:
He saw what mildness his bold spirit did tame,
Gentler than light, yet powerful as a flame:
He saw his valour, by their safety prov'd;
He saw all this, and as he saw, he lov'd.
What art thou, Love! thou great mysterious thing!
From what hid stock does thy strange nature spring?
'Tis thou that mov'st the world through every part,
And hold'st the vast frame close that nothing start,

From the due place and office first ordain'd;
By thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.
Sometimes we see thee fully, and can say
From hence thou took'st thy rise, and went'st that way;
But oftener the short beams of Reason's eye
See only there thou art, not how, nor why.
How is the loadstone, Nature's subtile pride,
By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?
How was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
The strong and conquering metal overcame?
Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state;
He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
The oak, for courtship most of all unfit,
And rough as are the winds that fight with it?
How does the absent pole the needle move?
How does his cold and ice beget hot love?
Which are the wings of lightness to ascend?
Or why does weight to th' centre downwards bend?
Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,
And seldom we, they never, know the cause.
In thy large state, life gives the next degree,
Where Sense, and Good Apparent, places thee;
But thy chief palace is man's heart alone,
Here are thy triumphs and full glories shown;
Handsome Desires, and Rest about thee flee,
Union, Inherance, Zeal, and Extacy,
With thousand joys cluster around thine head,
O'er which a gall-less dove her wings does spread;
A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far
Than consciences of thine own martyrs are,
Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold
The mystic sceptre of a cross of gold.
Thus dost thou sit (like men ere sin had fram'd
A guilty blush) naked but not asham'd.
What cause then did the fabulous ancients find,
When first their superstition made thee blind?
'Twas they, alas! 'twas they who could not see,
When they mistook that monster, Lust, for thee.
Thou art a bright, but not consuming flame;
Such in th' amazed bush to Moses came; [rear,
When that, secure, its new-crown'd head did
And chid the trembling branches' needless fear.
Thy darts are healthful gold, and downwards fall
Soft as the feathers that they're fletch'd withall.
Such, and no other, were those secret darts,
Which sweetly touch'd this noblest pair of hearts;
Still to one end they both so justly drew,
As courteous doves together yok'd would do:
No weight of birth did on one side prevail,
Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale;
They mingled fates, and both in each did share,
They both were servants, they both princes were.
If any joy to one of them was sent,
It was most his, to whom it least was meant;
And Fortune's malice betwixt both was crost,
For, striking one, it wounded th' other most.
Never did marriage such true union find,
Or men's desires with so glad violence bind,
For there is still some tincture left of sin,
And still the sex will needs be stealing-in.
Those joys are full of dross, and thicker far;
These, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such sacred love does Heaven's bright spirits fill,
Where love is but to understand and will
With swift and unseen motions; such as we
Somewhat express in heighten'd charity.
O ye blest One! whose love on Earth became
So pure, that still in Heaven 'tis but the same!
There now ye sit, and with mixt souls embrace,
Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face;
And pity this base world, where friendship's made
A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.
Ah, wondrous prince! who a true friend could'st be,
When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee!
Who held'st him dear, whose stars thy birth did cross!
And bought'st him nobly at a kingdom's loss!
Israel's bright sceptre far less glory brings;
There have been fewer friends on Earth than kings.
To this strange pitch their high affections flew,
Till Nature's self scarce look'd on them as two.
Hither flies David for advice and aid,
As swift as love and danger could persuade:
As safe in Jonathan's trust his thoughts remain,
As when himself but dreams them o'er again.
"My dearest lord, farewell!" said he, "fare well!
Heaven bless the king! may no misfortune tell
Th' injustice of his hate when I am dead!
They're coming now; perhaps my guiltless head
Here in your sight, must then e-bleeding lie,
And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh.
Think me not scar'd with Death, howe'er 't appear;
I know thou canst not think so: 'tis a fear
From which thy love and Dammin speaks me free;
I 'ave met him face to face, and ne'er could see
One terrour in his looks to make me fly
When Virtue bids me stand; but I would die
So as becomes my life, so as may prove
Saul's malice, and at least excuse your love."
He stopt and spoke some passion with his eyes:
"Excellent friend!" the gallant prince replies,
"Thou hast so prov'd thy virtues, that they're known
To all good men, more than to each his own.
Who lives in Israel that can doubtful be
Of thy great actions? for he lives by thee.
Such is thy valour, and thy vast success,
That all things but thy loyalty are less.
And should my father at thy ruin aim,
'Twould wound as much his safety as his fame:
Think them not coming, then, to slay thee here,
But doubt mishaps, as little as you fear;
For, by thy loving God, whoe'er design
Against thy life, must strike at it through mine,
But I my royal father must acquit
From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.
Think on his softness when from death he freed
The faithless king of Amalek's cursed seed;
Can he t' a friend, t' a son, so bloody grow,
He who ev'n sinn'd but now to spare a foe?
Admit he could; but with what strength or art
Could he so long close and seal up his heart?
Such counsels jealous of themselves become,
And dare not fix without consent of some;

Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do,
Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.
No more (believe 't) could he hide this from me,
Than I, had he discover'd it, from thee."
Here they embraces join, and almost tears;
Till gentle David thus new prov'd his fears;
"The praise you pleas'd (great prince!) on me to spend,
Was all out spoken when you styl'd me friend;
That name alone does dangerous glories bring,
And gives excuse to th' envy of a king.
What did his spear, force, and dark plots, impart,
But some eternal rancour in his heart?
Still does he glance the fortune of that day
When, drown'd in his own blood, Goliah lay,
And cover'd half the plain; still hears the sound
How that vast monster fell, and struck the ground:
The dance, and 'David his ten thousand slew,'
Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.
Great acts, t' ambitious princes, treasons grow,
So much they hate that safety which they owe.
Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in place,
From the good, danger: from the bad, disgrace:
They doubt the lords, mistrust the people's hate,
Till blood become a principle of state:
Secur'd nor by their guards, nor by their right,
But still they fear ev'n more than they affright.
Pardon me, sir! your father's rough and stern;
His will too strong to bend, too proud to learn:
Remember, sir! the honey's deadly sting;
Think on that savage justice of the king;
When the same day that saw you do before
Things above man, should see you man no more.
'Tis true th' accursed Agag mov'd his ruth,
He pitied his tall limbs and comely youth:
Had seen, alas! the proof of Heaven's fierce hate,
And fear'd no mischief from his powerless fate:
Remember how th' old seer came raging down,
And taught him boldly to suspect his crown;
Since then, his pride quakes at th' Almighty's rod,
Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God,
Hence his deep rage and trembling envy springs;
(Nothing so wild as jealousy of kings!)
Whom should he council ask, with whom advise,
Who reason and God's council does despise?
Whose headstrong will no law or conscience daunt,
Dares he not sin, do you think, without your grant?
Yes, if the truth of our fix'd love he knew,
He would not doubt, believe 't, to kill ev'n you."
The prince is mov'd, and straight prepares to find
The deep resolves of his griev'd father's mind:
The danger now appears, love can soon show 't,
And force his stubborn piety to know 't.
The' agree that David should conceal'd abide,
Till his great friend had the court's temper try'd;
Till he had Saul's most secret purpose found,
And search'd the depth and rancour of his wound.
'Twas the year's seventh-born Moon, the solemn feast
That with most noise its sacred mirth express'd.
From opening morn till night shuts in the day,
On trumpets and shrill horns the Levites play.
Whether by this in mystic type we see
The New-year's-day of great eternity,
When the chang'd Moon shall no more changes make,
And scatter'd deaths by trumpets' sound awake;
Or that the law be kept in memory still,
Given with like noise on Sinai's shining hill;
Or that (as some men teach) it did arise
From faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice,
Who, whilst the ram on Isaac's fire did fry,
His horn with joyful tunes stood sounding by.
Obscure the cause; but God his will declar'd,
And all nice knowledge then with ease is spar'd.
At the third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,
'Midst a large train of priests and courtiers, went;
The sacred herd march'd proud and softly by;
Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh.
Hard fate of beasts, more innocent than we!
Prey to our luxury, and our piety!
Whose guiltless blood, on boards and altars spilt,
Serves both to make, and expiate too, our guilt!
Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams,
Two well-wash'd goats, and fourteen spotless lambs,
With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,
(Small fees to Heaven of all by which we 're fed!
Are offer'd up; the hallow'd flames arise,
And faithful prayers mount with them to the skies.
From hence the king to th' outmost court is brought,
Where heavenly things an inspir'd prophet taught,
And from the sacred tent to his palace-gates,
With glad kind shouts th' assembly on him waits;
The chearful horns before him loudly play,
And fresh-strew'd flow'rs paint his triumphant way.
Thus in slow state to th' palace-hall they go,
Rich drest for solemn luxury and show:
Ten pieces of bright tap'stry hung the room,
The noblest work e'er stretch'd on Syrian loom,
For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought,
And given to Saul when Saul's best gift he sought,
The bright-ey'd Merab; for that mindful day
No ornament so proper seem'd as they.
There all old Abram's story you might see;
And still some angel bore him company.
His painful, but well-guided, travels show
The fate of all his sons, the church below.
Here beauteous Sarah to great Pharaoh came,
He blush'd with sudden passion, she with shame;
Troubled she seem'd, and labouring in the strife
'Twixt her own honour and her husband's life.
Here on a conquering host, that careless lay,
Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
The patriarch falls; well-mingled might you see
The confus'd marks of death and luxury.
In the next piece, blest Salem's mystic king
Does sacred presents to the victor bring;
Like him whose type he bears, his rights receives;
Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives;
Ev'n in his port, his habit and his face,
The mild and great, the priest and prince, had place.
Here all their starry host the heavens display;
And lo! an heavenly youth, more fair than they,
Leads Abram forth; points upwards: "Such," said he,
"So bright and numberless, thy seed shall be."
Here he with God a new alliance makes,
And in his flesh the marks of homage takes:
And here he three mysterious persons feas's,
Well paid with joyful tidings by his guests:
Here for the wicked town he prays, and near
Scarce did the wicked town through flames appear;

And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,
Since he from Ur to Ephron's cave was brought.
But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their [eyes
Like faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice:
The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,
With Nature's power triumphant in his face
O'er the mind's courage; for, in spite of all,
From his swoln eyes resistless waters fall.
The innocent boy his cruel burthen bore
With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,
And some times turn'd to talk; above was made
The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid
The hope of mankind; patiently he lay,
And did his sire, as he his God, obey.
The mournful sire lifts up at last the knife,
And on one moment's string depends his life,
In whose young loins such brooding wonders lie.
A thousand spirits peep'd from th' affrighted sky,
Amaz'd at this strange scene; and almost fear'd
For all those joyful prophecies they 'd heard;
Till one leap'd nimbly forth, by God's command,
Like lightning from a cloud, and stopp'd his hand.
The gentle spirit smil'd kindly as he spoke,
New beams of joy through Abram's wonder broke,
The angel points t' a tuft of bushes near,
Where an entangled ram does half appear,
And struggles vainly with that fatal net, [set.
Which, though but slightly wrought, was firmly
For, lo! anon, to this sad glory doom'd,
The useful beast on Isaac's pile consum'd;
Whilst on his horns the ransom'd couple play'd,
And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this hall's end a shittim-table stood;
Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood;
For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,
And cast his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that beauteous ore the grape express,
Which does weak man intoxicate no less.
Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,
And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,
From Egypt, the rich shop of follies, brought;
But arts of pride all nations soon are taught.
Behold seven comely blooming youths appear,
And in their hands seven silver wash-pots bear,
Curl'd, and gay clad; the choicest sons that be
Of Gibeon's race, and slaves of high degree!
Seven beauteous maids march'd softly in behind;
Bright scarfs their clothes, their hair fresh garlands, bind;
And, whilst the princes wash, they on them shed
Rich ointments, which their costly odours spread
O'er the whole room; from their small prisons free, [flee.
With such glad haste through the wide air they
The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head
A well-wrought Heaven of silk and gold was spread,
Azure the ground, the Sun in gold shone bright,
But pierc'd the wandering clouds with silver light.
The right-hand bed the king's three sons did grace,
The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's, place;
And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,
With the prime men Saul's court and camp could show.
The palace did with mirth and music sound,
And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around;
But, though bright joy in every guest did shine,
The plenty, state, music, and spriteful wine,
Were lost on Saul; an angry care did dwell
In his dark breast, and all gay forms expel.
David's unusual absence from the feast
To his sick spirit did jealous thoughts suggest:
Long lay he still, nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke,
And thus at last his troubled silence broke:
"Where can he be?" said he; "It must be so—"
With that he paus'd a while. "Too well we know
His boundless pride: he grieves, and hates to see
The solemn triumphs of my court and me.
Believe me, friends, and trust what I can show
From thousand proofs; th' ambitious David now
Does those vast things in his proud soul design
That too much business give for mirth or wine.
He 's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire
Among the tribes, and does ev'n now conspire
Against my crown, and all our lives; whilst we
Are loth ev'n to suspect, what we might see.
By the Great Name, 'tis true."
With that he strook the board; and no man
But Jonathan durst undertake to clear [there
The blameless prince; and scarce ten words he spoke,
When thus his speech th' enraged tyrant broke:
"Disloyal wretch! thy gentle mother's shame!
Whose cold pale ghost ev'n blushes at thy name!
Who fears, lest her chaste bed should doubted be,
And her white fame stain'd by black deeds of thee! [hire
Canst thou be mine? a crown sometimes does
Ev'n sons against their parents to conspire;
But ne'er did story yet, or fable, tell
Of one so wild, who, merely to rebel,
Quitted th' unquestion'd birthright of a throne,
And bought his father's ruin with his own.
Thou need'st not plead th' ambitious youth's defence;
Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence:
Nor can his foul ingratitude appear,
Whilst thy unnatural guilt is plac'd so near.
Is this that noble friendship you pretend?
Mine, thine own, foe—and thy worst enemy's friend?
If thy low spirit can thy great birthright quit,
The thing 's but just, so ill deserv'st thou it.
I, and thy brethren here, have no such mind;
Nor such prodigious worth in David find,
That we to him should our just rights resign,
Or think God's choice not made so well as thine.
Shame of thy house and tribe! hence, from mine eye,
To thy false friend, and servile master, fly;
He 's ere this time in arms expecting thee;
Haste, for those arms are rais'd to ruin me!
Thy sin that way will nobler much appear,
Than to remain his spy and agent here.
When I think this, Nature, by thee forsook,
Forsakes me too." With that his spear he took
To strike at him; the mirth and music cease;
The guests all rise, this sudden storm t' appease;
The prince his danger, and his duty, knew;
And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew.
To David straight, who in a forest nigh
Wait's his advice, the royal friend deeply.
The sole advice now, like the danger, clear,
Was, in some foreign land this storm t' outwear.

All marks of comely grief in both are seen;
And mournful kind discourses pass'd between.
Now generous tears their hasty tongues restrain,
Now they begin, and talk all o'er again:
A reverent oath of constant love they take,
And God's high name their dreaded witness make;
Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove;
But 'twas the tedious zeal of endless love.
Thus, ere they part, they the short time bestow
In all the pomp friendship and grief could show:
And David now, with doubtful cares oppress'd,
Beneath a shade borrows some little rest;
When, by command divine, thick mists arise,
And stop the sense, and close the conquer'd eyes.
There is a place which man most high doth rear,
The small world's Heaven, where Reason moves the sphere:
Here in a robe which does all colours show
(Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow)
Phansy, wild dame, with much lascivious pride,
By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride;
Her coach there follows, and throngs round about
Of shapes and airy forms an endless rout:
A sea rolls on with harmless fury here;
Straight 'tis a field, and trees and herbs appear:
Here in a moment are vast armies made,
And a quick scene of war and blood display'd:
Here sparkling wines, and brighter maids, come in,
The bawds for Sense, and lying baits of Sin:
Some things arise of strange and quarrelling kind,
The forepart lion, and a snake behind:
Here golden mountains swell the covetous place,
And centaurs ride themselves, a painted race.
Of these slight wonders Nature sees the store,
And only then accounts herself but poor.
Hither an angel comes, in David's trance,
And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
And joins them wisely, and this vision makes.—
First David there appears in kingly state,
Whilst the twelve tribes his dread commands goes,
await;
Straight to the wars with his join'd strength he
Settles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.
To Solima, Canaan's old head, they came,
(Since high in note, then not unknown to Fame;)
The blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend,
And no new wounds or dangers apprehend:
The busy image of great Joab there
Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear:
He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,
New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town:
They curse the guards their mirth and bravery chose;
All of them now are slain, or made like those.
Far through an inward scene an army lay,
Which with full banners a fair fish display:
From Sidon plains to happy Egypt's coast
They seem all met; a vast and warlike host!
Thither hastes David to his destin'd prey,
Honour and noble danger lead the way;
The conscious trees shook with a reverent fear
Their unblown tops; God walked before him there.
Slaughter the weary'd Riphaims' bosom fills;
Dead corpse emboss the vale with little hills.
On th' other side, Sophenes' mighty king
Numberless troops of the blest East does bring:
Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;
Damascus and rich Adad help in vain.
Here Nabathæan troops in battle stand,
With all the lusty youth of Syrian land!
Undaunted Joab rushes on with speed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;
He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;
The Syrians leave, or possess dead, the ground.
On th' other wing does brave Abishai ride,
Reeking in blood and dust; on every side
The perjur'd sons of Ammon quit the field;
Some basely die, and some more basely yield.
Through a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,
And far more justly then fears Hebrew spies.
Moloch, their bloody god, thrusts out his head,
Grinning through a black cloud: him they 'd long fed
In his seven chambers; and he still did eat
New-roasted babes, his dear delicious meat.
Again they arise, more anger'd than dismay'd;
Euphrates and swift Tygris sends them aid:
In vain they send it, for again they 're slain,
And feast the greedy birds on Helay plain.
Here Rabba with proud towers affronts the sky,
And round about great Joab's trenches lie:
They force the walls, and sack the helpless town;
On David's head shines Ammon's massy crown.
Midst various torments the curs'd race expires;
David himself his severe wrath admires.
Next upon Israel's throne does bravely sit
A comely youth, endowed with wondrous wit.
Far, from the parched line, a royal dame,
To hear his tongue and boundless wisdom, came:
She carried back in her triumphant womb
The glorious stock of thousand kings to come.
Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display,
Here they a temple's vast foundations lay;
A mighty work! and with fit glories fill'd
For God t' inhabit, and that king to build.
Some from the quarries hew out massy stone,
Some draw it up with cranes; some breathe and groan
In order o'er the anvil; some cut down
Tall cedars, the proud mountain's ancient crown;
Some carve the trunks, and breathing shapes bestow,
Giving the trees more life than when they grow.
But oh, alas! what sudden cloud is spread
About this glorious king's eclipsed head?
It all his fame benights, and all his store, more!
Wrapping him round; and now he 's seen no
When straight his son appears, at Sichem crown'd,
With young and heedless council circled round;
Unseemly object! but a falling state
Has always its own errours join'd with Fate.
Ten tribes at once forsake the Jessian throne,
And bold Adoram at his message stone;
"Brethren of Israel!"—more he fain would say,
But a flint stopp'd his mouth, and speech, i' th' way.
Here this fond king's disasters but begin,
He 's destin'd to more shame by his father's sin:
Susack came up, and under his command
A dreadful army from scorch'd Afric's sand,
As numberless as that: all is his prey,
The temple's sacred wealth they bear away:
Adrazar's shields and golden loss they take:
Ev'n David in his dream does sweat and shake.
Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins appear
Of less weight now, than Solomon's fingers were.
Abijah next seeks Israel to regain,
And wash in seas of blood his father's stain:

Ne'er saw the aged Sun so cruel fight;
Scarce saw he this, but hid his bashful light.
Nebat's curs'd son fled with not half his men;
Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel then?
Yet could not this the fatal strife decide;
God punish'd one, but bless'd not th' other side.
Asan, a just and virtuous prince succeeds,
High-rais'd by Fame for great and godly deeds;
He cut the solemn groves where idols stood,
And sacrific'd the gods with their own wood;
He vanquish'd thus the proud weak powers of Hell;
Before him next their doating servants fell:
So huge an host of Zerah's men he slew,
As made ev'n that Arabia desert too.
Why fear'd he then the perjured Baasha's fight?
Or bought the dangerous aid of Syrians' might?
Conquest, Heaven's gift, cannot by man be sold;
Alas! what weakness trusts he? Man and gold.
Next Josaphat possess'd the royal state
(An happy prince, well worthy of his fate);
His oft oblations, on God's altar made,
With thousand flocks and thousand herds are paid,
Arabian tribute! What mad troops are those,
Those mighty troops that dare to be his foes!
He prays them dead: with mutual wounds they fall;
One fury brought, one fury slays, them all.
Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win;
Never o'ercome but by 's friend Ahab's sin;
On whose disguise Fates then did only look;
And had almost their God's command mistook:
Him from whose danger Heaven securely brings,
And for his sake two ripely wicked kings.
Their armies languish, burnt with thirst at Sier;
Sighs all their cold, tears all their moisture, there;
They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty sky,
And fancy clouds, and so become more dry:
Elisha calls for waters from afar
To come; Elisha calls, and here they are:
In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
And the decrease repair with Moab's blood.
Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng
For Judah's sceptre; both short-liv'd too long.
A woman too from murder title claims;
Both with her sins and sex the crown she shames:
Proud, cursed woman! but her fall, at last,
To doubting men clears Heaven for what was past.
Joas at first does bright and glorious show;
In life's fresh morn his fame did early crow;
Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,
But prophet's angry blood o'ercast his day;
From thence his clouds, from thence his storms, begin;
It cries aloud and twice lets Aram in.
So Amaziah lives, so ends his reign;
Both by their traiterous servants justly slain.
Edom at first dreads his victorious hand,
Before him thousand captives trembling stand;
Down a deep precipice, down he casts them all,
The mimic shapes in several postures fall:
But then (mad fool!) he does those gods adore,
Which, when pluck'd down, had worshipp'd him before!
Thus all his life to come is loss and shame;
No help from gods, who themselves help'd not, came.
All this Uzziah's strength and wit repairs,
Leaving a well built greatness to his heirs;
Till leprous scurf, o'er his whole body cast,
Takes him at first from men, from earth at last.
As virtuous was his son, and happier far;
Buildings his peace, and trophies grac'd his war.
But Achaz heaps up sins, as if he meant
To make his worst forefathers innocent:
He burns his son at Hinnon, whilst around
The roaring child drums and loud trumpets sound:
This to the boy a barbarous mercy grew,
And snatch'd him from all miseries to ensue.
Here Peca comes, and hundred thousands fall;
Here Resin marches up and sweeps up all;
Till, like a sea, the great Belochus' son
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run;
The last of Adad's ancient stock is slain,
Israel captiv'd, and rich Damascus ta'en:
All this wild rage to revenge Judah's wrong;
But woe to kingdoms that have friends too strong!
Thus Hezekiah the torn empire took,
And Assur's king, with his worse gods, forsook;
Who to poor Judah worlds of nations brings,
There rages, utters vain and mighty things;
Some dream of triumphs and exalted names,
Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames;
Whilst, in the midst of their huge sleepy boast,
An angel scatters death through all the host.
Th' affrighted tyrant back to Babel hies,
There meets an end far worse than that he flies.
Here Hezekiah's life is almost done!
So good, and yet, alas! so short, 'tis spun:
Th' end of the line was ravell'd, weak, and old;
Time must go back, and afford better hold
To tie a new thread to it, of fifteen years:
'Tis done; th' all-mighty power of prayer and tears!
Backward the Sun, an unknown motion, went;
The stars gaz'd on, and wonder'd what he meant.
Manasses next (forgetful man!) begins,
Enslav'd and sold to Ashur by his sins;
Till by the rod of learned Misery taught,
Home to his God, and country both he's brought:
It taught not Ammon, nor his hardness brake;
He's made the example he refus'd to take.
Yet from this root a goodly cyon springs;
Josiah, best of men, as well as kings.
Down went the calves with all their gold and cost:
The priest then truly griev'd Osiris lost;
These mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd;
Fools! they their worser thraldrom still retain'd!
In his own fires Moloch to ashes fell,
And no more flames must have besides his Hell;
Like end Astarte's horned image found,
And Baal's spired stone to dust was ground:
No more were men in female habit seen,
Nor they in men's, by the lewd Syrian queen:
No lustful maids at Benos' temple sit,
And, with their bodies' shame, their marriage get:
The double Dagon neither nature saves,
Nor flies she back to th' Erythrean waves.
The travelling Sun sees gladly from on high
His chariots burn, and Nergal quenched lie;
The king's impartial anger lights on all,
From fly-blown Accaron to the thundering Baal.

Here David's joy unruly grows and bold,
Nor could sleep's silken chain its violence hold,
Had not the angel, to seal fast his eyes,
The humours stirr'd, and bade more mists arise:
When straight a chariot hurries swift away,
And in it good Josiah bleeding lay;
One hand 's held up, one stops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd: alas! he 's slain, he 's slain.
Jehoias and Jehoiachim next appear;
Both urge that vengeance which before was near:
He in Egyptian fetters captive dies,
This by more courteous anger murder'd lies.
His son and brother next do bonds sustain,
Israel's now solemn and imperial chain.
Here 's the last scene of this proud city's state;
All ills are met, ty'd in one knot of Fate.
Their endless slavery in this trial lay;
Great God had heap'd up ages in one day:
Strong works around the wall the Chaldees build,
The town with grief, and dreadful business fill'd;
To their carv'd gods the frantic women pray,
Gods, which as near their ruin were as they.
At last in rushes the prevailing foe,
Does all the mischief of proud conquest show:
The wondering babes from mothers' breasts are rent,
And suffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant;
No silver reverence guards the stooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundless rage:
The glorious temple shines in flame all o'er,
Yet not so bright as in its gold before:
Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes;
Nothing the ear but groans and dismal cries.
The walls and towers are levell'd with the ground,
And scarce aught now of that vast city 's found
But shards and rubbish, which weak signs might keep
Of fore past glory, and bid travellers weep.
Thus did triumphant Assur homewards pass,
And thus Jerusalem left, Jerusalem that was!
This Zedechiah saw, and this not all;
Before his face his friends and children fall,
The sport of insolent victors; this he views,
A king and father once! ill Fate could use
His eyes no more to do their master spite;
All to be seen she took, and next his sight.
Thus a long death in prison he outwears;
Bereft of grief's last solace, ev'n his tears.
Then Jeconiah's son did foremost come,
And he who brought the captiv'd nation home!
A row of worthies in long order pass'd
O'er the short stage; of all old Joseph last.
Fair angels pass'd by next in seemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baskets in their hands:
Some, as they went, the blue-ey'd violet strew,
Some spotless lilies in loose order threw;
Some did the way with full-blown roses spread,
Their smell divine, and colour strangely red;
Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom weathers taint, and winds' rude kisses tear:
Such, I believe, was the first rose's hue,
Which at God's word in beateous Eden grew;
Queen of the flowers which made that orchard gay!
The morning blushes of the Spring's new day.
With sober pace an heavenly maid walks in,
Her looks all fair; no sign of native sin
Through her whole body writ; immoderate grace
Spoke things far more than human in her face:
It casts a dusky gloom o'er all the flowers;
And with full beams their mingled light devours!
An angel straight broke from a shining cloud,
And press'd his wings, and with much reverence bow'd;
Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his sacred message sweetly said:
"Hail, full of Grace, thee the whole world shall call
Above all Blest! Thee, who shalt bless them all.
Thy virgin womb in wondrous sort shall shroud
Jesus the God (and then again he bow'd);
Conception the great Spirit shall breathe on thee;
Hail thou! who must God's wife, God's mother, be!"
With that, his seeming form to Heaven he rear'd;
She low obeisance made, and disappear'd.
Lo! a new star three eastern sages see
(For why should only earth a gainer be?
They saw this Phosphor's infant-light, and knew
It bravely usher'd in a Sun as new:
They hasted all this rising Sun t' adore;
With them rich myrrh and early spices bore:
Wise men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You'll in a noisome stable find your King.
Anon a thousand devils run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin;
Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown and tear
The gaping snakes from their black-knotted hair;
As if all grief, and all the rage of Hell,
Were doubled now, or that just now they fell:
But, when the dreaded maid they entering saw,
All fled with trembling fear and silent awe.
In her chaste arms th' eternal infant lies
Th' Almighty voice chang'd into feeble cries.
Heaven contain'd virgins oft, and will do more;
Never did virgin contain Heaven before.
Angels peep round to view this mystic thing,
And Halleluiah round, all Halleluiah sing.
No longer could good David quiet bear
Th' unwieldy pleasure which o'erflow'd him here:
It broke the fetters, and burst ope his eye;
Away the timorous forms together fly:
Fix'd with amaze he stood, and time must take,
To learn if yet he were at last awake.
Sometimes he thinks that Heaven the vision sent,
And order'd all the pageants as they went;
Sometimes, that only 'twas wild Phansy's play,
The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.
When Gabriel (no blest spirit more kind or fair)
Bodies and clothes himself with thicken'd air;
All like a comely youth in life's fresh bloom;
Rare workmanship, and wrought by heavenly loom!
He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
That ere the mid-day Sun pierc'd through with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,
Wash'd from the morning beauty's deepest red:
An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care;
He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,
Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;
This he with starry vapours spangles all,
Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe and fall:

Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,
The choicest piece took out, a scarf is made:
Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,
Not virtuous lovers' sighs more soft than they;
These he gilds o'er with the Sun's richest rays,
Caught gliding o'er pure streams on which he plays.
Thus drest, the joyful Gabriel posts away
And carries with him his own glorious day
Through the thick woods: the gloomy shades awhile
Put on fresh looks and wonder why they smile!
The trembling serpents close and silent lie;
The birds obscene far from his passage fly;
A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by creation rose:
Thus he appears to David; at first sight
All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight.
In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;
A sacred calm shines through his peaceful breast.
"Hail, man, belov'd! from highest Heaven," said he,
"My mighty Master sends thee health by me.
The things thou saw'st are full of truth and light,
Shap'd in the glass of the divine foresight:
Ev'n now old Time is harnessing the Years
To go in order thus. Hence empty fears!
Thy fate 's all white; from thy blest seed shall spring
The promis'd Shilo, the great mystic King:
Round the whole Earth his dreaded name shall sound,
And reach to worlds that must not yet be [found:
The Southern clime him her sole lord shall style,
Him all the North, ev'n Albion's stubborn isle,
My fellow servant credit what I tell."
Straight into shapeless air unseen he fell.

THE DAVIDEIS.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

David's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the high priest: from thence to Gath in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to Achis: he counterfeits himself mad, and escapes to Adullham. A short enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A description of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies; his entertainment at Moab's court: a digression of the history of Lot, father of the Moabites, represented in picture. Melchor's song at the feast. Moab desires Joab to relate the story of David; which he does: his extraction; his excellency in poesy, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philistines' army encamped at Dammin; the description of Goliah and his arms; his challenge to the Israelites: David's coming to the camp; his speech to Saul, to desire leave to fight with Goliah: several speeches upon that occasion. The combat and slaughter of Goliah, with the defeat of the Philistines' army. Saul's envy to David. The characters of Merab and Michal. The love between David and Michal: his song at her window; his expedition against the Philistines, and the dowry of two hundred foreskins for Michal, with whom he is married. The solemnities of the wedding. Saul's relapse, and the causes of David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

RAIS'D with the news he from high Heaven receives,
Straight to his diligent God just thanks he gives;
To divine Nobe directs then his flight,
A small town, great in fame, by Levi's right;
Is there, with sprightly wines and hallow'd bread,
(But what 's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed.
The good old priest welcomes his fatal guest,
And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast:
He lends him vain Goliah's sacred sword
(The fittest help just Fortune could afford);
A sword whose weight, without a blow might slay,
Able unblunted to cut hosts away;
A sword so great, that it was only fit
To take-off his great head who came with it.
Thus he arms David: "I your own restore,
Take it," said he, "and use it as before;
I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest sight
That ere these eyes ow'd the discovering light:
When you step'd forth, how did the monster rage,
In scorn of your soft looks and tender age!
Some your high spirit did mad presumption call,
Some pitied that such youth should idly fall;
Th' uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with disdain;
I knew the day was yours: I saw it plain."
Much more the reverend sire prepar'd to say
(Rapt with his joy); how the two armies lay;
Which way th' amazed foe did wildly flee,
All that his hearer better knew than he:
But David's haste denies all needless stay:
To Gath, an enemy's land he hastes away:
Not there secure; but, where one danger 's near,
The more remote, though greater, disappear:—
So, from the hawk, birds to man's succour flee;
So, from fir'd ships, man leaps into the sea.—
There in disguise he hopes unknown t' abide;
Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?
Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day,
But night itself does the rich gem betray.
Tagal first spy'd him, a Philistian knight,
Who erst from David's wrath by shameful flight
Had sav'd the sordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep sore of envy mix'd with rage.
Straight, with a band of soldiers tall and rough,
Trembling—for scarce he thought that band enough—
On him he seizes, whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold youth in his own shape appear'd.
And now this wish'd-for, but yet dreadful prey,
To Achis' court they led in haste away,
With all unmanly rudeness which does wait
Upon th' immoderate vulgar's joy and hate.
His valour now and strength must useless lie,
And he himself must arts unusual try:
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare
The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair;

Sometimes a violent laughter screw'd his face,
And sometimes ready tears drop'd down apace;
Sometimes he fix'd his staring eyes on ground,
And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full revenge Philistians could not wish:
But call't the justice of their mighty Fish.
They now in height of anger let him live;
And, freedom too, t' encrease his scorn they give;
He, by wise madness freed, does homeward flee,
And rage makes them all that he seem'd to be.
Near to Adullam, in an aged wood,
An hill, part earth, part rocky stone, there stood,
Hollow and vast within, which Nature wrought,
As if by her scholar Art she had been taught.
Hither young David with his kindred came,
Servants and friends: many his spreading fame,
Many their wants or discontents, did call:
Great men in war, and almost armies, all!
Hither came wise and valiant Joab down
(One to whom David's self must owe his crown);
A mighty man, had not some cunning sin,
Amidst so many virtues crowded in.
With him Abishai came, by whom there fell
At once three hundred: with him Asahel;
Asahel, swifter than the northern wind;
Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind
Outgo his feet; so strangely would he run,
That Time itself perceived not what was done:
Oft o'er the lawns and meadows would he pass,
His weight unknown, and harmless to the grass;
Oft o'er the sands and hollow dust would trace,
Yet no one atom trouble or displace.
Unhappy youth, whose end so near I see!
There's nought but thy ill fate so swift as thee.
Hither Jessides' wrongs Benaiah drew,
He who the vast exceeding monster slew;
Th' Egyptian like an hill himself did rear,
Like some tall tree upon it seem'd his spear:
But by Benaiah's staff he fell, o'erthrown;
The Earth, as if worst strook, did loudest groan.
Such was Benaiah: in a narrow pit
He saw a lion, and leapt down to it;
As easily there the royal beast he tore,
As that itself did kids or lambs before.
Him Ira follow'd, a young lovely boy,
But full of spirit, and arms was all his joy;
Oft, when a child, he in his dreams would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;
Oft he would shoot young birds, and, as they fall,
Would laugh, and fancy them Philistians all:
And now at home no longer would he stay,
Though yet the face did scarce his sex betray.
Dodos' great son came next, whose dreadful hand
Snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conquering band;
Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field,
Which did a strange and bloody harvest yield.
Many besides did this new troop increase;
Adan, whose wants made him unfit for peace;
Eliel, whose full quiver did always bear
As many deaths as in it arrows were:
None from his hand did vain or innocent flee,
Scarce Love or Fate could aim so well as he.
Many of Judah took wrong'd David's side,
And many of old Jacob's youngest tribe;
But his chief strength the Gathite soldiers are,
Each single man able t' o'ercome a war!
Swift as the darts they fling through yielding air,
And hardy all as the strong steel they bear:
A lion's noble rage sits in their face,
Terribly comely, arm'd with dreadful grace!
Th' undaunted prince, though thus well-guarded here,
Yet his stout soul does for his parents fear;
He seeks for them a safe and quiet seat,
Nor trusts his fortune with a pledge so great.
So, when in hostile fire rich Asia's pride
For ten years' siege had fully satisfy'd,
Æneas stole an act of higher fame,
And bore Anchises through the wondering flame;
A nobler burthen and a richer prey,
Than all the Grecian forces bore away!
Go, pious prince! in peace, in triumph go;
Enjoy the conquest of thine overthrow;
To 'ave sav'd thy Troy would far less glorious be;
By this thou overcom'st their victory.
Moab next Judah, an old kingdom, lies:
Jordan their touch, and his curs'd sea, denies:
They see north-stars from o'er Amoreus' ground,
Edom and Petra their south part does bound:
Eastwards the lands of Cush and Ammon lie,
The morning's happy beams they first espy;
The region with fat soil and plenty 's blest,
A soil too good to be of old possest
By monstrous Emins; but Lot's offspring came,
And conquer'd both the people and the name;
Till Seon drave them beyond Arnon's flood,
And their sad bounds mark'd deep in their own blood.
In Hesbon, his triumphant court he plac'd,
Hesbon, by men and Nature strangely grac'd;
A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight
Which peace could yield, though well prepar'd for fight.
But this proud city and her prouder lord,
Felt the keen rage of Israel's sacred sword;
Whilst Moab triumph'd in her torn estate,
To see her own become her conqueror's fate:
Yet that small remnant of Lot's parted crown
Did, arm'd with Israel's sins, pluck Israel down:
Full thrice six years they felt fierce Eglon's yoke,
Till Ehud's sword God's vengeful message spoke;
Since then their kings in quiet held their own,
Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne!
And now a wise old prince the sceptre sway'd,
Well by his subjects and himself obey'd;
Only before his fathers' gods he fell;
Poor wretched man! almost too good for Hell!
Hither does David his blest parents bring;
With humble greatness begs of Moab's king
A safe and fair abode, where they might live,
Free from those storms with which himself must strive.
The king with cheerful grace his suit approv'd,
By hate to Saul, and love to Virtue mov'd.
"Welcome, great Knight, and your fair troop," said he,
"Your name found welcome long before with me;
That to rich Ophir's rising morn is known,
And stretch'd out far to the burnt swarthy zone:
Swift Fame, when her round journey she does make,
Scorns not sometimes us in her way to take.
Are you the man did that huge giant kill,
Great Baal of Phegor? and how young he 's still!
From Ruth we heard you came; Ruth was born here,
In Judah sojourn'd, and (they say) match'd there

To one of Bethlem; which I hope is true:
Howe'er your virtues here entitle you:
Those have the best alliance always been;
To gods as well as men they make us kin."
He spoke, and straight led in his thankful guests,
T' a stately room prepar'd for shows and feasts:
The room with golden tapestry glister'd bright,
At once to please, and to confound, the sight,
Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands;
In midst a table of rich ivory stands,
By three fierce tigers, and three lions borne;
Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn;
Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
About it beds of Libyan citron stood,
With coverings dy'd in Tyrian fishes' blood
(They say, th' Herculean art): but most delight
Some pictures gave to David's learned sight.
Here several ways Lot and great Abram go,
Their too-much wealth vast and unkind does grow;
Thus each extreme to equal danger tends,
Plenty, as well as Want, can separate friends.
Here Sodom's towers raise their proud tops on high
(The towers, as well as men, outbrave the sky);
By it the waves of reverend Jordan run,
Here green with trees, there gilded with the Sun;
Hither Lot's household comes, a numerous train,
And all with various business fill the plain:
Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks;
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in looks;
Some drive the herds; here a fierce bullock scorns
Th' appointed way, and runs with threatening horns;
In vain the herdman calls him back again;
The dogs stand off afar, and bark in vain:
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high
With stuff, on top of which the maidens lie:
Upon tall camels the fair sisters ride,
And Lot talks with them both on either side.
Another picture to curst Sodom brings
Elam's proud lord, with his three servant-kings:
They sack the town, and bear Lot bound away;
Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay,
Buried almost alive, for fear of death;
But Heaven's just vengeance sav'd as yet his breath:
Abraham pursues and slays the victor's host,
Scarce had their conquest leisure for a boast.
Next this was drawn the reckless city's flame.
When a strange Hell pour'd down from Heaven there came.
Here the two angels from Lot's window look
With smiling anger; the lewd wretches, strook
With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door,
Their eyes, first cause of lust, first vengeance bore.
Through liquid air Heaven's busy soldiers fly,
And drive on clouds where seeds of thunder lie:
Here the sad sky glows red with dismal streaks,
Here lightning from it with short trembling breaks;
Here the blue flames of scalding brimstone fall,
Involving swiftly in one ruin all:
The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,
And meets half-way new fires that shower from sky.
Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the fathers' arms and they:
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And, more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.
Men thought (so much a flame by art was shown)
The picture's self would fall in ashes down.
Afar old Lot toward little Zoar hies,
And dares not move (good man) his weeping eyes:
Behind his wife stood, ever fix'd alone,
No more a woman, not yet quite a stone:
A lasting death seiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a cheek: in vain to speak she strove:
Her lips though stone, a little seem'd to move:
One eye was clos'd, surpris'd by sudden night:
The other trembled still with parting light:
The wind admir'd, which her hair loosely bore,
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.
To Heaven she lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a suppliant pillar stands:
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the heel, but her toes rooted there:
Ah, foolish woman! who must always be
A sight more strange than that she turn'd to see!
Whilst David fed with these his curious eye,
The feast is now serv'd-in and down they lie.
Moab a goblet takes of massy gold,
Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old
Quaff'd to their gods and friends: an health goes round
In the brisk grape of Arnon's richest ground;
Whilst Melchor to his harp with wondrous skill
(For such were poets then, and should be still)
His noble verse through Nature's secrets led:
He sung what spirit through the whole mass is spread,
Every-where all; how Heavens God's law approve,
And think it rest eternally to move;
How the kind Sun usefully comes and goes,
Wants it himself, yet gives to man repose;
How his round journey does for ever last,
And how he baits at every sea in haste:
He sung how Earth blots the Moon's gilded wane,
Whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain;
Why the great waters her slight horns obey,
Her changing horns not constanter than they:
He sung how grisly comets hung in air;
Why swords and plagues attend their fatal hair;
God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far,
To publish ill, and raise all earth to war:
Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;
What motions vex it, till it roar so loud:
How lambent fires become so wondrous tame,
And bear such shining winter in their flame:
What radiant pencil draws the watery bow:
What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy snow:
What palsy of the Earth here shakes fix'd hills
From off her brows, and here whole rivers spills.
Thus did this Heathen Nature's secrets tell, [well.
And sometimes miss'd the cause, but sought it
Such was the sauce of Moab's noble feast,
Till night far spent invites them to their rest:
Only the good old prince stays Joab there,
And much he tells, and much desires to hear;
He tells deeds antique, and the new desires
Of David much, and much of Saul, inquires.
"Nay gentle guest!" said he, "since now you're in,
The story of your gallant friend begin;

His birth, his rising, tell, and various fate,
And how he slew that man of Gath of late,
What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous man!"
With that he stopp'd, and Joab thus began:—
"His birth, great sir! so much to mine is ty'd,
That praise of that might look from me like pride:
Yet, without boast, his veins contain a flood
Of th' old Judean lion's richest blood.
From Judah Pharez, from him Esrom, came,
Ram, Nashon, Salmon, names spoke loud by Fame:
A name no less ought Boaz to appear,
By whose blest match we come no strangers here:
From him and your fair Ruth good Obed sprung,
From Obed Jesse, Jesse, whom Fame's kindest tongue,
Counting his birth, and high nobility, shall
Not Jesse of Obed, but of David, call,
David born to him seventh; the six births past
Brave trials of a work more great at last.
Bless me! how swift and growing was his wit!
The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it.
Scarce past a child, all wonders would he sing
Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's king.
His sheep would scorn their food to hear his lay,
And savage beasts stand by as tame as they;
The fighting winds would stop there, and admire,
Learning consent and concord from his lyre;
Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,
Mute as their fish, would listen towards the shore.
"'Twas now the time when first Saul God forsook,
God Saul; the room in 's heart wild passions took:
Sometimes a tyrant-frensy revell'd there,
Sometimes black sadness and deep, deep despair.
No help from herbs, or learned drugs he finds,
They cure but sometimes bodies, never minds:
Music alone those storms of soul could lay;
Not more Saul them, than music they, obey.
David's now sent for, and his harp must bring;
His harp, that magic bore on every string:
When Saul's rude passions did most tumult keep,
With his soft notes they all dropp'd down asleep:
When his dull spirits lay drown'd in death and night
He with quick strains rais'd them to life and light.
Thus cheer'd he Saul, thus did his fury 'suage,
Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.
To Helah plain Philistian troops are come,
And War's loud noise strikes peaceful Music dumb.
Back to his rural care young David goes;
For this rough work Saul his stout brethren chose:
He knew not what his hand in war could do,
Nor thought his sword could cure men's madness too.
Now Dammin 's destin'd for this scene of blood;
On two near hills the two proud armies stood,
Between, a fatal valley stretch'd out wide,
And Death seem'd ready now on either side;
When lo! their host rais'd all a joyful shout,
And from the midst an huge and monstrous man stepp'd out.
Aloud they shouted; at each step he took
We and the Earth itself beneath him shook,
Vast as the hill, down which he march'd he' appear'd,
Amaz'd all eyes, nor was their army fear'd.
A young tall squire (though then he seem'd not so)
Did from the camp at first before him go;
At first he did, but scarce could follow straight,
Sweating beneath a shield's unruly weight,
On which was wrought the gods' and giants' fight,
Rare work! all fill'd with terrour and delight.
Here a vast hill 'against thundering Baal was thrown,
Trees and beasts on 't fell burnt with lightning down;
One flings a mountain and its river too,
Torn up with 't; that rains back on him that threw.
Some from the main to pluck whole islands try;
The sea boils round with flames shot thick from sky;
This he believ'd, and on his shield he bore,
And prais'd their strength, but thought his own was more.
The valley now this monster seem'd to fill;
And we, methought, look'd up t' him from our hill.
All arm'd in brass the richest dress of war
(A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar;
The Sun himself started with sudden fright,
To see his beams return so dismal bright:
Brass was his helmet, his boots brass; and o'er
His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore:
His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should be;
Th' huge iron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,
And of whole bodies but one wound it made;
Able Death's worst commands to overdo,
Destroying life at once and carcase too.
Thus arm'd he stood; all direful and all gay,
And round him flung a scornful look away:
So, when a Scythian tiger, gazing round,
An herd of kine in some fair plain has found,
Lowing secure, he swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all his spots on every side;
Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
In choice of some strong neck on which to fall;
Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a prey,
And grieves to see them trembling haste away.
'Ye men of Jury,' he cries, 'if men you be,
And such dare prove yourselves to Fame and me,
Chuse out 'mongst all your troops the boldest knight,
To try his strength and fate with me in fight:
The chance of war, let us two bear for all,
And they the conqueror serve whose knight shall fall.'
At this he paus'd awhile: straight, 'I defy
Your gods and you; dares none come down and die?
Go back for shame, and Egypt's slavery bear,
Or yield to us, and serve more nobly here.
Alas! ye 'ave no more wonders to be done,
Your sorcerer Moses now, and Joshua, 's gone;
Your magic trumpets then could cities take,
And sounds of triumph did your battles make.
Spears in your hands and manly swords are vain;
Get you your spells and conjuring rods again.

Is there no Samson here? O that that there were!
In his full strength, and long enchanted hair;
This sword should be in the weak razor's stead;
It should not cut his hair off, but his head.'
Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the valleys round,
Flattering his voice, restor'd the dreadful sound:
We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and fear'd
We had behind some new Goliah heard.
'Twas Heaven, Heaven, sure, (which David's glory meant
Through this whole act) such sacred terrour sent
To all our host; for there was Saul in place,
Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemies' face;
His god-like son there in bright armour shone,
Who scorn'd to conquer armies not alone:
Fate her own book mistrusted at the sight,
On that side war, on this a single fight.
There stood Benaiah, and there trembled too,
He who th' Egyptian proud Goliah slew;
In his pale fright, rage through his eyes shot flame,
He saw his staff, and blush'd with generous shame;
Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,
Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to fear.
"Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to fight,
Once every morn he march'd, and once at night.
Slow rose the Sun, but gallop'd down apace,
With more than evening blushes in his face:
When Jesse to the camp young David sent;
His purpose low, but high was Fate's intent;
For, when the monster's pride he saw and heard,
Round him, he look'd, and wonder'd why they fear'd.
Anger and brave disdain his heart possess'd,
Thoughts more than manly swell'd his youthful breast:
Much the rewards propos'd his spirit inflame,
Saul's daughter much, and much the voice of Fame.
These to their just intentions strongly move,
But chiefly God, and his dear country's love.
Resolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he 's brought,
Where thus he spoke as boldly as he fought:
'Henceforth no more, great prince, your sacred breast
With that huge talking wretch of Gath molest;
This hand alone shall end his cursed breath;
Fear not, the wretch blasphemes himself to death,
And, cheated with false weight of his own might,
Has challeng'd Heaven, not us to single fight.
Forbid it, God! that where thy right is try'd,
The strength of man should find just cause for pride!
Firm like some rock, and vast, he seems to stand,
But rocks we know were op'd at thy command:
That soul, which now does such large members sway,
Through one small wound will creep in haste away;
And he who now dares boldly Heaven defy,
To every bird of heaven a prey shall lie:
For 'tis not human force we ought to fear;
Did that, alas! plant our forefathers here?
Twice fifteen kings did they by that subdue?
By that whole nations of Goliahs slew?
The wonders they perform'd may still be done;
Moses and Joshua is, but God's not gone.
We 'ave lost their rod and trumpets, not their skill;
Prayers and belief are as strong witchcraft still:
These are more tall, more giants far, than he,
Can reach to Heaven, and thence pluck victory.
Count this, and then, sir, mine th' advantage is;
He 's stronger far than I, my God than his.'
Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame, to see
Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as he.
'Brave youth,' replies the king, 'whose daring mind,
Ere come to manhood, leaves it quite behind;
Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,
And let thy body grow up to thy sprite.
Thou 'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,
Whose touch would wound thee more than him thy blow:
Nature his limbs only for war made fit,
In thine, as yet, nought beside love she 'as writ.
With some less foe thy unflesh'd valour try;
This monster can be no first victory.
The lion's royal whelp does not at first
For blood of Basan bulls or tigers thirst;
In timorous deer he hansels his young paws,
And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.
So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd be,
Fortune would be asham'd to second thee.'
"He said, and we all murmur'd an assent;
But nought mov'd David from his high intent.
It brave to him, and ominous, does appear,
To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here;
Which he resolves. 'Scorn not,' said he, 'mine age;
For victory comes not, like an heritage,
At set-years:—when my father's flock I fed,
A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led,
Broke from the wood and snatch'd my lambs away;
From their grim mouths I forc'd the panting prey:
Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill;
On our great oak the bones and jaws hang still.
My God's the same, which then he was, to day,
And this wild wretch almost the same as they;
Who from such danger sav'd my flock, will he
Of Israel, his own flock, less careful be?'
'Be 't so then,' Saul bursts forth; 'and thou on high
Who oft in weakness doth most strength descry—
At whose dread beck Conquest expecting stands,
And casts no look down on the fighters' hands—
Assist what thou inspir'st; and let all see,
As boys to giants, giants are to thee.'
"Thus, and with trembling hopes of strange success,
In his own arms he the bold youth does dress.
On 's head an helm of well-wrought brass is plac'd,
The top with warlike plume severely grac'd;
His breast a plate cut with rare figures bore,
A sword much practis'd in Death's art he wore:
Yet, David, us'd so long to no defence,
But those light arms of spirit and innocence,
No good in fight of that gay burthen knows,
But fears his own arms' weight more than his foes.
He lost himself in that disguise of war,
And guarded seems as men by prisons are;
He therefore, to exalt the wondrous sight,
Prepares now, and disarms himself for fight,
'Gainst shield, helm, breast plate; and instead of those,
Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook he chose,

And fits them to his sling; then marches down;
For sword, his enemy's he esteem'd his own.
We all with various passions strangely gaz'd,
Some sad, some sham'd, some angry; all amaz'd.
"Now in the valley he stands; through's youthful face
Wrath checks the beauty, and sheds manly grace,
Both in his looks so join'd that they might move
Fear ev'n in friends, and from an enemy love;
Hot as ripe noon, sweet as the blooming day,
Like July furious, but more fair than May.
Th' accurs'd Philistian stands on th' other side,
Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage and pride.
'The plagues of Dagon! a smooth boy,' said he,
'A cursed beardless foe oppos'd to me!
Hell! with what arms (hence thou ford child) he's come!
Some friend his mother call to drive him home.
Not gone yet? if one minute more thou stay,
The birds of heaven shall bear thee dead away.
Gods! a curs'd boy!'—the rest then murmuring out,
He walks and casts a deadly grin about.
David with cheerful anger in his eyes,
Advances boldly on and thus replies:
'Thou com'st vain man! all arm'd into the field,
And trustest those war toys, thy sword and shield:
Thy pride's my spear, thy blasphemies my sword;
My shield, thy Maker, fool! the mighty Lord
Of thee and battles; who hath sent forth me
Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer thee.
In vain shall Dagon, thy false hope withstand;
In vain thy other god, thine own right hand:
Thy fall to man shall Heaven's strong justice shew;
Wretch! 'tis the only good that thou can'st do.'
He said; our host stood dully silent by;
And durst not trust their ears against the eye;
As much their champion's threats to him they fear'd,
As when the monster's threats to them they heard.
His flaming sword the enrag'd Philistian shakes,
And haste t' his ruin with loud curses makes;
Backwards the winds his active curses blew,
And fatally round his own head they flew:
For now from David's sling the stone is fled,
And strikes with joyful noise the monster's head;
It strook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,
As swiftly as it pierc'd before the air:
Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground:
Blood, brain, and soul, croud mingled through the wound!
So a strong oak, which many years had stood
With fair and flourishing boughs itself a wood—
Though it might long the axe's violence bear,
And play'd with winds which other trees did tear—
Yet by the thunder's stroke from th' root 'tis rent
(So sure the blows that from high Heaven are sent!)
What tongue the joy and wonder can express,
Which did that moment our whole host possess!
Their jocund shouts th' air like a storm did tear,
Th' amazed clouds fled swift away with fear:
But far more swift th' accurs'd Philistines fly,
And, their ill fate to perfect, basely die.
With thousand corpse the ways around are strown,
Till they by the day's flight secure their own.
Now through the camp sounds nought but David's name,
All joys, of several stamp and colours, came
From several passions: some his valour praise,
Some his free speech, some the fair popular rays
Of youth, and beauty, and his modest guise;
Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female eyes.
Some wonder, some, they thought 't would be so, swear;
And some saw angels flying through the air:
The basest spirits cast back a crooked glance
On this great act, and fain would give 't to Chance.
Women our host with songs and dances meet,
With much joy Saul, David with more, they greet.
Hence the king's politic rage and envy flows,
Which first he hides, and seeks his life t' expose
To generous dangers, that his hate might clear,
And Fate or Chance the blame, nay David, bear.
So vain are man's designs! for Fate and Chance,
And Earth and Heaven, conspir'd to his advance:
His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,
In all mankind but Saul did love beget.
Not Saul's own house, not his own nearest blood,
The noble cause's sacred truth withstood.
You 've met, no doubt, and kindly us'd, the fame
Of God-like Jonathan's illustrious name;
A name which every wind to Heaven would bear,
Which men to speak and angels joy to hear.
No angel e'er bore to his brother mind
A kindness more exalted and refin'd,
Than his to David; which look'd nobly down,
And scorn'd the false alarums of a crown.
At Dammin field he stood, and from his place
Leap'd forth the wondrous conqueror to embrace;
On him his mantle, girdle, sword, and bow,
On him his heart and soul he did bestow:
Not all that Saul could threaten or persuade,
In this close knot the smallest looseness made.
Oft his wise care did the king's rage suspend;
His own life's danger shelter'd oft his friend;
Which he expos'd a sacrifice to fall
By th' undiscerning rage of furious Saul.
Nor was young David's active virtue grown
Strong and triumphant in one sex alone;
Imperious Beauty too it durst invade,
And deeper prints in the soft breast it made:
For there, t' Esteem and Friendship's graver name,
Passion was pour'd, like oil into the flame.
Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,
Saul's royal house two beauteous daughters grac'd;
Merab the first, Michal the younger nam'd,
Both equally for different glories fam'd.
Merab with spacious beauty fill'd the sight,
But too much awe chastis'd the bold delight:

Like a calm sea, which to th' enlarged view
Gives pleasure, but gives fear and reverence too.
Michal's sweet looks clear and free joys did move,
And no less strong, though much more gentle, love:
Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t' obey
(Tyrants themselves less absolute than they).
Merab appear'd like some fair princely tower;
Michal, some virgin-queen's delicious bower.
All Beauty's stores in little and in great;
But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.
A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,
Such as the prouder colours might envy:
Michal's pure skin shone with such taintless white,
As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight;
Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew,
Than e'er on fruits or flowers Heaven's pencil drew;
From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings came,
From Michal's, the Sun's mild, yet active, flame:
Merab's long hair was glossy chesnut brown;
Tresses of palest gold did Michal crown.
Such was their outward form; and one might find
A difference not unlike it in the mind.
Merab with comely majesty and state
Bore high th' advantage of her worth and fate;
Such humble sweetness did soft Michal show,
That none who reach so high e'er stoop'd so low.
Merab rejoic'd in her wrack'd lovers' pain,
And fortify'd her virtue with disdain:
The griefs she caus'd, gave gentle Michal grief
(She wish'd her beauties less, for their relief);
Ev'n to her captives civil; yet th' excess
Of naked virtue guarded her no less.
Business and power Merab's large thoughts did vex;
Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex:
Michal no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn;
Merab of Saul, Michal of Jonathan.
"The day that David great Goliah slew,
Not great Goliah's sword was more his due
Than Merab; by Saul's public promise she
Was sold then, and betroth'd to victory;
But haughty she did this just match despise
(Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her eyes).
An unknown youth, ne'er seen at court before,
Who shepherd's staff, and shepherd's habit, bore,
The seventh-born son of no rich house—were still
Th' unpleasant forms which her high thoughts did fill:
And much aversion in her stubborn mind
Was bred by being promis'd and design'd.
Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne
The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn:
Adriel the rich; but riches were in vain,
And could not set him free, nor her enchain.
Long liv'd they thus;—but, as the hunted deer,
Closely pursued, quits all her wonted fear,
And takes the nearest waves, which from the shore
She oft with horrour had beheld before:
So, whilst the violent maid from David fled,
She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed;
The match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd, straight;
(So soon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate!)
But Michal, in whose breast all virtues move,
That hatch the pregnant seeds of sacred love,
With juster eyes the noble object meets,
And turns all Merab's poison into sweets:
She saw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown
Should make all fame to come so soon his own:
She saw, and wonder'd how a shepherd's crook
Despis'd that sword at which the sceptre shook;
Though he seventh-born, and tho' his house but poor,
She knew it noble was, and would be more.
Oft had she heard, and fancy'd oft the sight,
With what a generous calm he march'd to fight;
In the great danger how exempt from fear,
And after it from pride, he did appear.
Greatness and goodness, and an air divine,
She saw through all his words and actions shine;
She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming lyre,
Whose artful sounds did violent love inspire,
Though us'd all other passions to relieve:
She weigh'd all this; and well we may conceive;
When those strong thoughts attack'd her doubtful breast,
His beauty no less active than the rest.
The fire thus kindled soon grew fierce and great,
When David's breast reflected back its heat.
Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can love hidden lie
From any sight, much less the loving eye)
She conqueror was, as well as overcome,
And gain'd no less abroad than lost at home.
Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a pair,
Who in all mankind else so matchless were,
Yet their own equals, Nature's self does wed)
A mutual warmth through both their bosoms spread:
Fate gave the signal; both at once began
The gentle race, and with just pace they ran.
Ev'n so, methinks, when two fair tapers come
From several doors, entering at once the room,
With a swift flight, that leaves the eye behind,
Their amorous lights into one light are join'd.
Nature herself, were she to judge the case,
Knew not which first began the kind embrace.
Michal her modest flames sought to conceal,
But love even th' art to hide it does reveal:
Her soft unpractis'd eyes betray'd the theft,
Love pass'd through them, and there such footsteps left!
She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he spoke;
And suddenly her wandering answers broke
At his name's sound; and, when she heard him prais'd,
With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she rais'd.
Uncall'd-for sighs oft from her bosom flew,
And Adriel's active friend she abruptly grew.
Oft, when the court's gay youth stood waiting by,
She strove to act a cold indifferency;
In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,
For thousand nameless things disclos'd her heart.
On th' other side, David with silent pain
Did in respectful bounds his fires contain:
His humble fear t' offend, and trembling awe,
Impos'd on him a no-less rigorous law
Than modesty on her; and, though he strove
To make her see 't, he durst not tell his love.
To tell it first, the timorous youth made choice
Of Music's bolder and more active voice;

And thus, beneath her window, did he touch
His faithful lyre; the words and numbers such
As did well worth my memory appear,
And may perhaps deserve your princely ear:

'AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

'Hark! how the strings awake:
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear,
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

'Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove,
Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to love.

'Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail;
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire:
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre; and let thy master die.'

"She heard all this, and the prevailing sound
Touch'd with delightful pain her tender wound.
Yet, though she joy'd th' authentic news to hear,
Of what she guess'd before with jealous fear,
She check'd her forward joy, and blush'd for shame,
And did his boldness with forc'd anger blame.
The senseless rules which first false honour taught,
And into laws the tyrant custom brought—
Which women's pride and folly did invent,
Their lovers and themselves too to torment,—
Made her next day a grave displeasure fain,
And all her words, and all her looks, constrain
Before the trembling youth; who, when he saw
His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,
He curs'd his voice, his fingers, and his lyre,
He curs'd his too-bold tongue, and bold desire;
In vain he cursed the last, for that still grew;
From all things food its strong complexion drew;
His joy and hope their cheerful motions ceas'd,
His life decay'd, but still his love increas'd;
Whilst she, whose heart approv'd not her disdain,
Saw and endur'd his pains with greater pain.
But Jonathan, to whom both hearts were known,
With a concernment equal to their own
(Joyful that Heaven with his sworn love comply'd
To draw that knot more fast which he had ty'd)
With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
Restor'd, and better'd soon, the nice affair.
With ease a brother's lawful power o'ercame
The formal decencies of virgin-shame.
She first with all her heart forgave the past,
Heard David tell his flames, and told her own at last.
Lo here the happy point of prosperous love!
Which ev'n enjoyment seldom can improve.
Themselves agreed, which scarce could fall alone;
All Israel's wish concurrent with their own;
A brother's powerful aid firm to the side;
By solemn vow the king and father ty'd:
All jealous fears, all nice disguises, past,
All that in less-ripe love offends the taste;
In either's breast their souls both meet and wed,
Their heart the nuptial-temple and the bed.
And, though the grosser cates were yet not dress'd,
By which their bodies must supply this feast,
Bold hopes prevent slow pleasure's lingering birth,
As saints, assur'd of Heaven, enjoy 't on Earth.
All this the king observ'd; and well he saw
What scandal, and what danger, it might draw
T' oppose this just and popular match; but meant
T' out-malice all refusals by consent.
He meant the poisonous grant should mortal prove;
He meant t' ensnare his virtue by his love:
And thus he to him spoke, with more of art
And fraud, than well became the kingly part:—
'Your valour, David, and high worth, said he,
To praise is all men's duty, mine to see
Rewarded; and we shall t' our utmost powers
Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
Forbid it, God! we like those kings should prove,
Who fear the virtues which they 're bound to love.
Your piety does that tender point secure,
Nor will my acts such humble thoughts endure;
Your nearness to't rather supports the crown,
And th' honours given to you increase our own.
All that we can we 'll give; 'tis our intent,
Both as a guard and as an ornament,
To place thee next ourselves; Heaven does approve,
And my son's friendship, and my daughter's love,
Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice;
I see, methinks, Heaven in 't, and I rejoice.
Blush not, my son! that Michal's love I name,
Nor need she blush to hear it; 'tis no shame
Nor secret now; fame does it loudy tell,
And all men but thy rivals like it well.
If Merab's choice could have complied with mine,
Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine:
And her's, at last, should have with mine comply'd,
Had I not thine and Michal's heart descry'd.
Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee; the last
And dearest present made me by the chaste
Ahinoam; and, unless she me deceive,
When I to Jonathan my crown shall leave,
'Twill be a smaller gift.
If I thy generous thoughts may undertake
To guess, they are what jointure thou shalt make
Fitting her birth and fortune: and, since so
Custom ordains, we mean t' exact it too.
The jointure we exact is, that shall be
No less advantage to thy fame than she.
Go where Philistian troops infest the land,
Renew the terrours of thy conquering hand:

When thine own hand, which needs must conqueror prove,
In this joint cause of honour and of love,
An hundred of the faithless foe shall slay,
And for a dower their hundred foreskins pay,
Be Michal thy reward: did we not know
Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it so,
We should not cheaply that dear blood expose,
Which we to mingle with our own had chose:
But thou 'rt secure; and, since this match of thine
We to the public benefit design,
A public good shall its beginning grace,
And give triumphant omens of thy race.'
"Thus spoke the king: the happy youth bow'd low:
Modest and graceful his great joy did show;
The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind,
And nought t' except against it could he find,
But that his mistress' price too cheap appear'd;
No danger, but her scorn of it, he fear'd.
She with much different sense the news receiv'd,
At her high rate she trembled, blush'd, and griev'd;
'Twas a less work the conquest of his foes,
Than to obtain her leave his life t' expose.
Their kind debate on this soft point would prove
Tedious, and needless, to repeat: if love
(As sure it has) e'er touch'd your princely breast,
'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest
All that was done, or said; the grief, hope, fears;
His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.
In all the pomp of passion's reign they part;
And bright prophetic forms enlarge his heart:
Victory and fame, and that more quick delight
Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
"Tow'rds Gath he went, and in one month (so soon
A fatal and a willing work is done!)
A double dower, two hundred foreskins, brought
Of choice Philistian knights with whom he fought,
Men that in birth and valour did excel,
Pit for the cause and hand by which they fell.
Now was Saul caught; nor longer could delay
The two resistless lovers' happy day.
Though this day's coming long had seem'd and slow,
Yet seem'd its stay as long and tedious now;
For, now the violent weight of eager love
Did with more haste so near its centre move,
He cure'd the stops of form and state which lay
In this last stage, like scandals, in his way.
"On a large gentle hill crown'd with tall wood,
Near where the regal Gabaah proudly stood,
A tent was pitch'd, of green wrought damask made,
And seem'd but the fresh forest's natural shade;
Various and vast within, on pillars borne
Of Shittim-wood, that usefully adorn,
Hither to grace the nuptial-feast, does Saul
Of the twelve tribes th' elders and captains call:
And all around the idle, busy crowd
With shouts and blessings tell their joy aloud.
Lo! the preat breaks, and from their several homes
In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.
Before the bride, in a long double row
With solemn pace thirty choice virgins go,
And make a moving galaxy on Earth;
All heavenly beauties, all of highest birth;
All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair
As the bright flowers that crown'd their brighter hair;
All in that new-blown age which does inspire
Warmth in themselves, in their beholders fire.
But all this, and all else the Sun did e'er,
Or Fancy see, in her less-bounded sphere,
The bride herself outshone; and one would say
They made but the faint dawn to her full day.
Behind a numerous train of ladies went,
Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent;
Vain gems, and unregarded cost, they bore,
For all men's eyes were ty'd to those before.
The bridegroom's flourishing troop fill'd next the place,
With thirty comely youths of noblest race,
That march'd before; and Heaven around his head
The graceful beams of joy and beauty spread.
So the glad star, which men and angels love,
Prince of the glorious host that shines above
(No light of Heaven so chearful or so gay)
Lifts up his sacred lamp, and opens day.
The king himself, at the tent's crowned gate,
In all his robes of ceremony and state,
Sate to receive the train; on either hand
Did the high-priest and the great prophet stand:
Adriel, behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jesse,
And all the chiefs in their due order press.
First Saul declar'd his choice, and the just cause
Avow'd by a general murmur of applause;
Then sign'd her dower; and in few words he pray'd,
And blest, and gave the joyful, trembling maid
T' her lover's hands; who, with a cheerful look
And humble gesture, the vast present took.
The nuptial-hymn straight sounds, and musics play,
And feasts and balls shorten the thoughtless day
To all but to the wedded; till at last
The long-wish'd night did her kind shadow cast;
At last th' inestimable hour was come
To lead his conquering prey in triumph home.
T' a palace near, drest for the nuptial-bed,
(Part of her dower) he his fair princess led;
Saul, the high-priest, and Samuel, here they leave,
Who, as they part, their weighty blessings give.
Her vail is now put on; and at the gate
The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait
With golden lamps, bright as the flames they bore,
To light the nuptial-pomp and march before;
The rest bring home in state the happy pair,
To that last scene of bliss, and leave them there
All those free joys insatiably to prove,
With which rich Beauty feasts the glutton Love.
"But scarce, alas! the first seven days were past,
In which the public nuptial triumphs last,
When Saul this new alliance did repent
(Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment!)
He envy'd the good work himself had done;
Fear'd David less his servant than his son.
No longer his wild wrath could he command;
He seeks to stain his own imperial hand
In his son's blood; and, that twice cheated too,
With troops and armies does one life pursue.
Said I but one! his thirsty rage extends
To th' lives of all his kindred and his friends!

Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being so,
Had not just God put-by th' unnatural blow.
"You see, sir, the true cause which brings us here:
No sullen discontent, or groundless fear;
No guilty act or end calls us from home;
Only to breathe in peace awhile we come;
Ready to serve, and in mean space to pray
For you, who us receive, and him who, drives away."

THE DAVIDEIS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Moab carries his guest to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls into discourse with David, and desires to know of him the reasons of the change of government in Israel; how Saul came to the crown, and the story of him and Jonathan. David's speech, containing the state of the commonwealth under the Judges; the motives for which the people desired a king; their deputies' speech to Samuel upon that subject, and his reply. The assembling of the people at the tabernacle, to inquire God's pleasure. God's speech. The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel, and election by lot; the defection of his people. The war of Nahash king of Ammon against Jabesh-Gilead; Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town. Jonathan's character; his single fight with Nahash, whom he slays, and defeats his army. The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of judge. The war with the Philistines at Macmas: their strength, and the weakness of Saul's forces; his exercising of the priestly function, and the judgment denounced by Samuel against him. Jonathan's discourse with his esquire; their falling alone upon the enemy's out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it. Saul's rash vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by the people.

THOUGH state and kind discourse thus robb'd the night
Of half her natural and more just delight,
Moab (whom temperance did still vigorous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to moderate sleep)
Up with the Sun arose; and, having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise,
And thrice tow'rds Phegor, his Baal's holiest hill,
(With good and pious prayers, directed ill)
Call'd to the chase his friends, who for him stay'd;
The glad dogs bark'd, the cheerful horses neigh'd.
Moab his chariot mounts, drawn by four steeds,
The best and noblest that fresh Zerith breeds,
All white as snow, and spriteful as the light,
With scarlet trapt, and foaming gold they bite.
He into it young David with him took,
Did with respect and wonder on him look
Since last night's story, and with greedier ear
The man, of whom so much he heard, did hear.
The well-born youth of all his flourishing court
March gay behind, and joyful, to the sport;
Some arm'd with bows, some with straight javelins, ride;
Rich swords and gilded quivers grace their side.
'Midst the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,
And Joab, comely as a fancied god;
They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords
With loose and various talk that chance affords,
Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wise king
Did David's tongue to weightier subjects bring.
"Much," said the king, "much I to Joab owe,
For the fair picture drawn by him of you;
'Twas drawn in little, but did acts express
So great, that largest histories are less.
I see, methinks, the Gathian monster still;
His shape last night my mindful dreams did fill.
Strange tyrant, Saul, with envy to pursue
The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew!
I've heard (but who can think it?) that his son
Has his life's hazard for your friendship run;
His matchless son, whose worth (if fame be true)
Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you,
With whom it makes him one." Low David bows,
But no reply Moab's swift tongue allows.
"And pray, kind guest! whilst we ride thus," says he,
"(To gameful Nebo still three leagues there be)
The story of your royal friend relate,
And his ungovern'd sire's imperious fate;
Why your great state that nameless family chose,
And by what steps to Israel's throne they rose."
He said: and David thus: "From Egypt's land
You've heard, sir, by what strong unarmed band
Our fathers came, Moses their sacred guide;
But he in sight of the given country dy'd:
His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,
And Joshua's sword must the active rod supply:
It did so, and did wonders.
From sacred Jordan to the Western main,
From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain
Of naked sands his winged conquest went;
And thirty kings to Hell uncrown'd he sent.
Almost four hundred years, from him to Saul,
In too much freedom past, or foreign thrall.
Oft strangers' iron sceptres bruis'd the land,
(Such still are those borne by a conquering hand)
Oft pitying God did well-form'd spirits raise,
Fit for the toilsome business of their days,
To free the groaning nation, and to give
Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.
But they whose stamp of power did chiefly lie
In characters too fine for most men's eye,
Graces and gifts divine—not painted bright
With state to awe dull minds, and force t' affright—
Were ill obey'd whilst living, and at death
Their rules and pattern vanish'd with their breath.
The hungry rich all near them did devour;
Their judge was Appetite, and their law was power.
Not want itself could luxury restrain;
For what that emptied, Rapine fill'd again.

Robbery the field, Oppression sack'd the town;
What the sword's reaping spar'd, was glean'd by th' gown.
At courts and seats of justice to complain,
Was to be robb'd more vexingly again.
Nor was their lust less active or less bold,
Amidst this rougher search of blood and gold;
Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the strong;
The pride of old men that, and this of young.
You 'ave heard perhaps, sir, of lew'd Gibeah's shame,
Which Hebrew tongues still tremble when they [name:
Alarmed all by one fair stranger's eyes,
As to a sudden war, the town does rise,
Shaking and pale, half-dead ere they begin
The strange and wanton tragedy of their sin:
All their wild lusts they force her to sustain,
Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,
She mids't their loath'd and cruel kindness dies;
Of monstrous Lust the innocent sacrifice.
This did, 'tis true, a civil war create
(The frequent curse of our loose govern'd state);
All Gibeah's, and all Jabesh' blood it cost;
Near a whole tribe, and future kings, we lost.
Firm in this general earthquake of the land,
How could religion, its main pillar, stand?
Proud and fond man his Father's worship hates,
Himself, God's creature, his own god creates!
Hence in each household several deities grew,
And when no old one pleas'd they fram'd a new:
The only land which serv'd but one before,
Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.
They serv'd their gods at first, and soon their kings,
(Their choice of that this latter slavery brings)
Till special men, arm'd with God's warrant, broke
By justest force th' unjustly-forced yoke;
All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they
Of power more great, or lands more apt t' obey.
At last the priesthood join'd, in Ithamar's son,
More weight and lustre to the sceptre won;
But, whilst mild Eli and good Samuel were
Busied with age, and th' altar's sacred care,
To their wild sons they their high charge commit,
Who expose to scorn and hate both them and it.
Eli's curs'd house th' exemplar vengeance bears
Of all their blood, and all sad Israel's tears;
His sons abroad, himself at home, lies slain;
Israel's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en.
Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd,
They suffer by them first, and for them next.
Samuel succeeds;—since Moses, none before
So much of God in his bright bosom bore.
In vain our arms Philistian tyrants seiz'd;
Heaven's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd:
He rains and winds for auxiliaries brought;
He muster'd flames and thunders when he fought.
Thus thirty years with strong and steady hand
He held th' unshaken balance of the land;
At last his sons th' indulgent father chose
To share that state which they were born to lose:
Their hateful acts that change's birth did haste,
Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages past.
To this (for still were some great periods set,
There 's a strong knot of several causes met)
The threats concurr'd of a rough neighbouring war;
A mighty storm long gathering from afar;
For Ammon, heighten'd with mix'd nations' aid,
Like torrents swoln with rain, prepar'd the land t' invade.
Samuel was old, and, by his sons' ill choice,
Turn'd dotard in th' unskilful vulgar's voice;
His sons so scorn'd and hated, that the land
Nor hop'd, nor wish'd, a victory from their hand.
These were the just and faultless causes why
The general voice did for a monarch cry;
But God ill grains did in this incense smell;
Wrapp'd in fair leaves he saw the canker dwell:
A mutinous itch of change; a dull despair
Of helps divine, oft prov'd; a faithless care
Of common means; the pride of heart and scorn
Of th' humble yoke under low judges borne.
They saw the state and glittering pomp which [blest
In vulgar sense the sceptres of the East;
They saw not power's true source, and scorn'd to obey
Persons that look'd no dreadfuller than they;
They miss'd courts, guards, a gay and numerous train—
Our judges, like their laws, were rude and plain:—
On an old bench of wood, her seat of state
Beneath the well-known palm, wise Deborah sate;
Her maids with comely diligence round her spun,
And she too, when the pleadings there were done:
With the same goad Shamgar his oxen drives
Which took, the sun before, six hundred lives
From his sham'd foes: he midst his work dealt laws;
And oft was his plough stopp'd to hear a cause:
Nor did great Gideon his old flail disdain,
After won fields, sack'd towns, and princes slain
His sceptre that, and Ophra's threshing-floor
The seat and emblem of his justice bore.
What should I Jair, the happiest father, name?
Or mournful Jephtha, known no less to Fame
For the most wretched? Both at once did keep
The mighty flocks of Israel and their sheep.
Oft from the field in haste they summon'd were
Some weighty foreign embassy to hear;
They call'd their slaves, their sons, and friends, around,
Who all at several cares were scatter'd found;
They wash'd their feet, their only gown put on,
And this chief work of ceremony was done.
These reasons, and all else that could be said,
In a ripe hour by factious Eloquence spread
Through all the tribes, make all desire a king;
And to their judge selected deputies bring
This harsh demand; which Nacal for the rest
(A bold and artful mouth) thus with much grace express'd:—
'We're come, most sacred Judge! to pay the arrears
Of much-ow'd thanks, for the bright thirty years
Of your just reign; and at your feet to lay
All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
In unproportion'd words; for you alone
The not unfit reward, who seek for none.
But, when our forepast ills we call to mind,
And sadly think how little 's left behind
Of your important life, whose sudden date
Would disinherit th' unprovided state;

When we consider how unjust 'tis, you,
Who ne'er of power more than the burthen knew,
At once the weight of that and age should have,
(Your stooping days press'd doubly towards the grave);
When we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,
Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,
And all th' united East, our fall conspir'd;
And that your sons, whom chiefly we desir'd
As stamps of you, in your lov'd room to place,
By unlike acts that noble stamp deface;
Midst these new fears and ills we're forc'd to fly
T' a new, and yet unpractis'd, remedy:
A new one, but long promis'd, and foretold
By Moses, and to Abraham shown of old;
A prophecy long forming in the womb
Of teeming tears, and now to ripeness come,
This remedy 's a king; for this we all
With an inspir'd and zealous union call:
And, in one sound when all men's voices join,
The music 's tun'd, no doubt, by hand divine:
'Tis God alone speaks a whole nation's voice;
That is his public language; but the choice
Of what peculiar head that crown must bear,
From you, who his peculiar organ are,
We expect to hear: the people shall to you
Their king, the king his crown and people, owe.
To your great name what lustre will it bring
T' have been our judge, and to have made our king!'

"He bow'd, and ended here; and Samuel straight,
Pausing awhile at this great question's weight,
With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful eye,
That more of care than passion did descry.
Calmly replies—' You 're sure the first,' said he,
' Of freeborn men that begg'd for slavery,
I fear, my friends, with heavenly manna fed,
(Our old forefathers' crime) we lust for bread.
Long since by God from bondage drawn, I fear,
We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln here.
Cheat not yourselves with words; for, though a king
Be the mild name, a tyrant is the thing.
Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see
How mild a thing unbounded man will be,
He 'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap blood to spill,
Where'er his guideless passion leads his will:
Ambition, lust, or spleen, his wars will raise;
Your lives' best price his thirst of wealth or praise:
Your ablest sons for his proud guards he 'll take,
And by such hands your yoke more grievous make:
Your daughters and dear wives he 'll force away;
His luxury some, and some his lust, t' obey,
His idle friends your hungry toils shall eat,
Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your blood and sweat,
Then you 'll all sigh, but sighs will treasons be;
And not your griefs themselves, or looks, be free:
Robb'd ev'n of hopes, when you these ills sustain,
Your watery eyes you 'll then turn back in vain
On your old judges, and perhaps on me,
Nay, ev'n my sons, howe'er they unhappy be
In your displeasure now; not that I 'd clear
Their guilt, or mine own innocence endear:
Witness th' unutterable Name, there 's nought
Of private ends into this question brought.
But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
Why man your God, and passion made your law?'

" Methinks" (thus Moab interrupts him here)
" The good old seer 'gainst kings was too severe.
'Tis jest to tell a people that they're free:
Who, or how many, shall their masters be
Is the sole doubt; laws guide, but cannot reign;
And, though they bind not kings, yet they restrain.
I dare affirm (so much I trust their love)
That no one Moabite would his speech approve.
But, pray go on."—" 'Tis true, sir," he replies,
" Yet men whom age and action render wise
So much great changes fear, that they believe
All evils will, which may, from them arrive.
On men resolv'd these threats were spent in vain;
All that his power or eloquence could obtain
Was, to inquire God's will ere they proceed
T' a work that would so much his blessing need.
A solemn day for this great work is set;
And at th' anointed tent all Israel met
Expect th' event; below, fair bullocks fry
In hallow'd flames; above, there mount on high
The precious clouds of incense; and, at last,
The sprinkling, prayers, and all due honours, past,
Lo! we the sacred bells o' th' sudden hear,
And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear.
His ephod, mitre, well-cut diadem, on;
Th' oraculous stones on his rich breast-plate shone.
Tow'rds the blue curtains of God's holiest place
(The temple's bright third Heaven) he turned his face;
Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn music play'd,
And at third rest thus the great prophet pray'd:—
' Almighty God, to whom all men that be
Owe all they have, yet none so much as we;
Who, though thou fill'st the spacious world alone,
Thy too-small court, hast made this place thy throne;
With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo! here,
Blest Abraham's seed implores thy gracious ear;
Hear them, great God! and thy just will inspire;
From thee, their long-known King, they a king desire.
Some gracious signs of thy good pleasure send;
Which lo! with souls resign'd, we humbly here attend."

" He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend horrour seiz'd the rout;
The whole tent shakes, the flames on th' altar by
In thick dull rolls mount slow and heavily;
The seven lamps wink; and, what does most dismay,
Th' oraculous gems shut-in their natural day;
The ruby's cheek grew pale; the emerald by
Faded; a cloud o'ercast the sapphir's sky;
The diamond's eye look'd sleepy; and swift night,
Of all those little suns eclips'd the light:
Sad signs of God's dread anger for our sin:—
But straight a wondrous brightness from within
Strook through the curtains; for no earthly cloud [shroud;
Could those strong beams of heavenly glory
The altar's fire burn'd pure, and every stone
Their radiant parent, the gay, Sun out-shone;
Beauty th' illustrious vision did impart
To every face, and joy to every heart;

In glad effects God's presence thus appear'd,
And thus in wondrous sounds his voice was heard:—
'This stubborn land sins still, nor is it thee, but us
(Who 'ave been so long their king) they seek to cast off thus; [strove
Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff nation
T' exhaust the boundless stores of our unfathom'd love.
Be't so then; yet once more are we resolv'd to try
T' outweary them through all their sins' variety:
Assemble, ten days hence, the numerous people here,
To draw the royal lot which our hid mark shall bear.
Dismiss them now in peace; but their next crime shall bring
Ruin without redress on them, and on their king.'
"Th' Almighty spoke; th' astonish'd people part
With various stamps impress'd on every heart:
Some their demand repented, others prais'd;
Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.
"There dwelt a man, nam'd Cis, in Gibeah town,
For wisdom much, and much for courage, known;
More for his son; his mighty son was Saul,
Whom nature, ere the lots, t' a throne did call.
He was much prince, and when, or wheresoe'er,
His birth had been, then had he reign'd, and there.
Such beauty, as great strength thinks no disgrace,
Smil'd in the manly features of his face;
His large, black eyes, fill'd with a spriteful light,
Shot forth such lively and illustrious night,
As the Sun-beams, on jet reflecting, show;
His hair, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow;
His tall straight body amidst thousands stood,
Like some fair pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler wood.
Of all our rural sports he was the pride;
So swift, so strong, so dextrous, none beside.
Rest was his toil, labours his lust and game;
No natural wants could his fierce diligence tame,
Not thirst nor hunger; he would journeys go
Through raging heats, and take repose in snow.
His soul was ne'er unbent from weighty care;
But active as some mind that turns a sphere.
His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
Nor step'd aside for dangers or delight.
Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee;
But born t' affright, and not to fear was he.
His wit was strong, not fine; and on his tongue
An artless grace, above all eloquence, hung.
These virtues too the rich unusual dress
Of modesty adorn'd, and humbleness;
Like a rich varnish o'er fair pictures laid,
More fresh and lasting they the colours made.
Till power and violent fortune, which did find
No stop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his mind,
Did, deluge-like, the natural forms deface,
And brought forth unknown monsters in their place.
Forbid it, God! my master's spots should be,
Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!
But such he was; and now to Ramah went
(So God dispos'd) with a strange, low intent.
Great God! he went lost asses to inquire,
And a small present, his small question's hire,
Brought simply with him to that man to give,
From whom high Heaven's chief gifts he must receive: [things
Strange play of Fate! when mightiest human
Hang on such small, imperceptible strings!
'Twas Samuel's birth-day; a glad annual feast
All Rama kept; Samuel his wondering guest
With such respect leads to it, and does grace
With the choice meats o' th' feast, and highest place;
Which done, him forth alone the prophet brings,
And feasts his ravish'd ears with nobler things:
He tells the mighty fate to him assign'd,
And with great rules fill'd his capacious mind;
Then takes the sacred vial, and does shed
A crown of mystic drops around his head;
Drops of that royal moisture which does know
No mixture, and disdains the place below.
Soon comes the kingly day, and with it brings
A new account of time upon his wings.
The people met, the rites and prayers all past,
Behold! the heaven-instructed lot is cast;
'Tis taught by Heaven its way, and cannot miss;
Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the house of Cis:
As glimmering stars, just at th' approach of day
Cashier'd by troops, at last drop all away;
By such degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,
And, like the Sun, Saul's lot shines all alone.
Ev'n here perhaps the people's shout was heard,
The loud long shout, when God's fair choice appear'd:
Above the whole vast throng he appeared so tall,
As if by Nature made for th' head of all;
So full of grace and state, that one might know
'Twas some wise eye the blind lot guided so:
But blind unguided lots have more of choice
And constancy than the slight vulgar's voice.
Ere yet the crown of sacred oil is dry,
Whilst echoes yet preserve the joyful cry,
Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,
Some envy Saul, some scorn the house of Cis:
Some their first mutinous wish, 'a king!' repent,
As if, since that, quite spoil'd by God's consent:
Few to this prince their first just duties pay:
All leave the old, but few the new obey.
Thus changes man, but God is constant still
To those eternal grounds that mov'd his will;
And, though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit
That stubborn men at last to him submit.
As midst the main a low small island lies,
Assaulted round with stormy seas and skies,
Whilst the poor heartless natives, every hour,
Darkness and noise seem ready to devour;
Such Israel's state appear'd, whilst o'er the west
Philistian clouds hung threatening, and from th' east
All nations' wrath into one tempest joins,
Through which proud Nahash like fierce lightning shines;
Tygris and Nile to his assistance send,
And waters to swoln Jaboc's torrent lend;
Seir, Edom, Soba, Amalek, add their force;
Up with them march the three Arabias' horse;
And, 'mongst all these, none more their hope or pride,
Than those few troops your warlike land supply'd.
Around weak Japesh this vast host does lie,
Disdains a dry and bloodless victory.

The hopeless town for slavery does entreat;
But barbarous Nahash thinks that grace too great;
He (his first tribute) their right eyes demands,
And with their faces' shame disarms their hands.
If unreliev'd seven days by Israel's aid,
This bargain for o'er-rated life is made.
Ah, mighty God! let thine own Israel be
Quite blind itself, ere this reproach it see!
"By his wanton people the new king forsook,
To homely, rural cares himself betook;
In private plenty liv'd, without the state,
Lustre, and noise, due to a public fate.
Whilst he his slaves and cattle follows home,
Lo! the sad messengers, from Jabesh come,
Implore his help, and weep, as if they meant
That way at least proud Nahash to prevent.
Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his strict command
He issues forth t' assemble all the land;
He threatens high, and disobedient they,
Wak'd by such princely terrours, learnt t' obey.
A mighty host is rais'd; th' important cause
Age from their rest, youth from their pleasure, draws;
Arm'd as unfurnish'd haste could them provide;
But conduct, courage, anger, that supply'd.
All night they march, and are at th' early dawn
On Jabesh' heath in three fair bodies drawn:
Saul did himself the first and strongest band,
His son the next, Abner the third, command.—
But pardon, sir, if, naming Saul's great son,
I stop with him awhile ere I go on.—
"This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,
The beautifull'st and best, of human race;
That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain
All that kind mothers' wishes can contain!
His courage such as it no stop can know,
And victory gains by astonishing the foe;
With lightning's force his enemies it confounds,
And melts their hearts ere it the bosom wounds;
Yet he the conquer'd with such sweetness gains,
As captive lovers find in beauty's chains:
In war, the adverse troops he does assail
Like an impetuous storm of wind and hail;
In peace, like gentlest dew that does assuage
The burning months, and temper Syrius' rage;
Kind as the Sun's blest influence; and, where'er
He comes, plenty and joy attend him there:
To help seems all his power; his wealth, to give;
To do much good, his sole prerogative:
And yet this general bounty of his mind,
That with wide arms embraces all mankind,
Such artful prudence does to each divide,
With different measures all are satisfy'd;
Just as wise God his plenteous manna dealt;
Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
To all relations their just rights he pays,
And worth's reward above its claim does raise;
The tenderest husband, master, father, son,
And all those parts by his friendship far outdone;
His love to friends no bound or rule does know,
What he to Heaven, all that to him they owe.
Keen as his sword, and pointed, is his wit;
His judgment, like best armour, strong and fit;
And such an eloquence to both these does join,
As makes in both beauty and use combine;
Through which a noble tincture does appear,
By learning and choice books imprinted there:
As wel he knows all times and persons gone,
As he himself to th' future shall be known:
But his chief study is God's sacred law,
And all his life does comments on it draw;—
As never more by Heaven to man was given,
So never more was paid by man to Heaven.—
And all these virtues were to ripeness grown,
Ere yet his flower or youth was fully blown;
All autumn's store did his rich spring adorn;
Like trees in Paradise, he with fruit was born.
Such is his soul; and if, as some men tell,
Souls form and build those mansions where they dwell,
Whoe'er but sees his body must confess,
The architect, no doubt, could be no less.
From Saul his growth and manly strength he took,
Chastis'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look;
Not bright Ahinoam, Beauty's loudest name,
(Till she t' her children lost with joy her fame)
Had sweeter strokes, colours more fresh and fair,
More darting eyes, or lovelier auburn hair.
Forgive me, that I thus your patience wrong,
And on this boundless subject stay so long,
Where too much haste ever to end 'twould be,
Did not his acts speak what's untold by me.
Though, from the time his hands a sword could wield,
He ne'er miss'd fame and danger in the field,
Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,
Since Saul's bright crown gave lustre to his worth;
'Twas the last morning whose uncheerful rise
Sad Jabesh was to view with both their eyes.
Secure proud Nahash slept, as in his court,
And dreamt, vain man! of that day's barbarous sport,
Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke;
Till into his camp our violent army broke.
The careless guards with small resistance kill'd,
Slaughter the camp, and wild confusion, fill'd;
Nahash his fatal duty does perform,
And marches boldly up t' outface the storm;
Fierce Jonathan he meets, as he pursues
Th' Arabian horse, and a hot fight renews:
'Twas here your troops behav'd themselves so well,
Till Uz and Jathan, their stout colonels, fell.
'Twas here our victory stopp'd, and gave us cause
Much to suspect th' intention of her pause;
But, when our thundering prince Nahash espy'd,
(Who, with a courage equal to his pride,
Broke through our troops, and tow'rds him boldly press'd)
A generous joy leap'd in his youthful breast:
As when a wrathful dragon's dismal light
Strikes suddenly some warlike eagle's sight,
The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,
He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
With vain though violent force their darts they flung;
In Ammon's plated belt Jonathan's hung,
And stopp'd there; Ammon did his helmet hit,
And, gliding off, bore the proud crest from it;
Straight with their swords to the fierce shock they came,
Their swords, their armour, and their eyes, shot flame;
Blows strong as thunder, thick as rain, they dealt,
Which more than they th' engag'd spectators felt;
In Ammon force, in Jonathan address
(Though both were great in both to an excess)
To the well-judging eye did most appear
Honour and anger in both equal were.

Two wounds our prince receiv'd and Ammon three,
Which he, enrag'd to feel, and sham'd to see,
Did his whole strength into one blow collect;
And as a spaniel, when we our aim direct
To shoot some bird, impatiently stands by
Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,
Just as it drops, upon the wounded prey:
So waited Death itself to bear away
The threaten'd life; did glad and greedy stand
At sight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.
Our watchful prince by bending sav'd the wound:
But Death in other coin his reckoning found;
For whilst th' immoderate stroke's miscarrying force
Had almost borne the striker from his horse,
A nimble thrust his active enemy made; [blade,
'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious
And opened wide those secret vessels, where
Life's light goes out, when first they let in air.
He falls! his armour clanks against the ground,
From his faint tongue imperfect curses sound.
His amaz'd troops straight cast their arms away;
Scarce fled his soul from thence more swift than they.
As when two kings of neighbour hives, (whom rage
And thirst of empire in fierce wars engage,
Whilst each lays claim to th' garden as his own,
And seeks t' usurp the bordering flowers alone)
Their well armed troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
In th' air's wide plain dispute their doubtful [right;
If by sad chance of battle either king
Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sting,
His army's hopes and courage with him die;
They sheathe up their faint swords, and routed fly.
On th' other sides at once, with like success,
Into the camp great Saul and Abner press;
From Jonathan's part a wild mix'd noise they hear,
And, whatsoe'er it mean, long to be there;
At the same instant from glad Jabesh' town
The hasty troops march loud and cheerful down;
Some few at first with vain resistance fall,
The rest is slaughter and vast conquest all.
The fate by which our host thus far had gone,
Our host with noble heat drove farther on;
Victorious arms through Ammon's land it bore;
Ruin behind, and Terrour march'd before: [sight,
Where'er from Rabba's towers they cast their
Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear the night.
This bright success did Saul's first action bring;
The oil, the lot, and crown, less crown'd him king:
The happy, all men judge for empire fit,
And none withstands where Fortune does submit.
Those who before did God's fair choice withstand,
Th' excessive vulgar now to death demand;
But wiser Saul repeal'd their hasty doom;
Conquest abroad, with mercy crown'd at home;
Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that day's pride,
Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.
Again the crown th' assembled people give,
With greater joy than Saul could it receive;
Again th' old judge resigns his sacred place
(God glorify'd with wonders his disgrace);
With decent pride, such as did well befit
The name he kept, and that which he did quit:
The long past row of happy years he show'd
Which to his heavenly government they ow'd;
How the torn state his just and prudent reign
Restor'd to order, plenty, power, again;
In war what conquering miracles he wrought;—
God, then their King, was General when they fought; [he,
Whom they depos'd with him—'And that,' said
'You may see God concern'd in t' more than me,
Behold how storms his angry presence shroud!
Hark how his wrath in thunder threats aloud!'
'Twas now the ripen'd summer's highest rage;
Which no faint cloud durst meditate to assuage;
Th' Earth hot with thirst, and hot with lust for rain,
Gap'd and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
Which straight were scatter'd or devour'd by th' Sun;
When, lo! here scarce the active speech was done,
A violent wind rose from his secret cave,
And troops of frighted clouds before it drave:
Whilst with rude haste the confus'd tempest crouds,
Swift, dreadful flames shot through th' encountring clouds, [broke,
From whose torn womb th' imprison'd thunder
And in dire sounds the prophet's sense it spoke;
Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,
As if the waters 'bove the firmament
Were all let loose; horrour and fearful noise
Fill'd the black scene; till the great prophet's voice,
Swift as the wings of Morn, reduc'd the day;
Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at once away. [moves,
'Fear not,' said he; 'God his fierce wrath re-
And, though this state my service disapproves,
My prayers shall serve it constantly. No more,
I hope a pardon for past sins t' implore;
But just rewards from gracious Heaven to bring
On the good deeds of you, and of our king.
Behold him there! and as you see, rejoice
In the kind care of God's impartial choice.
Behold his beauty, courage, strength, and wit!
The honour Heaven has cloathed him with, sits [fit
And comely on him; since you needs must be
Rul'd by a king, you're happy that 'tis he.
Obey him gladly; and let him to know
You were not made for him, but he for you,
And both for God;
Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,
In vain shall he command, and you obey;
To foreign tyrants both shall slaves become,
Instead of king and subjects here at home.'
"The crown thus several ways confirm'd to Saul,
One way was wanting yet to crown them all;
And that was force, which only can maintain
The power that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain.
Three thousand guards of big bold men he took;
Tall, terrible, and guards ev'n with their look:
His sacred person two, and throne, defend;
The third, on matchless Jonathan attend;
O'er whose full thoughts honour, and youthful heat,
Sate brooding, to hatch actions good and great.
On Geba first, where a Philistian band
Lies, and around torments the fetter'd land.
He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage
Mix'd with design his nation to engage
In that just war, which from them long in vain,
Honour and Freedom's voice had strove t' obtain.

Th' accurs'd Philistian, rous'd with this bold blow,
All the proud marks of enrag'd power does show;
Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering host:
If human strength might authorize a boast,
Their threats had reason here; for ne'er did we
Ourselves so weak, or foe so potent, see.
Here we vast bodies of their foot espy,
The rear out-reaches far th' extended eye;
Like fields of corn their armed squadrons stand;
As thick and numberless they hide the land.
Here with sharp neighs the warlike horses sound,
And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground;
Here with worse noise three thousand chariots pass,
With plates of iron bound, or louder brass;
About it forks, axes, and scythes, and spears,
Whole magazines of death each chariot bears;
Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
And with lopp'd panting limbs the field bestrows:
Alike, the valiant and the cowards die;
Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.
In this proud equipage, at Macmas they,
Saul in much different state at Gilgal, lay;
His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd,
Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud.
The quick contagion, Fear, ran swift through all,
And into trembling fits the infected fall.
Saul and his son (for no such faint disease
Could on their strong complexion'd valour seize)
In vain all parts of virtuous conduct show'd,
And on deaf Terrour generous words bestow'd:
Thousands from thence fly scatter'd every day,
Thick as the leaves that shake and drop away,
When they th' approach of stormy winter find,
The noble tree all bare expos'd to th' wind.
Some to sad Jordan fly, and swim 't for haste,
And from his farther bank look back at last:
Some into woods and caves their cattle drive;
There with their beasts on equal terms they live,
Nor deserve better: some in rocks on high,
The old retreats of storks and ravens, lie;
And, were they wing'd like them, scarce would they dare
To stay, or trust their frighted safety there.
As th' host with fear, so Saul disturb'd with care,
T' avert these ills by sacrifice and prayer,
And God's blest will t' inquire, for Samuel sends;
Whom he six days with troubled haste attends;
But, ere the seventh unlucky day (the last
By Samuel set for this great work) was past,
Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighbouring foe;
Impatient, ere God's time, God's mind to know;
Sham'd and enrag'd to see his troops decay;
Jealous of an affront in Samuel's stay;
Scorning that any's presence should appear
Needful besides, when he himself was there;
And, with a pride too natural, thinking Heaven
Had given him all, because much power 't had given)
Himself the sacrifice and offerings made;
Himself did the high selected charge invade:
Himself inquir'd of God; who then spake nought;
But Samuel straight his dreadful answer brought:
For straight he came, and, with a virtue bold
As was Saul's sin, the fatal message told;
His foul ingratitude to Heaven he chid,
To pluck that fruit, which was alone forbid
To kingly power, in all that plenteous land,
Where all things else submit to his command.
'And, as fair Eden's violated tree
T' immortal man brought in mortality:
So shall that crown, which God eternal meant,
From thee, said he, 'and thy great house be rent;
Thy crime shall death to all thine honours send,
And give thy immortal royalty an end.
Thus spoke the prophet; but kind Heaven, we hope,
(Whose threats and anger know no other scope,
But man's amendment) does long since relent,
And, with repentant Saul, itself repent.
Howe'er (though none more pray for this than we,
Whose wrongs and sufferings might some colour be
To do it less) this speech we sadly find
Still extant, and still active in his mind;
But then a worse effect of it appear'd—
Our army, which before modestly fear'd,
Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,
Disbanded now, and fled in troops away:
Base fear so bold and impudent does grow,
When an excuse and colour it can show!
Six hundred only (scarce a princely train)
Of all his host with distress'd Saul remain;
Of his whole host six hundred; and ev'n those
(So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose!
Nor would that useless multitudes should share
In that great gift it did for one prepare)
Arm'd not like soldiers marching in a war,
But country-hinds alarmed from afar
By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known sound
Raises th' affrighted villages around.
Some goads, flails, plow-shares, forks, or axes, bore,
Made for life's use and better ends before;
Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows dry'd
I' th' fire, the first rude arts that Malice try'd
Ere man the sins of too much knowledge knew,
And Death by long experience witty grew.
Such were the numbers, such the arms, which we
Had by Fate left us for a victory
O'er well-arm'd millions; nor will this appear
Useful itself when Jonathan was there.
"'Twas just the time when the new ebb of night
Did the moist world unvail to human sight;
The prince, who all that night the field had beat
With a small party and no enemy met,
(So proud and so secure the enemy lay,
And drench'd in sleep th' excesses of the day!)
With joy this good occasion did embrace,
With better leisure, and at nearer space,
The strength and order of their camp to view:
Abdon alone his generous purpose knew;
Abdon, a bold, a brave, and comely youth,
Well-born, well-bred, with honour fill'd and truth;
Abdon, his faithful squire, whom much he lov'd,
And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd;
Abdon, whose love t' his master did exceed
What Nature's law, or Passion's power, could breed;
Abdon alone did on him now attend,
His humblest servant, and his dearest friend.
"They went, but sacred fury, as they went,
Chang'd swiftly, and exalted his intent.
'What may this be!' (the Prince breaks forth) 'I find
God, or some powerful spirit, invades my mind.

From aught but Heaven can never sure be brought
So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought;
Nor would ill fate, that meant me to surprise,
Come cloth'd in so unlikely a disguise.
Yon host, which its proud fishes spreads so wide
O'er the whole land, like some swoln river's tide;
Which terrible and numberless appears,
As the thick waves which their rough ocean bears;
Which lies so strongly encamped, that one would say,
The hill might be remov'd as soon as they;
We two alone must fight with and defeat:
Thou 'rt struck, and startest at a sound so great!
Yet we must do 't; God our weak hands has chose
T' ashame the boasted numbers of our foes;
Which to his strength no more proportion bears,
Than millions are of hours to his eternity.
If, when their careless guards espy us here,
With sportful scorn they call t' us to come near,
We 'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;
Not they, but Israel's angel, gives the call.'
He spoke, and as he spoke, a light divine
Did from his eyes, and round his temples, shine;
Louder his voice, larger his limbs, appear'd;
Less seem'd the numerous army to be fear'd.
This saw, and heard with joy, the brave esquire,
As he with God's, fill'd with his master's fire:
'Forbid it, Heaven,' said he, 'I should decline,
Or wish, sir, not to make your danger mine;
The great example which I daily see
Of your high worth is not so lost on me;
If wonder-struck I at your words appear,
My wonder yet is innocent of fear:
Th' honour which does your princely breast inflame,
Warms mine too, and joins there with duty's name.
If in this act ill fate our tempter be,
May all the ill it means be aim'd at me!
But sure, I think, God leads; nor could you bring
So high thoughts from a less-exalted spring.
Bright signs through all your words and looks are spread,
A rising victory dawns around your head.'
With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,
Lo, to the fatal place, and work they came.
"Strongly encamp'd on a steep hill's large head,
Like some vast wood the mighty host was spread;
Th' only access on neighbouring Gabaa's side,
An hard and narrow way, which did divide
Two cliffy rocks, Boses and Senes nam'd,
Much for themselves, and their big strangeness fam'd;
More for their fortune and this stranger day.
On both their points Philistian-out guards lay,
From whence the two bold spies they first espy'd;
And, lo! the Hebrews! proud Eleanor cry'd,
From Senes' top; lo! from their hungry caves,
A quicker fate here sends them to their graves.
'Come up' (aloud he cries to them below)
'Ye Egyptian slaves, and to our mercy owe
The rebel-lives long since t' our justice due.'
Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,
When th' inspir'd prince did nimbly understand
God, and his God-like virtues' high command.
It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent
With pain, and labour, haste and joy, they went.
Eleanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought
His mighty words th' affrighted suppliants brought;
Did new affronts to the great Hebrew Name,
(The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame.
Short was his spout; for, swift as thunder's stroke
Rives the frail trunk of some heaven-threatening oak,
The prince's sword did his proud head divide;
The parted skull hung down on either side.
Just as he fell, his vengeful steel he drew
Half-way (no more the trembling joints could do)
Which Abdon snatch'd, and dy'd it in the blood
Of an amazed wretch that next him stood.
Some close to earth, shaking and groveling, lie,
Like lasks when they the tyrant hobby spy;
Some, wonder-strook, stand fix'd; some fly; some run
Wildly, at th' unintelligible alarm.
Like the main channel of an high-swoln flood,
In vain by dikes and broken words withstood;
So Jonathan, once climb'd th' opposing hill,
Does all around with noise and ruin fill:
Like some large arm of which, another way
Abdon o'erflows; him too no bank can stay.
With cries th' affrighted country flies before,
Behind the following waters loudly roar,
Twenty, at least, slain on this outguard lie,
To th' adjoin'd camp, the rest distracted fly;
And ill-mix'd wonders tell, and into 't bear
Blind Terror, deaf Disorder, helpless Fear.
The conquerors too press boldly in behind,
Doubling the wild confusions which they find.
Hangar at first, the prince of Ashdod town,
Chief 'mongst the five in riches and renown,
And general then by course, oppos'd their way,
Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay,
And curs'd the heavens for rage, and bit the ground;
His life, for ever spilt, stain'd all the grass around.
His brother too, who virtuous haste did make
His fortune to revenge, or to partake,
Falls groveling o'er his trunk, on mother Earth;
Death mix'd no less their bloods than did their birth.
Meanwhile the well-pleased Abdon's restless sword
Dispatch'd the following train t' attend their lord.
On still, o'er panting corpse, great Jonathan led;
Hundreds before him fell, and thousands fled.
Prodigious prince! which does most wondrous show,
Thy attempt, or thy success? thy fate or thou?
Who durst alone that dreadful host assail,
With purpose not to die, but to prevail!
Infinite numbers thee no more affright,
Than God, whose unity is infinite.
If Heaven to men such mighty thoughts would give,
What breast but thine capacious to receive
The vast infusion? or what soul but thine
Durst have believ'd that thought to be divine?
Thou follow'dst Heaven in the design, and we
Find in the act 'twas Heaven that follow'd thee.
Thou led'st on angels, and that sacred band
(The Deity's great lieutenant!) didst command.
'Tis true, sir, and no figure, when I say
Angels themselves fought under him that day.

Clouds, with ripe thunder charg'd, some thither drew,
And some the dire materials brought for new.
Hot drops of southern showers (the sweats of death) [breath;
The voice of storms, and winged whirlwinds'
The flames shot forth from fighting dragons' eyes;
The smokes that from scorch'd fevers' ovens rise;
The reddest fires with which sad comets grow;
And Sodom's neighbouring lake, did spirits bestow
Of finest sulphur; amongst which they put
Wrath, fury, horrour, and all mingled shut
Into a cold moist cloud, t' inflame it more,
And make the enraged prisoner louder roar.
Th' assembled clouds burst o'er their army's head; [spread.
Noise, darkness, dismal lightnings, round them
Another spirit, with a more potent wand
Than that which Nature fear'd in Moses' hand,
And went the way that pleas'd, the mountain strook;
The mountain felt it; the vast mountain shook.
Through the wide air another angel flew
About their host, and thick amongst them threw
Discord, despair, confusion, fear, mistake,
And all th' ingredients that swift ruin make.
The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;
It quickens, and receives at once the seed.
One would have thought, this dismal day t' have seen,
That Nature's self in her death-pangs had been.
Such will the face of that great hour appear;
Such the distracted sinner's conscious fear.
In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay;
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;
Unheard, unheeded, trodden down, they lie,
Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly.
O'er their own foot trampled the violent horse;
The guideless chariots with impetuous course
Cut wide through both; and, all their bloody way,
Horses and men, torn, bruis'd, and mangled, lay.
Some from the rocks cast themselves down headlong;
The faint, weak passion grows so bold and strong!
To almost certain present death they fly,
From a remote and causeless fear to die.
Much different errour did some troops possess;
And madness, that look'd better, though no less:
Their fellow-troops for th' enter'd foe they take;
And Israel's war with mutual slaughter make.
Meanwhile the king from Gabaa's hill did view,
And hear, the thickening tumult, as it grew
Still great and loud; and, though he knows not why
They fled, no more than they themselves that fly.
Yet, by the storms and terrours of the air,
Guesses some vengeful spirit's working there;
Obeys the loud occasion's sacred call,
And fiercely on the trembling host does fall.
At the same time their slaves and prisoners rise;
Nor does their much-wish'd liberty suffice
Without revenge; the scatter'd arms they seize,
And their proud vengeance with the memory please
Of who so lately bore them. All about,
From rocks and caves, the Hebrews issue out
At the glad noise; joy'd that their foes had shown
A fear that drowns the scandal of their own.
Still did the prince 'midst all this storm appear,
Still scatter'd death and terrours every where;
Still did he break, still blunt, his wearied swords;
Still slaughter new supplies t' his hand affords.
Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,
And, till at last all fled, scorn'd to pursue.
All fled at last, but many in vain; for still
Th' insatiate conqueror was more swift to kill
Than they to save their lives. Till, lo! at last,
Nature, whose power he had so long surpass'd,
Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,
Drought, faintness, and fierce hunger, did oppose.
Reeking all o'er in dust, and blood, and sweat,
Burnt with the Sun's and violent action's heat,
'Gainst an old oak his trembling limbs he staid,
For some short ease; Fate in the old oak had laid
Provisions up for his relief; and lo!
The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow.
With timely food his decay'd spirits recruit,
Strong he returns, and fresh, to the pursuit;
His strength and spirits the honey did restore;
But, oh! the bitter-sweet strange poison bore!
Behold, sir, and mark well the treacherous fate,
That does so close on human glories wait!
Behold the strong, and yet fantastic net,
T' ensnare triumphant Virtue darkly set!
Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought,
The prince—who had alone that morning fought
A duel with an host, had th' host o'erthrown,
And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with one;
Wash'd-off his country's shame, and doubly dy'd
In blood and blushes the Philistian pride;
Had sav'd and fix'd his father's tottering crown,
And the bright gold new burnish'd with renown,—
Should be ere night, by 's king and father's breath,
Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
Destin'd the bloody sacrifice to be
Of thanks, himself, for his own victory?
Alone, with various fate, like to become,
Fighting, an host; dying, an hecatomb?
Yet such, sir, was his case;
For Saul, who fear'd lest the full plenty might
(In the abandon'd camp expos'd to fight)
His hungry men from the pursuit dissuade,
A rash, but solemn vow to Heaven had made—
'Curs'd be the wretch, thrice cursed let him be,
Who shall touch food this busy day,' said he,
'Whilst the blest Sun does with his favouring light
Assist our vengeful swords against their flight:
Be he thrice curst! and, if his life we spare,
On us those curses fall that he should bear!'
Such was the king's rash vow; who little thought
How near to him Fate th' application brought.
The two-edged oath wounds deep, perform'd or broke;
Ev'n perjury its least and bluntest stroke.
'Twas his own son, whom God and mankind lov'd,
His own victorious son, that he devov'd,
On whose bright head the baleful curses light:
But Providence, his helmet in the fight,
Forbids their entrance or their settling there;
They with brute sound dissolv'd into the air.
Him what religion, or what vow, could bind,
Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find

Entangled in 't? whilst wonders he did do,
Must he die now for not being prophet too?
To all but him this oath was meant and said;
He, afar off, the ends for which 'twas made
Was acting then, till, faint and out of breath,
He grew half-dead with toil of giving death.
What could his crime in this condition be,
Excus'd by ignorance and necessity?
Yet the remorseless king—who did disdain
That man should hear him swear or threat in vain,
Though 'gainst himself; or Fate a way should see
By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be;
Who thought compassion female weakness here,
And equity injustice would appear
In his own cause; who falsely fear'd, beside,
The solemn curse on Jonathan did abide,
And, the infected limb not cut away,
Would like a gangrene o'er all Israel stray—
Prepar'd this god-like sacrifice to kill,
And his rash vow more rashly to fulfil.
What tongue can th' horrour and amazement tell
Which on all Israel that sad moment fell!
Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
Had the Philistian fate that day been theirs.
Not Saul's proud heart could master his swoln eye;
The prince alone stood mild and patient by;
So bright his sufferings, so triumphant show'd,
Less to the best than worst of fates he ow'd.
A victory now he o'er himself might boast;
He conquer'd now that conqueror of an host.
It charm'd though tears the sad spectator's sight,
Did reverence, love, and gratitude, excite,
And pious rage; with which inspir'd, they now
Oppose to Saul's a better public vow.
They all consent all Israel ought to be
Accurs'd and kill'd themselves, rather than he.
Thus with kind force they the glad king withstood,
And sav'd their wondrous saviour's sacred blood!"
Thus David spoke; and much did yet remain
Behind, th' attentive prince to entertain;
Edom and Zoba's war—for what befel
In that of Moab, was known there too well:
The boundless quarrel with curs'd Amalek's land;
Where Heaven itself did cruelty command,
And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did ere
More punish innocent blood, than pity there.
But lo! they arriv'd now at th' appointed place;
Well-chosen and well-furnish'd for the chase.

A

DISCOURSE,

BY WAY OF VISION,

CONCERNING THE

GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

It was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuosos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed, than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which, too, divers princes in the persons of their ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their brother) were pleased to attend; the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and

therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expense, much magnificence, much vainglory; briefly, a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight. At last (for it seemed long to me, and like his short reign too, very tedious) the whole scene passed by; and I retired back to my chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the mourners; where I began to reflect on the whole life of this prodigious man: and sometimes I was filled with horrour and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and success; till, by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked as it were asleep, I fell at last into this vision; or if you please to call it but a dream, I shall not take it ill, because the father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God.

But sure it was no dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. Paul, I know not) and found myself on the top of that famous hill in the island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not-long-since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked on them, the "not-long-since" struck upon my memory, and called forth the sad representation of all the sins, and all the miseries, that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours; and, when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a sighing for an hour more; and, as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of speech and reason, I broke forth as I remember (looking upon England) into this complaint:

Ah, happy Isle, how art thou chang'd and curs'd,
Since I was born and knew thee first!
When Peace, which had forsook the world around,
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
Thee for a private place of rest,
And a secure retirement, chose
Wherein to build her halcyon nest;
No wind durst stir abroad, the air to discompose:

When all the riches of the globe beside
Flow'd in to thee with every tide;
When all, that Nature did thy soil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful industry;
When all the proud and dreadful sea,
And all his tributary streams,
A constant tribute paid to thee;
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames:

When Plenty in each village did appear,
And Bounty was its steward there;
When Gold walk'd free about in open view,
Ere it one conquering party's prisoner grew;
When the Religion of our state
Had face and substance with her voice,
Ere she by her foolish loves of late,
Like Echo (once a nymph) turn'd only into noise:

When men to men, respect and friendship bore,
And God with reverence did adore,
When upon Earth no kingdom could have shown
A happier monarch to us, than our own:
And yet his subjects by him were
(Which is a truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,
A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.

Thou dost a chaos, and confusion, now,
A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow,
And like a frantic person, thou dost tear [wear,
The ornaments and clothes which thou should'st
And cut thy limbs; and, if we
(Just as thy barbarous Britons did)
Thy body with hypocrisy
Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame is hid.

The nations, which envied thee erewhile,
Now laugh, (too little 'tis to smile)
They laugh, and would have pitied thee, alas!
But that thy faults all pity do surpass.
Art thou the country, which didst hate
And mock the French inconstancy?
And have we, have we seen of late
Less change of habits there, than governments in thee?

Unhappy Isle! no ship of thine at sea,
Was ever tost and torn like thee.
Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,
The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;
What did thy foolish pilots ail,
To lay the compass quite aside?
Without a law or rule to sail,
And rather take the winds, than heavens, to be their guide!

Yet, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating isle from shipwreck save;
And though, to wash that blood which does it stain,
It well deserve to sink into the main;
Yet, for the royal martyr's prayer
(The royal martyr prays, we know)
This guilty, perishing vessel spare;
Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below!

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant; or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked; but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over, with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars; and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal, (as I guessed) and that looked as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right-hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was, Pax quæritur bello; and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine; yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly "What art thou?" And he said, "I am called the north-west principality, his highness, the protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereto; for I am that angel, to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms; which thou seest from this place." And I answered and said, "If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past, your highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man, had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector, as was his predecessor Richard the third to the king his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had, as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather have received a constant Turk, than this every month's apostate; such a protector, as man is to his flocks which he shears, and sells, or devours himself, and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a protector—" and as I was proceeding, methoughts his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that Cromwell among all his foreign correspondences had ever held any with angels. However I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then! and therefore (as if I had spoken to the protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him "that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know."

At which he told me "that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalised English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman, (said he, very kindly and very flatteringly) for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue, What can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the Earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and to spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to over-run each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the Earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth: to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs[1]?"

By this speech, I began to understand perfectly well what kind of angel his pretended highness was; and having fortified myself privately with a short mental prayer, and with the sign of the cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my baptism in Christ), I grew a little bolder, and replied in this manner: "I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great, and (I confess) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an angel; and if such you be, sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty: for sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the laws of moral and natural honesty, if we approve of the actions of

[1] Mr. Hume has inserted this character of Cromwell, but altered, as he says, in some particulars from the original, in his History of Great Britain. Hume.

that man whom I suppose you commend by irony.

"There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but, to sum up a part of it briefly, What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person, such as yourself, qualify him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes as scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself to above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and to strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what? two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all, even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, and to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up counsels of rapine, and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame, as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for the king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abase perfidiously and supplant ingratefully his own general[2] first, and afterwards most of those officers, who, with the loss of their honour, and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally; and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries, than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Molochship? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed?"

Though I had much more to say, (for the life of man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a tyrant) yet, because I had a mind to hear how my strange adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the devil (as they say) his right and fair play in a disputation, I stopped here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he should have broke into a violent passion in behalf of his favourite: but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the dove-like innocency of a serpent that was not yet warmed enough to sting, thus replied to me;

"It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of, (whose greatness is too solid to be shaken by the breath of an oratory) as for your own sake (honest countryman) whom I conceive to err, rather by mistake than out of malice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And, in the first place, I must needs put you in mind of a sentence of the most ancient of the heathen divines, that you men are acquainted withal,

Οὐχ' ὅσιον καλάμοισιν ἐν' ἀνδράσιν αἰχμάζεσθαι.

'Tis wicked with insulting feet to tread
Upon the monuments of the dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no less proper for this subject; for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived."

"Your highness may please (said I) to add the verse that follows, as no less proper for this subject:

Whom God's just doom and their own sins have sent
Already to their punishment.

"But I take this to be the rule in the case, that, when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living: that the curses, which only remain in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth against tyrants (because they are tyrants) whilst they are so, may at least be for ever settled and engraven upon their memories, to deter all others from the like wickedness; which else, in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other men's tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtile a tempter, and the corruption of human nature so susceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly resist it, be he never so much forewarned of the evil consequences; much less if he find not only the concurrence of the present, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The mischief of tyranny is too great even in the shortest time that it can continue; it is endless and insupportable, if the example be to reign too; and if a Lambert must be invited to follow the steps of a Cromwell, as well by the voice of honour, as by the sight of power and riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely, done of the Syracusans, to implead with the forms of their ordinary justice, to condemn and destroy, even the statues of all their tyrants: if it were possible to cut them out of all history, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but, since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a scar, at least let us set such a mark upon their memory,

[2] Sir Thomas Fairfax.

that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories. And, that your highness may perceive, that I speak not all this out of any private animosity against the person of the late protector, I assure you, upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of Marius or Sylla, who never did me, or any friend of mine, the least injury;" and with that, transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rapture:

Curst be the man (what do I wish? as though
The wretch already were not so;
But curst on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great, his countrey[1] to enslave;
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The balance of a nation;
Against the whole but naked state,
Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the weight:

Who of his nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst;
Who would be rather a great monster, than
A well-proportion'd man.
The son of Earth with hundred hand
Upon his three-pil'd mountain stands,
Till thunder strikes him from the sky;
The son of Earth again in his Earth's womb does lie.

What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable reign!
In what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous serpent rise!
But even his forked tongue strikes dead:
When he has rear'd up his wicked head,
He murders with his mortal frown;
A basilisk he grows, if once he get a crown.

But no guards can oppose assaulting fears,
Or undermining tears,
No more than doors or close-drawn curtains keep
The swarming dreams out, when we sleep.
That bloody conscience, too, of his
(For, oh, a rebel red-coat 'tis)
Does here his early Hell begin,
He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels within.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand
Lift up this rod against our land!
A tyrant is a rod, and serpent too,
And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew.
What rivers stain'd with blood have been!
What storm and hail-shot have we seen!
What sores deform'd the ulcerous state!
What darkness, to be felt, has buried us of late!

[1] *Countrey.*] This word, in the sense of *patria*, or as including in it the idea of a *civil constitution*, is always spelt by Mr. Cowley, I observe, with an *e* before *y*,—countrey;—in the sense of *rus*, without an *e*,—country; and this distinction, for the sake of perspicuity, may be worth preserving. Hurd.

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away?
And made even of our sons a prey!
What croaking sects and vermin has it sent,
The restless nation to torment!
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locusts, to devour
The land, which every where they fill!
Nor fly they, Lord! away; no, they devour it still.

Come the eleventh plague, rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the sea.
Come rather pestilence, and reap us down;
Come God's sword rather than our own.
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.

If by our sins the divine justice be
Call'd to this last extremity,
Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent,
To try, if England can repent.
Methinks, at least, some prodigy,
Some dreadful comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
As of good princes death, so of a tyrant's birth.[19]

Here, the spirit of verse beginning a little to fail, I stopt: and his highness, smiling, said, "I was glad to see you engaged in the enclosure of metre; for, if you had staid in the open plain of declaiming against the word tyrant, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired yourself as well as me. But pray, countryman, to avoid this sciomacy, or imaginary combat with words, let me know, sir, what you mean by the name of tyrant, for I remember that, among your ancient authors, not only all kings, but even Jupiter himself (your *juvans pater*) is so termed; and perhaps, as it was used formerly in a good sense, so we shall find it, upon better consideration, to be still a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind; at least, it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be justly applied to the person, who is now the subject of our discourse."

"I call him (said I) a tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the government of his fellow-citizens without any legal authority over them; or who, having a just title to the government of a people, abuses it to the destruction or tormenting of them. So that all tyrants are at the same time usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a part, of that power which they assume to themselves; and no less are they to be accounted rebels, since no man can usurp authority over others, but by rebelling against them who had it before, or at least against those laws which were his superiors: and in all these senses no history can afford us a more evident example of tyranny, or more out of all possibility of excuse or palliation, than that of the person whom you are pleased to defend; whether we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his superiors, or his usurpation of the supreme power to himself, or his tyranny in the exercise of it: and, if law-

ful princes have been esteemed tyrants, by not containing themselves within the bounds of those laws which have been left them, as the sphere of their authority, by their fore-fathers, what shall we say of that man, who, having by right no power at all in this nation, could not content himself with that which had satisfied the most ambitious of our princes? nay, not with those vastly extended limits of sovereignty, which he (disdaining all which had been prescribed and observed before) was pleased (out of great modesty) to set to himself; not abstaining from rebellion and usurpation even against his own laws, as well as those of the nation?"

"Hold, friend, (said his highness, pulling me by my arm) for I see your zeal is transporting you again; whether the protector were a tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power, we shall see anon; it is requisite to examine, first, whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say, that not only he, but no man else, ever was, or can be so; and that for these reasons. First, because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as kings are of all honours in their dominions. Princes are but his viceroys in the little provinces of this world; and to some he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known to himself, or merely for his undisputable good pleasure) he bestows, as it were, leases upon them, and their posterity, for such a date of time as is prefixed in that patent of their destiny, which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for Oliver to succeed Charles in the kingdom of England, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the lord Strafford in the lieutenancy of Ireland, if he had been appointed to it by the king then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with the authority, by that sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all power is attained, either by the election and consent of the people (and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion); or else by a conquest of them (and that gives such a legal authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a tyrant); so that either this title is right, and then there are no usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but usurpers, if you examine the original pretences of the princes of the world. Thirdly, (which, quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his highness) the government of England was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguished by the confusions of a civil war; so that his highness could not be accused to have possessed himself violently of the ancient building of the commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and ashes of the former; and he, who after a deplorable shipwreck, can with extraordinary industry gather together the dispersed and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no less wonderful art and felicity so rejoin them, as to make a new vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his highness had) by the desire of the seamen and passengers themselves. And do but consider, lastly, (for I omit a multitude of weighty things, that might be spoken upon this noble argument) do but consider seriously and impartially with yourself, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage, must of necessity have concurred in the person of that man, who, from so contemptible beginnings (as I observed before) and through so many thousand difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute monarch of this nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of Ireland and Scotland (which the whole force of the world, joined with the Roman virtue, could never attain to); and to crown all this with illustrious and heroical undertakings and successes upon all our foreign enemies: do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess, that his prodigious merits were a better title to imperial dignity, than the blood of an hundred royal progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more nations than envy him the conquest and dominion of these."

"Whoever you are," said I, (my indignation making me somewhat bolder) "your discourse, methinks, becomes as little the person of a tutelar angel, as Cromwell's actions did that of a protector. It is upon these principles, that all the great crimes of the world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time, and in my own country. If these be to be allowed, we must break up human society, retire into the woods, and equally there stand upon our guards against our brethren mankind, and our rebels the wild beasts. For, if there can be no usurpation upon the rights of a whole nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private person; and, if the robbers of countries be God's vicegerents, there is no doubt but the thieves and banditos, and murderers, are his under-officers. It is true which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power; and it is no less true, that he is the creator of serpents, as well as angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends, even in the malice of his own creatures. What power he suffers the Devil to exercise in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience; and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in England: but would you infer from thence, that the power of the Devil is a just and lawful one; and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but some flow from the right hand (as it were) of his goodness, and others from the left hand of his justice; and the world, like an island between these two rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one and sometimes over-run and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till, either by our malice or negligence, we have stopped and dammed up the former.

"But to come a little closer to your argument or rather the image of an argument, your similitude. If Cromwell had come to command in Ire-

land, in the place of the late lord Strafford, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commission which he should first have showed me from our common sovereign that sent him; and, if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in England; but that he was so far from being able to do, that, on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even public proclamations, from God Almighty, not to admit him.

"Your second argument is, that he had the same right for his authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furnish him with arms, only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them) and keep them for ever sheathed in the bowels of his friends? Did we fight for liberty against our prince, that we might become slaves to our servant? This is such an impudent pretence, as neither he nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves.

"The right, certainly, of conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the war is declared, and the victory obtained. So that no whole nation can be said to be conquered, but by foreign force. In all civil wars, men are so far from stating the quarrel against their country, that they do it only against a person or party, which they really believe, or at least pretend, to be pernicious to it; neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. It is our country that raises men in the quarrel, our country that arms, our country that pays, them, our country that authorizes the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder; lastly it is our country that directs and commands the army, and is indeed their general. So that to say, in civil wars, that the prevailing party conquers their country, is to say, the country conquers itself. And, if the general only of that party be the conqueror, the army, by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that victory, by which they lose both their honour and liberty. So that, if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that against which he was sent; and what that was must appear by his commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the king from a good intelligence and conjunction with his people. It was not then against the people. It is so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the conquest did not belong to Cromwell, but to the parliament which employed him in their service, or rather indeed to the king and parliament, for whose service (if there had been any faith in men's vows and protestations) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable conquest remain then in his majesty; and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed, with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by savages and canibals? Was it for king and parliament that we fought; and has it fared with them just as with the army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that Cromwell was not a conqueror, but a thief and robber of the rights of the king and parliament, and an usurper upon those of the people. I do not here deny conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title; but I deny this to be a true conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our princes came not in by such a one. One nation may conquer another sometimes justly; and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them) and not as particular rebels to their country, which is, and ought always to be, their superior and their lord. If perhaps we find usurpation instead of conquest in the original titles of some royal families abroad, (as no doubt there have been many usurpers, before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner) all I can say for them is, that their title was very weak, till, by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one.

"Your third defence of his highness (as your highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of conquest; for then a man may say any thing. The government was broken; who broke it? It was dissolved; who dissolved it? It was extinguished; who was it, but Cromwell, who not only put out the light, but cast away even the very snuff of it? As if a man should murder a whole family, and then possess himself of the house, because it is better that he, than that only rats, should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended angel to give a start and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretension, even though the whole family were destroyed; but the heirs (blessed be God!) are yet surviving, and likely to out-live all heirs of their dispossessors, besides their infamy. Rode, caper, vitem, &c. There will be yet wine enough left for the sacrifice of those wild beasts, that have made so much spoil in the vineyard. But did Cromwell think, like Nero, to set the city on fire, only that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of virtue in his wickedness; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in midst of the combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself master of the palace, as well as plunder the goods of the commonwealth. He was glad to see the public vessel (the sovereign of the seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little canoe, and thought only, with some scattered planks of that great shipwreck, to make a better fisherboat for himself. But when he saw that, by the drowning of the master, (whom he himself treacherously knocked on the head, as he was swimming for his life) by the flight and dispersion of others,

and cowardly patience of the remaining company, all was abandoned to his pleasure; with the old hulk, and new mis-shapen and disagreeing pieces of his own, he made up, with much ado, that piratical vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by its perpetual leaking.

"First then, (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the fable, who cut their old father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lusty again) this man endeavoured to destroy the building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what architect, it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant mountebank; and thirdly (which concerns us nearest), that very new thing, which he made out of the ruins of the old, is no more like the original, either for beauty, use, or duration, than an artificial plant, raised by the fire of a chymist, is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making.

"Your last argument is such (when reduced to syllogism, that the major proposition of it would make strange work in the world, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a nation, has the right of being king over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same family: what would become of us, when every man in England should lay his claim to the government? And truly, if Cromwell should have commenced his plea, when he seems to have begun his ambition, there were few persons besides, that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his deserts, I suppose, you will date from the same term that I do his great demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish, and that with as much charity to him as to the public that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter days); and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky era of our own misfortune; which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of Pompey the Great, Nostrâ miseriâ magnus es. But, because the general ground of your augmentation consists in this, that all men who are effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, must needs have extraordinary forces of nature, by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a wheel; I shall speak first a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

"I have often observed (with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence) that when the fulness and maturity of time is come, that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the clock-house, striking, as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced, that the hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak, but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes:

—Omnia fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos,
Stirpésque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis unâ, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ;
Cùm fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes. Hor. 3 Carm. xxiv.

"And one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so); but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the wisdom and power, of the Roman senate, nor the wit and eloquence of Cicero, nor the courage and virtue of Brutus, was able to defend their country, or themselves, against the unexperienced rashness of a beardless boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous madman. The valour and prudent counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardice on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one general saves his life, and gains the whole world, by a very dream; and the other loses both at once, by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not always so, for we see that, in the translation of the great monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most eminent men in nature, as Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio, and his contemporaries, for his chief instruments and actors in so admirable a work (the end of this being, not only to destroy or punish one nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons); yet, when God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people, he does not raise up his servant Cyrus (as he himself is pleased to call him), or an Alexander (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm); but he makes the Massanellos, and the Johns of Leyden, the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the serpents and the monsters of Africa, to correct the pride of the Egyptians; but called for his

armies of locusts out of Æthiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very dust; and because you see a whole country destroyed by these, you will argue from thence they must needs have both the craft of foxes, and the courage of lions?

"It is easy to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in England: and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new government, appears probable to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that, which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that none of these untempered mortars can hold out against the next blast of wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these foolish builders have refused, be made again the head of the corner. For, when the indisposed and long-tormented commonwealth has wearied and spent itself almost to nothing, with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several mounte-banks, it is to be supposed, it will have the wit at last to send for a true physician, especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no usurpation (under what name or pretext soever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will at last tire out their patience, though it be great even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull (when poverty and hunger begins to wet their understanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary mystery, that it is madness in a nation to pay three millions a year for the maintaining of their servitude under tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their princes. This, I say, will not always lie hid, even to the slowest capacities; and the next truth they will discover afterwards is, that a whole people can never have the will, without having at the same time the power, to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look (me thinks) as if God had forsaken the family of that man, from whom he has raised up five children, of as eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for so many together, and so young) in any other family in the whole world. Especially, if we add hereto this consideration, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great dangers as ever were past with safety, either by prince or private person, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a promise and earnest of his future favours. And lastly (to return closely to the discourse from which I have a little digressed) because I see nothing of those excellent parts of nature, and mixture of merit with their vices, in the late disturbers of our peace and happiness, that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new empires.

"And, I confess, I find nothing of that kind, no not any shadow (taking away the false light of some prosperity) in the man whom you extol for the first example of it. And certainly, all virtues being rightly divided into moral and intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former, than by men's actions; or of the latter than by their writings or speeches. As for these latter (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of mischief, where the other are wanting) I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wise or witty apophthegm even amongst his domestic servants or greatest flatterers. That little in print, which remains upon a sad record for him, is such, as a satire against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much the rules of probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too when I am to speak of his morals. The truth of the thing is this, that if craft be wisdom, and dissimulation wit, (assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries) I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that, as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last: neither did any man seem to do it, but those who, thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a player by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, though his beard at the same time were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me, why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage; I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the actors and the door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods, and perjuries even diabolical) he had at first the good-fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune) to attain his ends; but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no human reason could foresee them; which made them, who had to do with him, believe, that he was rather a well-meaning and deluded bigot, than a crafty and malicious impostor: that these arts were helped by an indefatigable industry, (as you term it) I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence, as the worst of his crimes. It makes me almost mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that

he might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep. How diligent the wicked are, the Scripture often tells us, "Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood," Isai. lix. 7. "He travels with iniquity," Psal. vii. 14. "He deviseth mischief upon his bed," Psal. xxxiv. 4. "They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search," Psal. lxiv. 6. and in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous, to praise a wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the country, whilst the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very dogs too are all asleep;

The chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,
Th' adulterer and the thief his larum has within.

"And, if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an emphasis and exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable name, I am sure, Faux and his fellow gun-powder friends, will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of honour: neither can I doubt but if they too had succeeded, they would have found their applauders and admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a man in defiance of all human and divine laws (and with so little probability of a long impunity) so publicly and so outrageously to murder his master; it was bold with so much insolence and affront to expel and disperse all the chief partners of his guilt, and creators of his power; it was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all acts and constitutions of a nation and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to assume the authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking, so many parliaments: it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own and provoke that of all neighbouring countries; it was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to usurp this tyranny to himself: and impudent above all impudences, to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage, (which dares not transgress the rules of any other virtue) that it is only a demonstration of brutish madness or diabolical possession. In both which last cases there used frequent examples to appear of such extraordinary force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of Cromwell; neither is it stranger to believe that a whole nation should not be able to govern him and a mad army, than that five or six men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater. It was boldly done of Nero to kill his mother, and all the chief nobility of the empire; it was boldly done, to set the metropolis of the whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his harp whilst he saw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person (for why should not he, too, be called so?) who wanted, when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any woman in the like necessity.

"It would look (I must confess) like envy, or too much partiality, if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not: and yet I may venture, I think, to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds and dangers of his own body; and though his valour might perhaps have given a just pretension to one of the first charges in an army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a title to the command of three nations.

"What then shall we say? that he did all this by witchcraft? He did so, indeed, in a great measure, by a sin that is called like it in the scriptures. But, truly, and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary diligence and infinite dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his nation, partly by his own faults, but chiefly for ours.

"We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his labyrinths) to the supreme usurped authority; and because you say it was great pity he did not live to command more kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you, in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestic actions. The first of his foreign, was a peace with our brethren of Holland (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home): who would not imagine at first glimpse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed, that his whole life could have made any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumstances, without perceiving, that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this country could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a foreign war, to the private interests of his covetousness and ambition, and the security of his new and unsettled usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this Beatus Pacificus is kindling a fire in the northern world, and carrying a war two thousand miles off westwards. Two millions a year (besides all the vails of his protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his avarice or his prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were, that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole Indies both by sea and land, this great alligator. To satisfy our Anti-Solomon (who has made silver almost as rare as gold, and gold as precious stones in his new Jerusalem) we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical Ophir. And, because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate prince (the Faustus, as well as Sylla, of our nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings) I desire them to consider, how,

since the English name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky Faustus; and herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their country (though a great army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling) should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the Conquest of Jamaica; as if a defeated army should have the impudence to brag afterwards of the victory, because, though they had fled out of the field of battle, yet they quartered that night in a village of the enemy's. The war with Spain was a necessary consequence of this folly; and how much we have gotten by it let the custom-house and exchange inform you; and, if he please to boast of the taking a part of the silver fleet, (which indeed nobody else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do) at least, let him give leave to the rest of the nation (which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships.

"But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguished the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that Dunkirk ought more to be remembered for his glory, than St. Domingo for his disadvantage; I must confess, as to the honour of the English courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their master) to the upholding of the renown of their warlike ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sate still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that, for less money than he in the short time of his reign exacted from his fellow-subjects, some of our former princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons) have added to the dominion of England, not only one town, but even a greater kingdom than itself. And this being all considerable as concerning his enterprizes abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for his justice and good government at home.

"And, first, he found the commonwealth (as they then called it) in a ready stock of about 800,000 pounds; he left the commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two millions and an half in debt. He found our trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it: and yet not only no prince in England, but no tyrant in the world, ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise monies. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even he) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was decimation [2]; which was the most impudent breach of all public faith that the whole nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the nation's general and servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all history, from any of the most barbarous generals of the most barbarous people. Which, because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole book written upon that subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that author, when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design, of raising a present sum of money, which he violently pursued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the Jews at London; from which he was rebuked by the universal outcry of the divines, and even of the citizens too, who took it ill, that a considerable number at least amongst themselves were not thought Jews enough by their own Herod. And for this design, they say, he invented (oh Antichrist! Πονηρὸν and ὁ Πονηρὸς! to sell St. Paul's to them for a synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reach'd to the purchase. And this indeed, if he had done only to reward that nation, which had given the first noble example of crucifying their king, it might have had some appearance of gratitude: but he did it only for love of their mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more St. Peter's (even at his own Westminster) to the Turks for a *mosquito*. Such was his extraordinary piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-prayer book. But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money; when every penny, that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was as much robbery, as if it had been taken by a thief upon the highways? Was it not so? or can any man think that Cromwell, with the assistance of his forces and moss-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purses, than he might have had to any one's whom he had met and been too strong for upon a road? And yet, when this came, in the case of Mr. Coney[3], to be disputed by a legal trial, he (which was the highest act of tyranny that ever was seen in England) not only discouraged and threatened, but violently imprisoned the counsel of the plaintiff; that is, he shut up the law itself a close prisoner, that no man might have relief from, or access to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed, the king's regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little ship-money.

But, though we lost the benefit of our old courts of justice, it cannot be denied that he set up new ones; and such as they were, that as no virtuous prince before would, so no ill one durst, erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it; and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed

[2] By *decimation*, is here meant, not the putting to death of every *tenth man* (which is the usual sense of this term), but the levying of the *tenth penny* on the estates of the Royalists. The word is so used by sir John Denham. Hurd.

[3] Which the reader may see in lord Clarendon, H. R. vol. iii. fol. p. 596. Hurd.

against offenders? The reason, which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is, because those things are now made crimes, which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the peroration), that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest, as things that are too many to be numbered, and must only be weighed in gross. Let any man show me (for, though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy him in all history) let any man show me (I say) an example of any nation in the world (though much greater than ours) where there have, in the space of four years, been made so many prisoners, only out of the endless jealousies of one tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you, that Marius and Sylla, and the accursed triumvirate after them, put more people to death; but the reason, I think, partly was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a Roman, to take away his life, than to take away his liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reason to think that our late tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other countries. Our judges and our courts of justice have not been idle: and, to omit the whole reign of our late king (till the beginning of the war), in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three ears, I think the longest time of our worst princes scarce saw many more executions, than the short one of our blest reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open streets (as I marked to you at first) the broiling of human bowels as a burnt-offering of a sweet savour to our idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the subtilest invention of his predecessors of Sicily) is more humane and more supportable, than his selling of Christians, Englishmen, gentlemen; his selling of them (oh monstrous! oh incredible) to be slaves in America. If his whole life could be reproached with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon, so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (though a just) passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation, which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you.

"These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured; for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings: he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to show his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta [4]. To day, you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come near him: to morrow, flinging of cushions, and playing at snowballs, with his servants. This month, he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month, he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them, "Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them." The representative of whole, nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? boldness or brutishness? rashness or phrensy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap (*extempore*, and *stans pede in uno*); and, to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chooses not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his vessels of honour. It was said anciently of Fortune, that, when she had a mind to be merry and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of Fortune, Cromwell, (who was himself one of the primest of her jests) found out the true *haut goust* of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fullest demonstration of his uncontroulable sovereignty. Good God! What have we seen? and what have we suffered? what do all these actions signify? what do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the streets of London), "You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you!"

"These are briefly a part of those merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more kingdoms, and suppose that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them: which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good-fortune to him, than all the victories and prosperities of his life. For he seemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitful glories; his own army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the people; and I never passed of late before his palace (his, do I call it? I ask God and the king pardon) but I never passed of late before Whitehall, without reading upon the gate of it, "Mene Mene, Tekel Upharsin [5]." But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high court of justice; which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of charity, especially if he designed even then to entail his own injustice upon his children,

[4] In the case of Coney, before mentioned.

[5] Dan. v. 25.

and, by it, inextricable confusions and civil wars upon the nation. But here 's at last an end of him. And where 's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity, which his ambition has cost the world? Where is it? Why, his son (you will say) has the whole crop: I doubt, he will find it quickly blasted; I have nothing to say against the gentleman[6], or any living of his family; on the contrary, I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his master's inheritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his father, is that which I should have thought (though decency, perhaps, might have hindered me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine, by the same ways, should have left me three kingdoms."

Here I stopt; and my pretended protector, who, I expected, would have been very angry, fell a laughing; it seems at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: "You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete rules of virtue and conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vast prospect of three kingdoms you can show me any acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so much as a justice of peace in your own country. For this, I perceive, which you call virtue, is nothing else but either the frowardness of a Cynic, or the laziness of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at least artful dissimulation and unwearied diligence in my hero; and I assure you, that he, whose life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be misled out of the way of greatness. But I see you are a pedant and Platonical statesman, a theoretical commonwealth's-man, an Utopian dreamer. Was ever riches gotten by your golden mediocrities? or the supreme place attained to by virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study Aristotle's politics, and write, if you please, comments upon them; and let another but practise Machiavel: and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest preferment. If the desire of rule and superiority be a virtue (as sure I am it is more imprinted in human nature than any of your lethargical morals; and what is the virtue of any creature, but the exercise of those powers and inclinations which God has infused into it!) if that (I say) be virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing vice, which is the most proper, if not the only, means of attaining of it:

It is a truth so certain, and so clear,
That to the first-born man it did appear;
Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,
By the fresh laws of Nature taught, disdain
That (though a brother) any one should be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He strook him down; and so (said he) so fell
The sheep, which thou didst sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest sheaves, which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the offering,
Lest God should my next victim too despise,
The acceptable priest I 'll sacrifice.
Hence, coward fears; for the first blood so spilt,
As a reward he the first city built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grand-child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity here he staid!
One step of glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone;
Had Adam too been kill'd, he might have reign'd alone.
One brother's death, what do I mean to name,
A small oblation to revenge and fame?
The mighty soul'd Abimelec, to shew
What for high place a higher spirit can do,
A hecatomb almost of brethren slew,
And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his royal purple pride.
Why do I name the lordly creature man?
The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,
All that oppose with manlike courage slay.
So Athaliah, when she saw her son,
And with his life her dearer greatness, gone,
With a majestic fury slaughter'd all
Whom high-birth might to high pretences call:
Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,
Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.
In vain her sex, in vain the laws, withstood,
In vain the sacred plea of David's blood;
A noble and a bold contention, she
(One woman) undertook with Destiny,
She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold
(Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)
The great Jessæan race on Judah's throne;
Till 'twas at last an equal wager grown,
Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one.
Tell me not, she herself at last was slain;
Did she not, first seven years (a life-time,) reign?
Seven royal years t' a public spirit will seem
More than the private life of a Methusalem.
'Tis godlike to be great; and, as they say,
A thousand years to God are but a day,
So a man, when once a crown he wears,
The coronation-day's more than a thousand years."

He would have gone on, I perceived, in his blasphemies, but that by God's grace I became so bold, as thus to interrupt him: "I understand now perfectly (which I guessed at long before) what kind of angel and protector you are; and, though your style in verse be very much mended since you were wont to deliver oracles, yet your doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publish; whether your long practice with mankind has increased and improved your malice, or whether you think us in this age to be grown so impudently wicked, that there needs no more art or disguises to draw us to your party."

"My dominion (said he hastily, and with a dreadful furious look) is so great in this world, and I am so powerful a monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me; and,

[6] A remarkable testimony to the blameless character of Richard Cromwell.

[7] This compliment was intended, not so much to the foregoing, as to the following verses; of which the author had reason to be proud, but, as being delivered in his own person, could not so properly make the paneygric. Hurd.

that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate malignant; and for that reason I shall take you along with me to the next garrison of ours; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the court of justice, and from thence you know whither." I was almost in the very pounces of the great bird of prey:

When, lo, ere the last words were fully spoke,
From a fair cloud which rather op'd than broke,
A flash of light, rather than lightning, came,
So swift, and yet so gentle, was the flame.
Upon it rode (and, in his full career,
Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here)
The comeliest youth of all th' angelic race;
Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.
The frowns, with which he strook the trembling fiend,
All smiles of human beauty did transcend;
His beams of locks fell part dishevell'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a natural crown,
Such as the British monarchs us'd to wear;
If gold might be compar'd with angels' hair.
His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,
They seem'd both made of woven silver light:
Across his breast an azure ruban went,
At which a medal hung, that did present,
In wondrous living figures, to the sight,
The mystic champion's, and old dragon's fight;
And from his mantle's side there shone afar,
A fix'd and, I believe, a real star.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
No arms, but th' English bloody cross he bore,
Which when he tow'rds th' affrighted tyrant bent,
And some few words pronounc'd (but what they meant,
Or were, could not, alas! by me be known,
Only, I well perceiv'd, Jesus was one)
He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.
Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes
(Robb'd, as he thinks unjustly, of his prize)
Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws:
The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
But fear above his hunger does prevail,
He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone;
He grins, as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

SEVERAL DISCOURSES,

BY WAY OF ESSAYS,

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

I.

OF LIBERTY.

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government: the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions, is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the entire preservation of it, to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Now for our time, the same God, to whom we are but tenants at will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be paid to him, as a small quit-rent, in acknowledgment of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he never gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This birthright of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau, for bread and broth: but the greatest part of men make such a bargain for the delivery-up of themselves,

as Thamar did with Judah; instead of a kid, the necessary provisions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous; and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves though to the vulgar it may seem a stoical paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of argumentation.

Let us first consider the ambitious; and those, both in their progress to greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what Sallust [1] says, Dominationis in alios servitium suum mercedem dant; they are content to pay so great a price, as their own servitude, to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time; they must never stop, nor ever turn aside whilst they are in the race of glory, no not like Atalanta for golden apples. Neither indeed can a man stop himself if he would when he is in this career:

> Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas[2].

Pray, let us but consider a little, what means servile things men do for this imaginary food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that nation which boasted most of liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest Romans submit themselves, for the obtaining of a pretorship, or the consular dignity! They put on the habit of suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the tribes, to beg voices; they flattered the poorest artisans; and carried a nomenclator with them, to whisper in their ear every man's name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations; they shook the hand and kissed the cheek of every popular tradesman; they stood all day at every market in the public places, to show and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they employed all their friends to solicit for them; they kept open tables in every street; they distributed wine, and bread, and money, even to the vilest of the people. En Romanos rerum dominos [3]! Behold the masters of the world begging from door to door! This particular humble way of greatness is now out of fashion; but yet every ambitious person is still in some sort a Roman candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many beasts, though not the beast with many heads. Catiline, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's, was yet so humble, for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants; to be a public bawd, to provide whores, and something worse for all the young gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts and courages, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thousand of examples for the same thing) give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero [4] gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions:

"This man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and strokes, that looked like the beauty of great virtues; his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seemed to be an admirer and lover of the best; he was furnished with all the nets of lust and luxury, and yet wanted not the arms of labour and industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster of nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable persons: who more a favourite to the most infamous? who, sometimes, appeared a braver champion; who; at other times, a bolder enemy to his countrey? who more dissolute in his pleasures? who more patient in his toils? who more rapacious in robbing? who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money, and his interest, and his industry; and, if need were, not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own nature and laveer with every wind: to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature—as he had made a collection of friendships with all the most wicked and restless of all nations; so, by the artificial simulation of some virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity. Neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of so many vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities."

I see, methinks, the character of an Anti-Paul, "who became all things to all men," that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of fortune, to have been as great as his friend Cæsar was a little after him. And the ways of Cæsar to compass the same ends (I mean till the civil war, which was but another manner of setting his country on fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterwards his unjust dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. Sallust therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like gentlemen of his time, says[5], "that it is the nature of ambition, to make men lyars and cheaters; to hide the truth in their breasts, and show, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths: to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own interest; and to make a good countenance without the help of a good will." And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? what is it but a kind of

[1] Fragm. ed. Mattaire, p. 116.
[2] Virg. Georg. i. 514.
[3] Virg. Æn. i. 282.
[4] Orat. pro. M. Cœlio.
[5] De Bell. Catil. c. x.

rack, that forces men to say what they have no mind to!

I have wondered at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of Zopirus, and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, though he was one of the seven grandees of Persia, and the son of Megabises, who had freed before his country from an ignoble servitude, slit his own nose and lips, cut off his own ears, scourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by Darius, be received into Babylon (then besieged by the Persians) and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a sufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians suspected not his falsehood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the design succeeded; he betrayed the city, and was made governor of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending slave with so little mercy, as ambition did this Zopirus? and yet how many are there in all nations, who imitate him, in some degree, for a less reward; who, though they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment or some honour (as they call it), yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatised! But you may say, though these be the most ordinary and open ways to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden paths too, through which some men find a passage by virtuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then that industry must be such, as cannot consist with liberty, though it may with honesty.

Thou art careful, frugal, painful; we commend a servant so, but not a friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this ascent; but we are epicures and lords when once we are gotten up into the high places. This is but a short apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a royal company. If we fall in love with any beauteous woman, we must be content that they should be our mistresses whilst we woo them: as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, it is we shall be the masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of greatness: we enter into the bonds of it, like those of matrimony: we are bewitched with the outward and painted beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true nature and interior inconveniences. A great fortune (says Seneca) is a great servitude; but many are of that opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope untruly[6]) even to that patron of liberty, his friend Cicero: "We fear (says he to Atticus) death, and banishment, and poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils; and, if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable in so base and contumelious a condition." This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest commonwealth. But with us generally, no condition passes for servitude, that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with the service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium; for if a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that lord a prince; the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsical to this matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy livery. I do not say, that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born. But this dependance upon superiors is but one chain of the lovers of power:

Amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ[7].

Let us begin with him by break of day: for by that time he is besieged by two or three hundred suitors; and the hall and antichambers (all the out-works) possessed by the enemy: as soon as his chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards, for entrance. This is so essential a part of greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen favourite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he pleases all the morning. There are some who, rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms filled up every day with murmuring and cursing creditors, and to charge bravely through a body of them to get to their coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the great man, or the great man's, who waits every day to speak with all company.

Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, & circa saliunt latus[8]—

a hundred businesses of other men (many unjust, and most impertinent) fly continually about his head and ears, and strike him in the face like Dorres. Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory, and that is his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all nature: the earth affords him her best metals for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes; and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *table d'hoste*; it is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many parasites and some spies, with the most burthensome sort of guests, the endeavourers to be witty.

[6] This parenthesis does honour to the writer's sense, as well as candour. Hurd.

[7] Hor. 3 Od. iv. 79.

[8] Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 34.

But every body pays him great respect; every body commends his meat, that is, his money; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook; every body loves his hospitality, that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest inn-keeper, who provides a public table for his profit, should be but of a mean profession; and he, who does it for his honour, a munificent prince. You will say, because one sells, and the other gives: nay, both sell, though for different things; the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value is in custom and in fancy. If then his table be made "a snare" (as the Scripture[9] speaks) "to his liberty," where can he hope for freedom? There is always, and every where, some restraint upon him. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door; and, if the person be *pan huper sebastus*, there is a hypersuperlative ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gate: as if there were such rules set to these Leviathans, as are to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further[1]."

Perditur hæc inter misero lux[2],

Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent letters and visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently! He never sets his foot beyond his threshold, unless, like a funeral, he have a train to follow him; as if, like the dead corpse, he could not stir, till the bearers were all ready. "My life (says Horace, speaking to one of these magnificos) is a great deal more easy and commodious than thine, in that I can go into the market, and cheapen what I please, without being wondered at; and take my horse and ride as far as Tarentum, without being missed." It is an unpleasant constraint to be always under the sight and observation, and censure, of others; as there may be vanity in it, so methinks there should be vexation, too, of spirit: and I wonder how princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of domestic servants; but even this too, if weighed seriously, is a piece of servitude; unless you will be a servant to them (as many men are) the trouble and care of yours in the government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the profession of a school-master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a commonwealth; yet certainly all his fasces and tyrannical authority over so many boys takes away his own liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of greatness: I shake but a few of their outward chains; their anger, hatred, jealousy, fear, envy, grief, and all the *et cætera* of their passions, which are the secret, but constant, tyrants and torturers of their life, I omit here, because, though they be symptoms most frequent and violent in this disease, yet they are common too in some degree to the epidemical disease of life itself.

But the ambitious man, though he be so many ways a slave *(o toties servus!)* yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the stage; he thinks himself a real prince in his masking-habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his spectators: he is a slave in *saturnalibus*. The covetous man is a downright servant, a draught-horse without bells or feathers: *ad metalla damnatus*, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows not whom: "He heapeth up riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them[3];" it is only sure, that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy slave; he will hardly allow himself clothes and board-wages:

Unciatim vix de demenso suo,
Suum defraudans genium, comparsit miser[4];

He defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every man's sight, as well as judgment.

It seems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a servant: what can be more the life of a freeman, or, as we say ordinarily, of a gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I will tell you who is that true freeman, and that true gentleman, not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of *follower* is servile); but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindered by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his man, than he my horse. The voluptuous men (whom we have fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the lustful and luxurious, who are both servants of the belly; the other, whom we spoke of before, the ambitious and the covetous, were κακὰ θηρία, *evil wild beasts*: these are γαστέρες ἀργαί, *slow bellies*, as our translation renders it, but the word ἀργαὶ (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of *quick* or *diligent bellies*; and both interpretations may be applied to these men. Metrodorus said, "that he had learnt ἀληθῶς γαστὶ χαρίζεσθαι, to give his belly just thanks for all his pleasures." This, by the calumniators of Epicurus's philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding, may admit a very virtuous sense, which is, that he thanked his own belly for that moderation, in the

[9] Ps. lxix. 22.
[1] Job xxxviii. 11.
[2] Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 59.
[3] Ps. xxxxix. 6.
[4] Phorm. Act I. Sc. i. ver. 43.

customary appetites of it, which can only give a man liberty and happiness in this world. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great triumviri of the world; the covetous man, who is a mean villain, like Lepidus; the ambitious, who is a brave one, like Octavius; and the voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like Mark Antony:

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibique imperiosus [5]:

Not Oenomaus [6], who commits himself wholly to a charioteer, that may break his neck; but the man,

Who governs his own course with steady hand;
Who does himself with sovereign power command;
Whom neither death nor poverty does fright;
Who stands not aukwardly in his own light
Against the truth; who can, when pleasures knock
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;
Who can, though Honour at his gate should stay
In all her masking cloaths, send her away,
And cry, "Be gone, I have no mind to play."

This, I confess, is a freeman: but it may be said, that many persons are so shackled by their fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that manumission which they have obtained from virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel, the weight of this objection; all I can answer to it is, that we must get as much liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and, when all that is done, be contented with the length of that line which is allowed us. If you ask me, in what condition of life I think the most allowed; I should pitch upon that sort of people, whom King James was wont to call the happiest of our nation, the men placed in the country by their fortune above an high constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a justice of peace; in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many relations; and with so much knowledge and love of piety and philosophy (that is, of the study of God's laws, and of his creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without business; and never to be melancholy, though without sin or vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious discourse with a prayer of mine in a copy of Latin verses, of which I remember no other part; and *(pour faire bonne bouche)* with some other verses upon the same subject:

Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultrà
Sollicitas effundo preces: si quid datur ultrà,
Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo.

For the few hours of life allotted me,
Give me (great God!) but bread and liberty,
I'll beg no more: if more thou'rt please to give,
I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I'll thank for this and go away content.

[5] Hor. 2 Sat. vii. 83.
[6] Virg. Georg. iii. 7.

MARTIAL, Lib. I. Ep. lvi.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

WELL then, sir, you shall know how far extend
The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend.
He does not palaces nor manors crave,
Would be no lord, but less a lord would have;
The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with Heaven because 'tis small:
Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
He loves of homely littleness the ease.
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble visits spend,
When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
If there be man (ye gods!) I ought to hate,
Dependance and attendance be his fate:
Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
And very much a slave, and very proud:
Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow;
No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow:
But let him peace and freedom never see;
Let him not love this life, who loves not me!

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Ep. liii.

Vis fieri liber? &c.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish you say;
Come on; I'll show thee, friend, the certain way;
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
While bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy cloaths dost prize
By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian king's a slave compar'd with thee.

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Ep. lxviii.

Quod te nomine? &c.

THAT I do you with humble bows no more,
And danger of my naked head, adore;
That I, who "Lord and master," cry'd erewhile,
Salute you, in a new and different style,
By your own name, a scandal to you now;
Think not that I forget myself or you:
By loss of all things, by all others sought,
This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.
A lord and master no man wants, but he
Who o'er himself has no authority;
Who does for honours and for riches strive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.
If thou from fortune dost no servant crave,
Believe it, thou no master need'st to have.

Ode upon Liberty.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her seat;
Her proper place, her only scene,
Is in the golden mean,
She lives not with the poor nor with the great.
The wings of those Necessity has clipt,
And they 're in Fortune's bridewell whipt
To the laborious task of bread;
These are by various tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, reins, and spurs, them like th' unruly horse;
And servile Avarice yokes them now,
Like toilsome oxen to the plough;
And sometimes Lust, like the misguided light,
Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be
From these insulting passions free,
Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see
By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency;
And, wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
Impertinences round them flow:
These are the small uneasy things
Which about greatness still are found,
And rather it molest than wound:
Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings;
But cares do swarm there, too, and those have
As, when the honey does too open lie, [stings:
A thousand wasps about it fly:
Nor will the master ev'n to share admit;
The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on;
You cannot now; you must be gone
To court, or to the noisy hall:
Besides, the rooms without are crowded all;
The stream of business does begin,
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep!
Will they not suffer him to sleep?
Make an escape; out at the postern flee,
And get some blessed hours of liberty:
With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,
And much of mirth and moderate wine.
To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
Has such a freedom always given!
Why, mighty madman, what should hinder thee
From being every day as free?

In all the free born nations of the air,
Never did bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly.
When, and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or constant food.
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the false forest of a well-hung room,
For honour, and preferment, come.
Now, blessings on you all, ye heroic race,
Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
Though men and angels fell.
Of all material lives the highest place
To you is justly given;
And ways and walks the nearest Heaven.
Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boast, that we look up to it.
Ev'n to the universal tyrant, Love,
You homage pay but once a year:
None so degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear;
None, but a few unhappy household fowl,
Whom human lordship does control:
Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

He's no small prince who every day
Thus to himself can say;
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk;
This I will do, here I will stay,
Or, if my fancy call me away,
My man and I will presently go ride
(For we, before, have nothing to provide,
Nor, after, are to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish mount.
If thou but a short journey take,
As if thy last thou wert to make,
Business must be dispatch'd, ere thou canst part,
Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule and many a cart;
What an unwieldly man thou art!
The Rhodian Colossus so
A journey, too, might go.

Where honour, or where conscience, does not bind,
Nor other law shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I will not be,
Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand
For days, that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate,
Before it falls into his hand:
The bondman of the cloister so,
All that he does receive does always owe;
And still, as time comes in, it goes away
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell,
Which his hours-work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy, till the last, the kind releasing knell.
If life should a well-order'd poem be,
(In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the best delight)
The more heroic strain let others take,
Mine the Pindaric way I 'll make; [free,
The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and
It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
In the same tune it shall not always chime,
Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme;
A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all without offence
Or to the sweetness of the sound, or greatness of the sense;
Nor shall it never from one subject start,
Nor seek transitions to depart,
Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,
Nor through lanes a compass take,

As if it fear'd some trespass to commit.
When the wide air 's a road for it.
So the imperial eagle does not stay
Till the whole carcase he devour,
That 's fallen into his power:
As if his generous hunger understood
That he can never want plenty of food,
He only sucks the tasteful blood;
And to fresh game flies cheerfully away;
To kites, and meaner birds, he leaves the mangled prey.

II.

OF SOLITUDE.

NUNQUAM minus solus, quam cum solus, is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning, no doubt, was this, that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it, by solitude than by company; and, to show that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house, in the middle of a wood, near Linternum [1], passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration; and, among other things, describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, "Poor Scipio understood not how to live." What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal, if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montagne, "That ambition itself might teach us to love solitude; there is nothing does so much hate to have companions." It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side; but it delights above all things in a train behind, aye, and ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that if they chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burthensome to them. Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam lubens, they would live and die with her alone.

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,
Quà nulla humano sit via trita pede.

[1] Seneca Epist. lxxxvi.

Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis [2].

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has prest,
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour [3]:

Odi, & amo: quare id faciam fortasse requiris,
Nescio; sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know;
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted, and sit right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair, than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, in the midst of company; but, like robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us, when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sowed into a bag, with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work therefore that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is, the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the heart and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well-speaking, depends upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a god from a wild beast. Now because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve, without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

[2] 4 Tibull. xiii. 9.

[3] De amore suo, lxxxiii.

O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis [4]!

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise!

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private: if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature, under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, "That a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been but ill-spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life; so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will say, is work only for the learned; others are not capable either of the employments or divertisements that arrive from letters. I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be so unlearned, as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time: either music, or painting, or designing, or chymistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately), that will over-do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

— O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ [5]?

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian under-wood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay, with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat!
Ye country-houses, and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect;
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the Sun-beams here and there;
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company;
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human-kind!
Which blest remain'd, till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company.
As soon as two alas! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

Tho' God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (tho' men think thine an unactive part)
Dost, break and time th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
Dost, like a burning-glass, unite;
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee too, foolish city!
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

III.

OF OBSCURITY.

Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;
Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefellit [6].

God made not pleasures only for the rich;
Nor have those men without their share too liv'd,
Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd.

This seems a strange sentence, thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can deceive the

[4] "O vita, misero longa, felici brevis!"
[5] Virg. Georg. ii. 489.
[6] Hor. 1 Ep. xvii. 9.

world?); whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the world; and in another place uses the same phrase[7],

— Secretum iter & fallentis semita vitæ.
The secret tracts of the deceiving life.

It is very elegant in Latin, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sense; and therefore Mr. Broom translates it very well—

Or from a life led, as it were, by stealth.

Yet we say in our language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived; and we may say well enough, out of the same author[8],

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine, we strive
The cares of life and troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says[9], vitam fallere, to draw on still, and amuse, and deceive, our life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal period, and fall into that pit which nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, Bene qui latuit, bene vixit, He has lived well, who has lain well hidden; which, if it be a truth, the world (I will swear) is sufficiently deceived: for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is, *in incognito*. What a brave privilege is it, to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envyed, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know any body. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself,

A vail of thicken'd air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them, as they pass'd[1].

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any); but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good-fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship, than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good-fame, because it is the shadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man, whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of old-age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this muta persona, I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

SENECA, EX THYESTE, ACT II. CHOR.

Stet quicumque volet potens, &c.

Upon the slippery tops of human state,
The gilded pinnacles of fate,

[7] Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 103. [8] Sat. vii. 114.
[9] Declam. de Apib. [1] Virg. Æn. i. 415.

Let others proudly stand, and, for a while
The giddy danger to beguile,
With joy, and with disdain, look down on all,
Till their heads turn, and down they fall.
Me, O ye gods, on earth, or else so near
That I no fall to earth may fear,
And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat
From the long ruins of the great.
Here, wrapt in th' arms of Quiet let me lie;
Quiet, companion of Obscurity!
Here let my life with as much silence slide,
As time, that measures it, does glide,
Nor let the breath of infamy, or fame,
From town to town echo about my name.
Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
With scutcheon or with elegy.
An old plebeian let me die,
Alas! all then are such as well as I.
To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear,
Who, in his life flattering his senseless pride,
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he 's to go.

IV.

OF AGRICULTURE.

THE first wish of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verses) was to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman: and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him, just as he did with Solomon; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else, which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers, and best husbandmen; and, to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best poet: he made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer—

O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit!

To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's.

But, since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make, are the employments of a country life. It is, as Columella [2] calls it, Res sine dubitatione proxima, & quasi consanguinea sapientiæ, the nearest neighbour, or rather next in kindred, to philosophy. Varro says, the principles of it are the same which Ennius made to be the principles of all nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of philosophy, than any one profession, art, or science, in the world besides: and therefore Cicero says[3], the pleasures of a husbandman, mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere, come very nigh to those of a philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist: The utility of it to a man's self; the usefulness, or rather necessity, of it to all the rest of mankind; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity.

The utility (I mean plainly the lucre of it) is not so great, now in our nation, as arises from merchandise and the trading of the city, from whence many of the best estates and chief honours of the kingdom are derived: we have no men now fetched from the plough to be made lords, as they were in Rome to be made consuls and dictators; the reason of which I conceive to be from an evil custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a law, which is, that no men put their children to be bred-up apprentices in agriculture, as in other trades, but such who are so poor, that when they come to be men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of ground, the rent of which devours all but the bare subsistence of the tenant: whilst they who are proprietors of the land are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of education, too ignorant, to improve their estates, though the means of doing it be as easy and certain in this, as in any other track of commerce. If there were always two or three thousand youths, for seven or eight years, bound to this profession, that they might learn the whole art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be masters in it, by a moderate stock; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many aldermen's estates made in the country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandizing in the city. There are as many ways to be rich, and, which is better, there is no possibility to be poor, without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor pity: for a little ground will without question feed a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custom made almost necessary) must be supplied out of the superabundance of art and industry, or contemned by as great a degree of philosophy.

As for the necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved: the others like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this: not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live; and almost all the other arts, which are here practised, are beholden to this for most of their materials.

The innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it; and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth; and others, by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an estate given them by their mother; and others, upon an estate cheated from their brethren. They live, like sheep and kine, by the allowances of nature: and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine. And

[2] Lib. I. c. i. [3] De Senect.

I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the great) that sheep and kine are very useful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without dispute, of all men the most quiet, and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the commonwealth; their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace; in our late mad and miserable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done: but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman, who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruin of his country, as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy; we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice: our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects; which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleasure looks, methinks, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here is harmless and cheap plenty; there guilty and expenceful luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding: to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry; and to see, like God, that all his works are good:

—Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipsi
Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus [4].

On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike.

The antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world, were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quited our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus [5] forbids us to hate husbandry; "because," says he, "the Most High has created it." We are all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread eagles, in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but, if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how it should come to pass that all arts or sciences (for the dispute, which is an art, and which a science, does not belong to the curiosity of us husbandmen) metaphysic, physic, morality, mathematics, logic, rhetoric, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties, (except only metaphysic, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, carving, and such-like vanities, should all have public schools and masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any man, who took upon him the profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary art.

A man would think, when he is in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing for a great company of men and women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore dancing was invented first, and only practised anciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, which consisted all in mommery and madness: the latter being the chief glory of the worship, and accounted divine inspiration: this, I say, a severe man would think; though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part, now, of good-breeding. And yet, who is there among our gentry, that does not entertain a dancing-master for his children, as soon as they are able to walk? But, did ever any father provide a tutor for his son, to instruct him betimes in the nature and improvements of that land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a defect, in our manner of education: and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one college in each university were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to medicine and the civil law: there would be no need of making a body of scholars and fellows, with certain endowments, as in other colleges; it would suffice, if, after the manner of halls in Oxford, there were only four professors constituted (for it would be too much work for only one master, or principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it: First, Aration, and all things relating to it. Secondly, Pasturage. Thirdly, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, and Woods. Fourthly, all parts of Rural Oeconomy; which would contain the government of Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c. and all that which Varro calls villaticas pastiones, together with the sports of the field (which ought to be looked upon not only as

[4] Virg. Æn. i. 504, &c. [5] Chap. vii. 15.

pleasures, but as parts of house-keeping), and the domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad. The business of these professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other arts, only to read pompous and superficial lectures, out of Virgil's Georgics, Pliny, Varro, or Columella; but to instruct their pupils in the whole method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of scholars, upon a moderate taxation for their diet, lodging, and learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for maintenance of the house and the professors, who should be men not chosen for the ostentation of critical literature, but for solid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach; such men, so industrious and public-spirited, as I conceive Mr. Hartlib[6] to be, if the gentleman be yet alive: but it is needless to speak further of my thoughts of this design, unless the present disposition of the age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the country life, shall be borrowed from the poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the shepherds.

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine Musas
Ducit & immemores non finit esse sui[7].

The Muses still love their own native place;
'T has secret charms, which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to dance in a crowd, as to make good verses in the midst of noise and tumult.

As well might corn, as verse, in cities grow;
In vain the thankless glebe we plough and sow:
Against th' unnatural soil in vain we strive;
'Tis not a ground, in which these plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the nettles or thorns of satire, which grow most naturally in the worst earth; and therefore almost all poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the grand world,

—— pariter vitiisque jocisque
Altius humanis exeruere caput[8],

into the innocent happiness of a retired life; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their ever-living poems. Hesiod was the first or second poet in the world that remains yet extant (if Homer, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were contemporaries); and he is the first writer too of the art of husbandry: "he has contributed (says Columella) not a little to our profession;" I suppose, he means not a little honour, for the matter of his instructions is not very important; his great antiquity is visible through the gravity and simplicity of his stile. The most acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an oracle πλέον ἥμισυ παντός, The half is more than the whole. The occasion of the speech is this; his brother Perseus had, by corrupting some great men, (βασιλῆας δωροφάγους, great bribe-eaters he calls them) gotten from him the half of his estate. It is no matter (says he); they have not done me so much prejudice as they imagine:

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν, κ. τ. λ.

Unhappy they, to whom God has not reveal'd,
By a strong light which must their sense controle,
That half a great estate's more than the whole:
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
Of roots and herbs the wholesome luxury.

This I conceive to have been honest Hesiod's meaning. From Homer we must not expect much concerning our affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the country, nor enjoy the pleasures of it; his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places; he was to delight the Grecians with fine tales of the wars, and adventures of their ancestors; his subject removed him from all commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to show his goodwill a little. For, though he could do us no honour in the person of his hero Ulysses (much less of Achilles), because his whole time was consumed in wars and voyages; yet he makes his father Laertes a gardener all that while, and seeking his consolation for the absence of his son in the pleasure of planting and even dunging his own grounds. Ye see he did not contemn us peasants; nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles Eumæus, who kept the hogs, with wonderful respect, δῖον ὑφόρβιον, the divine swineherd: he could have done no more for Menelaus or Agamemnon. And Theocritus (a very ancient poet, but he was one of our own tribe, for he wrote nothing but pastorals) gave the same epithet to an husbandman,

——ἀμείβετο δῖος ἀγρότας[9],

the divine husbandman replied to Hercules, who was but δῖος himself. These were civil Greeks; and who understood the dignity of our calling; Among the Romans we have, in the first place, our truly-divine Virgil, who, though by the favour of Mæcenas and Augustus he might have been one of the chief men of Rome, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the exercise, and much of his immortal wit in the praise and instructions, of a rustic life; who, though he

[6] A gentleman, of whom it may be enough to say, that he had the honour to live in the friendship of Mede and Milton. The former of these great men addressed some letters to him, and the latter, his "Tractate on Education." HURD.

[7] Ovid. 1 Ep. ex Pont. iii. 35.

[8] Ovid. Fast. i. 300.

[9] Idyll. xxv. ver. 51.

had written before whole books of pastorals and georgics, could not abstain in his great and imperial poem from describing Evander, one of his best princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary countryman. He seats him in a throne of maple, and lays him but upon a bear's-skin; the kine and oxen ate lowing in his court-yard; the birds under the eves of his window call him up in the morning; and when he goes abroad, only two dogs go along with him for his guard: at last, when he brings Æneas into his royal cottage, he makes him say this memorable compliment, greater than ever yet was spoken at the Escurial, the Louvre, or our Whitehall:

——Hæc (inquit) limina victor
Alcides subiit, hæc illum regia cepit:
Aude, hospes, contemnere opes: & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo rebúsque veni non asper egenis [1].

This humble roof, this rustic court (said he)
Receiv'd Alcides, crown'd with victory:
Scorn not, great guest, the steps where he has trod;
But contemn wealth, and imitate a god.

The next man, whom we are much obliged to, both for his doctrine and example, is the next best poet in the world to Virgil, his dear friend Horace; who, when Augustus had desired Mæcenas to persuade him to come and live domestically and at the same table with him, and to be secretary of state of the whole world under him, or rather jointly with him, for he says, ut nos in epistolis scribendis adjuvet, could not be tempted to forsake his Sabin, or Tibertin manor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world, that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness, and the emperor so much generosity and goodnature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this excellent author upon the several subjects which I treat of in this book, I must be obliged to translate half his works; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of Homer,

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planiùs & meliùs Chrysippo & Crantore dicit [2].

I shall content myself upon this particular theme with three only, one out of his Odes, the other out of his Satires, the third out of his Epistles; and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in Martial's. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful pencil upon the beauties of a face that has been drawn before by so many great masters; especially, that I should dare to do it in Latin verses (though of another kind), and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say, that I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

[1] Virg. Æn. viii. 365.

[2] 1 Ep. ii. 3.

A Translation out of Virgil.

Georg. Lib. II. 458.

O happy (if his happiness he knows)
The country swain, on whom kind Heaven bestows
At home all riches, that wise nature needs;
Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning tide of clients comes,
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,
In tapestry wrought, or cut in living brass;
Nor is his wool superfluously dy'd
With the dear poison of Assyrian pride:
Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil
The native use and sweetness of his oil.
Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
Free from th' alarms of fear, and storms of strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of Peace cover him round:
Through artless grots the murmuring waters glide;
Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,
From whence the birds salute him; and his ground
With lowing herds and bleating sheep does sound;
And all the rivers and the forests nigh,
Both food and game, and exercise, supply.
Here a well-harden'd, active youth we see,
Taught the great art of cheerful poverty.
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of love, both human and divine;
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
Still her last footsteps upon Earth appear.
'Tis true, the first desire, which does control
All the inferior wheels that move my soul,
Is, that the Muse me her high-priest would make,
Into her holiest scenes of mystery take,
And open there, to my mind's purged eye,
Those wonders, which to sense the gods deny:
How in the Moon such change of shapes is found,
The Moon, the changing world's eternal bound;
What shakes the solid Earth, what strong disease
Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease;
What makes the sea retreat, and what advance
"(Varieties too regular for chance);"
What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
And stops the lazy waggon of the night.
But, if my dull and frozen blood deny
To send forth spirits, that raise a soul so high,
In the next place, let woods and rivers be
My quiet, though inglorious, destiny.
In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid;
Cover me, gods, with Tempe's thickest shade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy, he,
Who can through gross effects their causes see;
Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go
Through all th' alarms of Death and Hell below.
Happy! but, next such conquerors, happy they,
Whose humble life lies not in fortune's way.

They unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat,
Behold the rods and sceptres of the great;
The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
And the descent of foreign troops, they hear;
Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,
With all the lustre of her perishing pride.
Them never yet did strife or avarice draw
Into the noisy markets of the law,
The camps of gowned war; nor do they live
By rules or forms, that many madmen give.
Duty for Nature's bounty they repay,
And her sole laws religiously obey. [main,
Some with bold labour plough the faithless
Some rougher storms in prince's courts sustain:
Some swell up their slight sails with popular fame
Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name:
Some their vain wealth to earth again commit:
With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit:
Country and friends are by some wretches sold,
To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold;
No price too high for profit can be shown;
Not brother's blood, nor hazards of their own:
Around the world in search of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their antipodes their home;
Meanwhile, the prudent husbandman is found,
In mutual duties striving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertile mouth does some new gifts present,
And with new work his industry content.
This the young lamb, that the soft fleece, doth yield;
This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field:
All sorts of fruit crown the rich autumn's pride:
And on a swelling hill's warm stony side,
The powerful princely purple of the vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does shine.
In th' evening to a fair ensuing day,
With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play:
And loaded kine about his cottage stand,
Inviting with known sound the milker's hand;
And when from wholesome labour he doth come,
With wishes to be there, and wish'd-for home,
He meets at door the softest human blisses,
His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.
When any rural holidays invite
His genius forth to innocent delight,
On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,
Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
He sings thee, Bacchus, patron of the vine;
The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,
Not to the loss of reason, or of strength:
To active games and manly sport, at length,
Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see
Who can the best at better trials be.
From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose;
Such was the life the prudent Sabins chose:
Such, Remus, and the god his brother, led;
From such firm-footing Rome grew the world's head.
Such was the life that, ev'n till now, does raise
The honour of poor Saturn's golden days:
Before men, born of earth, and buried there,
Let-in the sea their mortal fate to share:
Before new ways of perishing were sought;
Before unskilful death on anvils wrought;
Before those beasts, which human life sustain,
By men, unless to the gods use, were slain.

Hor. Epod. Ode II.

Happy the man, whom bounteous gods allow
With his own hands paternal grounds to plough
Like the first golden mortals happy, he,
From business and the cares of money free!
No human storms break off at land his sleep;
No loud alarms of nature, on the deep:
From all the cheats of law he lives secure,
Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
Sometimes, the beauteous, marriageable vine
He to the lusty bridegroom elm does join:
Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound;
Sometimes he shears his flock, and sometimes he
Stores up the golden treasures of the bee.
He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
Whilst neighbouring hills lowe back to them again;
And, when the season, rich as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does display,
How is he pleas'd th' increasing use to see
Of his well-trusted labours bend the tree!
Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,
He gives to friends, and to the gods repays.
With how much joy does he, beneath some shade
By aged trees' reverend embraces made,
His careless head on the fresh green recline,
His head uncharg'd with fear or with design.
By him a river constantly complains,
The birds above rejoice with various strains,
And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,
Like dreams, mix'd with the gravity of sleep!
Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
And nought within against it shuts the gate.
Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
Or sullen Jove, all sports to him deny.
He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a toil the foaming boar;
Here flies the hawk t' assault, and there the net
To intercept, the travailing fowl, is set;
And all his malice, all his craft, is shown
In innocent wars on beasts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee, the great one, tyrant Love, from thee;
And, if a chaste and clean, though homely wife
Be added to the blessings of this life.—
Such as the ancient Sun-burnt Sabins were,
Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear,—
Who makes her children and the house her care,
And joyfully the work of life does share,
Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine
To pin the sheepfold or to milch the kine;
Who waits at door against her husband come
From rural duties, late and wearied, home,
Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face;
And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
And with domestic plenty loads the board;
Not all the lustful shell-fish of the sea,
Dress'd by the wanton hand of Luxury,
Not ortolans, nor godwits, nor the rest
Of costly names that glorify a feast,
Are at the princely tables better cheer,
Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Paraphrase upon HORACE, Book II. Sat. vi.

AT the largest foot of a fair hollow tree,
Close to plough'd ground, seated commodiously,
His ancient and hereditary house,
There dwelt a good substantial country mouse;
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one who once did nobly entertain
A city mouse, well-coated, sleek, and gay,
A mouse of high degree which lost his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted, there,
For a day's lodging: the good hearty host
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
Did all the stores produce, that might excite,
With various tastes, the courtier's appetite.
Fitches and beans, pease and oats, and wheat,
And a large chesnut, the delicious meat [eat.
Which Jove himself, were he a mouse, would
And, for a *haut goust*, there was mixt with these
The sword of bacon, and the coat of cheese:
The precious reliques which, at harvest, he
Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.
"Freely" (said he) "fall on, and never spare,
The bounteous gods will for to morrow care."
And thus at ease, on beds of straw, they lay,
And to their genius sacrific'd the day:
Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind,
(Though breeding made him civil seem and kind)
Despis'd this country feast; and still his thought
Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
"Your bounty and civility" (said he),
"Which I'm surpris'd in these rude parts to see,
Shows that the gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why should a soul, so virtuous and so great,
Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat?
Let savage beasts lodge in a country den;
You should see towns, and manners know, and men;
And taste the generous luxury of the court,
Where all the mice of quality resort;
Where thousand beauteous shes about you move,
And, by high fare, are pliant made to love.
We all, ere long, must render up our breath;
No cave or hole can shelter us from death.
Since life is so uncertain, and so short,
Let 's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
Come, worthy sir, come with me and partake
All the great things that mortals happy make."
Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms
T' oppose bright honour, and soft pleasure's charms:
What wisdom can their magic force repel?
It draws this reverend hermit from his cell.
It was the time, when witty poets tell,
"That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell:
She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,
And drew the modest curtains of the night."
Plainly the truth to tell, the Sun was set,
When to the town our wearied travellers get:
To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,
Made for the use of pride and luxury,
They come; the gentle courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before:
"But 'tis, sir, your command, and being so,
I'm sworn t' obedience; and so in they go."
Behind a hanging, in a spacious room
(The richest work of Mortclake's noble loom)
They wait a while, their wearied limbs to rest,
Till silence should invite them to their feast.
"About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night;"
At last, the various supper being done,
It happen'd that the company was gone
Into a room remote, servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a ball.
Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,
And with delicious bits the floor was strew'd.
The courteous mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat varieties are blest.
Th' industrious peasant every where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his life's happy change.
Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted pye,
They both at last glutted and wanton lie;
When, see the sad reverse of prosperous fate,
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait!
With hideous noise down the rude servants come,
Six dogs before run barking into th' room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fullness, which retards their flight.
Our trembling peasant wishes now, in vain,
That rocks and mountains cover'd him again;
Oh, how the change of his poor life he curst!
"This, of all lives" (said he) "is sure the worst:
Give me again, ye gods, my cave and wood!
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food!"

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE 10th EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

HORACE TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

HEALTH, from the lover of the country, me,
Health, to the lover of the city, thee;
A difference in our souls, this only proves;
In all things else, we agree like married doves.
But the warm nest and crowded dove house thou
Dost like; I loosely fly from bough to bough,
And rivers drink, and all the shining day
Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play;
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with Heaven admire;
Like one at last from the priest's service fled,
Loathing the honied cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a house for happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the architect,
She 'd build it more convenient than great,
And doubtless in the country choose her seat;
Is there a place doth better helps supply
Against the wounds of Winter's cruelty?
Is there an air, that gentlier does assuage
The mad celestial Dog's, or Lion's, rage?
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear?
Does art through pipes a purer water bring,
Than that, which Nature strains into a spring?
Can all your tap'stries, or your pictures show
More beauties, than in herbs and flowers do grow?
Fountains and trees our wearied pride do please,
Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces,

And in your towns, that prospect gives delight,
Which opens round the country to our sight.
Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,
Return at last; and their wild luxury
Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
Which Nature did to mankind recommend.
The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass,
Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy
The painted goods of pride and vanity.
If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose!
For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
To kings, or to the favourites of kings.
The horned deer, by nature arm'd so well,
Did with the horse in common pasture dwell,
And, when they fought, the field it always wan,
Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain;
But never after could the rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burthen bear;
That they might power above their equals have,
To cruel masters they themselves enslave.
For gold, their liberty exchang'd we see,
That fairest flower which crowns humanity [3].
And all this mischief does upon them light,
Only, because they know not how, aright,
That great, but secret, happiness to prize,
That 's laid up in a little, for the wise:
That is the best and easiest estate,
Which to a man sits close, but not too strait;
'Tis like a shoe; it pinches and it burns,
Too narrow; and too large, it overturns.
My dearest friend! stop thy desires at last,
And chearfully enjoy the wealth thou hast:
And, if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil:
Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey;
The horse doth with the horseman run away.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. Plantarum.

Blest be the man (and blest he is) whom e'er
(Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear)
A little field, and little garden, feeds:
The field gives all that frugal Nature needs;
The wealthy garden liberally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.

[3] The poet, as usual, expresses his own *feeling*: but he does more, he expresses it very classically. The allusion is to the ancient custom of wearing wreaths or garlands of flowers, on any occasion of joy and festivity. Hurd.

The specious inconveniences, that wait
Upon a life of business, and of state,
He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest
By fools desir'd, by wicked men possest.
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's praise)
The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days;
Thus his wise life Abdolonymus spent:
Th' ambassadors, which the great emperor sent
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The reverend gardener hoeing of his ground;
Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;
And oft he stopt, in his triumphant way:
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
Not without sighs, Alas! I there forsake
A happier kingdom than I go to take!
Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd, at wise Apollo's Delphic seat [eye,
Presum'd, to ask, "Oh thou, the whole world's
See'st thou a man that happier is than I?"
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
"Aglaüs happier is." But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, "Who can that Aglaüs be!
We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he."
And true it was, through the whole Earth around
No king of such a name was to be found.
"Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty general, that has done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth?" said he.
"None, none of these." "Who can this Aglaüs be?
After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)
This Aglaüs, who monarch's envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs, was labouring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my tost vessel gain;
Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

V.

THE GARDEN.

To J. Evelyn, Esquire.

I never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature;

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole
and entire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me that I might there

Studiis florere ignobilis oti [4]:

(though I could wish that he had rather said, nobilis oti, when he spoke of his own.) But several accidents of my ill-fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. "O let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live." I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and pindarical for prose) what I mean by all this preface; it is to let you know, that though I have missed, like a chymist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the by; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem; and thereby the honour of having my name so advantageously recommended to posterity, by the epistle you are pleased to prefix to the most useful book that has been written in that kind [5], and which is to last as long as months and years.

Among many other arts and excellencies, which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favourite of mine the most predominant; that you choose this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestowed most charges upon its education: and I doubt not to see that book, which you are pleased to promise to the world, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your calendar, as accomplished, as any thing can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expenses, and a long experience. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man, who makes his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou 'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best:
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things, which thou well dost understand;
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds?

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of Heaven too did appear,
As far as Earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which Earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife.

For God, the universal architect,
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escurial, or a tower
That might with Heaven communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shown,
And the materials were all his own.
But well he knew, what place would best agree
With innocence and with felicity;
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain;
If any part of either yet remain,
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

O blessed shades! O gentle, cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat,
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!
This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst, assuage;
Every where else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
They neither set, nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year;
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free.

[4] Virg. Georg. iv. 564.

[5] Mr. Evelyn's Kalendarium hortense; dedicated to Mr Cowley—The title explains the propriety of the compliment, that this book was to last as long as months and years. Hurd.

Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
And should by right be singers too.
What prince's choir of music can excel
That, which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay or give;
They, like all other poets, live
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging pains:
'Tis well if they become not prey:
The whistling winds add their less artful strains.
And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play;
Nature does all this harmony bestow,
But to our plants, art's music too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guittar, we owe;
The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
The trees danc'd round, and understood
By sympathy the voice of wood.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not choose to be awake,
While he 's encompast round with such delight,
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight!
When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep [6]
A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
She odorous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,
As the most soft and sweetest bed; [head.
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his
Who, that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choak
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
In pestilential clouds, a populous town?
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
Than all the female men, or women, there,
Not without cause, about them bear.

When Epicurus to the world had taught,
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
(And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly understood)
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden 's shade that sovereign pleasure sought:
Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius's table, which did hold
As many creatures as the ark of old;
That fiscal table, to which every day
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than Nature's liberality,
Help'd with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gardener's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon she would lose;
Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
Yet still the fruits of earth we see
Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

But with no sense the garden does comply,
None courts, or flatters, as it does, the eye.

[6] Virg. Æn. i. 695.

When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain;
Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
To hide the metal's poverty;
Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold
But silk and rich embroidery,
And Babylonish tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
Though Ophir's starry stones met every where her eye;
Though she herself and her gay host were drest
With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish Art her costly work had done,
The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won;
And every rose and lily there did stand
Better attir'd by Nature's hand [7].
The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
By one, that would not be so rich, though wiser far than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense
Such various pleasures to the sense;
Here health itself does live,
That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,
Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,
The body's virtue, and the soul's good-fortune, health.
The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,
Did its immortal head to Heaven rear;
It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood;
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;
Nor will it thrive too every where:
It always here is freshest seen;
'Tis only here an ever-green.
If, through the strong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diseases passage find,
They must not think here to assail
A land unarmed or without a guard;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any plant is growing here,
Which against death some weapon does not bear.
Let cities boast, that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride;
But 'tis the country and the field,
That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these his inferior ways
(Though no less full of miracle and praise):
Upon the flowers of Heaven we gaze;
The stars of Earth no wonder in us raise,

[7] Matth. vi. 29.

Though these perhaps do, more than they,
The life of mankind sway.
Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stor'd with beauty, power and mystery;
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for Art.

We no-where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree:
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her master, here.
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine:
It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
To its blest state of Paradise before:
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command?
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he's pleas'd to give?
He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit, that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss:
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear:
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.
Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,
Though she refus'd Apollo's suit;
Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself, to see
That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

Methinks, I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made:
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
"If I, my friends" (said he) "should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis, that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my friends, if every day,
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself, almost a god."

VI.

OF GREATNESS.

"Since we cannot attain to greatness "(says the sieur de Montagnè)" let us have our revenge by railing at it:" this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason; for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, separated and purged from the incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it, and made one of the principal officers of state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial: I can therefore only make my protestation,

If ever I more riches did desire
Than cleanliness and quiet do require:
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish, so mean as to be great;
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor-spirited fellow; but I am content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quódque pusilli
Finxerunt animi [8].

I confess, I love littleness almost in all things, A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and, if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestical beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a *bona robá*, nor, as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person; but, as Lucretius says,

Parvola, pumilio, χαρίεσσα μάλα, tota merum sal [9].

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder [1] describes to this effect: "Senecio was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town: he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, for I speak it without raillery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears: he kept a concubine, that was a very giantess, and made her walk too always in chiopins, till at last he got the surname of Senecio Grandio, which Messala said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*: when he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes's army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice; 'I rejoice, I rejoice.'—We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. 'Xerxes

[8] 1 Sat. iv. 17. [9] Lucr. iv. 1155.
[1] Suasoriarum Liber. Suas. 11.

(says he) is all mine own. He, who took away the sight of the sea, with the canvas veils of so many ships' "—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burley way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees, *Grandios*. Is any thing more common, than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or to two hold it up? I may safely say, that all the ostentation of our grandees is, just like a train, of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? how tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestic pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge to the most contemptible divertisements and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the most powerful and fortunate princes [2] of the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay that would not suffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly possessed it: and yet one of them, who styled himself lord and god of the earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching of flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub [3]. One of his predecessors, Nero, (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was, to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the public stage: he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were, of their triumphs over nations: he did not at his death complain, that so mighty an emperor, and the last of all the Cæsarian race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end; but only cried out, "Alas, what pity it is, that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner [4]!" His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice; and that was the main fruit of his sovereignty. I omit the madnesses of Caligula's delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones, with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this that Rome's best blood he spilt
With so much falsehood, so much guilt?
Was it for this that his ambition strove
To equal Cæsar, first; and after, Jove?
Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys;
Her merchandize (I fear) is all in toys;
She could not else, sure, so uncivil be,
To treat his universal majesty,
His new-created Deity,
With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meagre entertainment; she has not really wherewithal to make such feasts as we imagine. Her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant; not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the taylor or valet de chambre: not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions) not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain or cascade-gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one; in the other liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you, before, but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

—sed quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit [5].

[2] Louis XIII.—The Duke de Luynes, the Constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this *powerful and fortunate prince* by training up singing birds for him. ANON.

[3] *Beelzebub* signifies the *lord of flies*. COWLEY.

[4] —Qualis artifex pereo! Sueton. Nero.

[5] Virg. Georg. ii. 291.

As far up towards Heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery:

Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex[6].

This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia: they abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise; and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity; so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of rapine: "as riches increase" (says Solomon) "so do the mouths that devour them[7]." The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, and an ass at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy, if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of Teneriff, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the Moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroical attempt of scaling Heaven in despite of the gods: and they cast Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa: two or three mountains more, they thought, would have done their business: but the thunder spoilt all the work, when they were come up to the third story:

And what a noble plot was crost!
And what a brave design was lost!

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation, when from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain, and afterwards general, which was his second, and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the Heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy, a notion that consists only in relation and comparison: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us, "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is in truth no rising or meridian of the Sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left, no upper-hand in nature; every thing is little, and every thing is great, according as it is diversely compared. There may be perhaps some village in Scotland or Ireland, where I might be a great man: and in that case I should be like Cæsar (you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in any thing); and choose rather to be the first man of the village, than second at Rome. Our country is called Great Britany, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it, when we consider it together with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground, in comparison of the whole Earth besides: and this whole globe of Earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters; and shall end this with an ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but truly imitated.

HORACE. Lib. III. Ode I.

Odi profanum vulgus, &c.

HENCE, ye profane; I hate you all;
Both the great vulgar, and the small.
To virgin minds, which yet their native white-
ness hold,
Not yet discolour'd with the love of gold
(That jaundice of the soul,
Which makes it look so gilded and so foul),
To you, ye very few, these truths I tell;
The Muse inspires my song; hark, and observe
it well.

We look on men, and wonder at such odds
'Twixt things that were the same by birth;
We look on kings as giants of the Earth,
These giants are but pigmies to the gods.
The humblest bush and proudest oak
Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and
power,
Have their short flourishing hour:
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their pre-eminence awhile;

[6] Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 39. [7] Eccl. v. 11.

Ev'n so in the same land, [stand;
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together
Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial hand.

And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,
Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:
If ye your eyes could upwards move
(But ye, I fear, think nothing is above)
Ye would perceive by what a little thread
The sword still hangs over your head:
No tide of wine would drown your cares;
No mirth or music over-noise your fears:
The fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
As not t' admit the image of it, Sleep.

Sleep, is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages:
"His poppy grows among the corn."
The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in their mind;
Darkness but half his work will do:
'Tis not enough; he must find quiet too.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,
Does only Nature's counsel take,
That wise and happy man will never fear
The evil aspects of the year;
Nor tremble, though two comets should appear;
He does not look in almanacs, to see
Whether he fortunate shall be;
Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,
And what they please against the world design,
So Jupiter within him shine.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
God to your cares and fears will set no bound.
What would content you? who can tell?
Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,
As if ye lik'd it well:
Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
Go, level hills, and fill up seas,
Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please;
But, trust me, when you have done all this,
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

VII.

OF AVARICE.

There are two sorts of avarice: the one is but of a bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of gain; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury: the other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and unsatiable desire of riches, nor for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increase them. The covetous man, of the first kind, is like a greedy ostrich, which devours any metal; but it is with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect, it makes a shift to digest and excern it. The second is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind; and a little good too, to some few: the second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or angels, or rational men, for his actions: the second can give no reason or colour, not to the Devil himself, for what he does; he is a slave to Mammon without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; ay, and envied too by some people; the second is the universal object of hatred and contempt. There is no vice has been so pelted with good sentences, and especially by the poets, who have pursued it with stories, and fables, and allegories, and allusions; and moved, as we say, every stone to fling at it: among all which I do not remember a more fine and gentleman-like correction, than that which was given it by one line of Ovid:

Desunt luxuriæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.

Much is wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one member, and tender it thus,

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.

Somebody says [8] of a virtuous and wise man, "that having nothing, he has all:" this is just his antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing. He is a guardian eunuch to his beloved gold: divi eos amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse. They are the fondest lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And, oh, what man's condition can be worse
Than his, whom plenty starves, and blessings curse;
The beggars but a common fate deplore,
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any law made against him: against him do I say? I mean, for him: as there are public provisions made for all other madmen: it is very reasonable that the king should appoint some persons (and I think the courtiers would not be against this proposition) to manage his estate during his life (for his heirs commonly need not that care): and out of it to make it their business to see, that he should not want alimony befitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle vagrants, and counterfeit beggars; but have no care at all of these really poor men, who are, methinks, to be respectfully treated, in regard of their quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choaked with the super-abundance of the matter; too much plen-

[8] The author, well acquainted with the taste of his readers, would not disgust their delicacy by letting them know that this "somebody" was St. Paul, [2 Cor. vi. 10.]—though the sense and expression would have done honour to Plato. Hurd.

ty impoverishes me, as it does them. I will conclude this odious subject with part of Horace's first satire, which take in his own familiar style:

I admire, Mæcenas, how it comes to pass,
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state
In which his own choice plants him, or his fate.
Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries:
The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the soldier! one half-hour to thee
Gives speedy death, or glorious victory:
The lawyer, knockt up early from his rest
By restless clients, calls the peasant blest:
The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,
Envies the mouth, which only talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you 'll say) that I want store
Of instances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach, at least a mile,
Beyond long orator Fabius's style.
But hold, ye, whom no fortune e'er endears,
Gentlemen, malecontents, and mutineers,
Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,
Behold, Jove's now resolv'd to please you all.
Thou soldier, be a merchant: merchant, thou
A soldier be: and lawyer, to the plough.
Change all your stations straight: why do they stay?
The devil a man will change, now when he may.
Were I in general Jove's abused case,
By Jove I 'd cudgel this rebellious race:
But he 's too good; be all, then, as ye were;
However, make the best of what ye are,
And in that state be cheerful and rejoice,
Which either was your fate, or was your choice.
No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
And very miserable be awhile;
But 'tis with a design only to gain
What may their age with plenteous ease maintain.
The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,
And industry to lazy mankind preach:
The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he straight devour all he can get;
But in his temperate mouth carries it home
A stock for winter, which he knows must come.
And, when the rolling world to creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong-side of the year,
And shuts him in, with storms, and cold, and wet,
He cheerfully does his past labours eat:
O, does he so? your wise example, th' ant,
Does not, at all times, rest and plenty want;
But, weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
Thee, neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold:
To th' Indies thou would'st run, rather than see
Another, though a friend, richer than thee.
Fond man! what good or beauty can be found
In heaps of treasure, buried under ground?
Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
Thou would'st thyself, too, buried with them be:
And what's the difference? is 't not quite as bad
Never to use, as never to have had?
In thy vast barns millions of quarters store;
Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more
Than mine does. Every baker makes much bread:
What then? He's with no more, than others, fed.
Do you within the bounds of nature live,
And to augment your own you need not strive;
One hundred acres will no less for you
Your life's whole business, than ten thousand, do.
But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store.
What, man! though you 're resolv'd to take no more
Than I do from a small one? If your will
Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
To some great river for it must you go,
When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?
Give me the spring, which does to human use
Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce;
He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile,
Must run the danger of the crocodile,
And of the rapid stream itself, which may,
At unawares, bear him perhaps away.
In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin
Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within:
He catches at the stream with greedy lips,
From his toucht mouth the wanton torrent slips:
You laugh now, and expand your careful brow;
'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you?
Change but the name, this fable is thy story,
Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory,
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste;
Th' abundance still, and still the want, does last.
The treasures of the gods thou would'st not spare:
But when they 're made thine own, they sacred are,
And must be kept with reverence; as if thou
No other use of precious gold didst know,
But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.
The only true and genuine use is this,
To buy the things, which nature cannot miss
Without discomfort; oil and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of life is fed,
And all those few things else by which we live:
All that remains, is giv'n for thee to give.
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
The bitter fruits be, which fair riches bear;
If a new poverty grow out of store;
The old plain way, ye gods! let me be poor.

Paraphrase on Horace, B. III. Od. xvi.

A tower of brass, one would have said,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead,
The jealous father thought he well might spare
All further jealous care;
And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,
To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd;
And, when he slept, his rest was deep:
But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
She taught the amorous Jove
A magical receipt in love,
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
Than all his thunder did, and his almighty-ship before.
She taught him love's elixir, by which art
His godhead into gold he did convert:
No guards did then his passage stay,
He pass'd with ease; gold was the word;

Subtle as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
Gold through doors and walls did pierce.
The prudent Macedonian king,
To blow up towns, a golden mine did spring,
He broke through gates with his petar;
'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war;
And fleets and armies follow it afar:
The ensign 'tis at land, and 'tis the seaman's star.

Let all the world slave to this tyrant be,
Creature to this disguised deity,
Yet it shall never conquer me.
A guard of virtues will not let it pass.
And wisdom is a tower of stronger brass.
The Muses' laurel, round my temples spread,
Does from this lightning's force secure my head:
Nor will I lift it up so high,
As in the violent meteor's way to lie.
Wealth for its power do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill-fate and death, have more.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
The vast Xerxean army, I retreat;
And to the small Laconic forces fly,
Which holds the straits of poverty.
Cellars and granaries in vain we fill,
With all the bounteous Summer's store,
If the mind thirst and hunger still:
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We masters grow of all that we despise.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
Is all the wealth by nature understood.
The monarch, on whom fertile Nile bestows
All which that grateful earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose
That more than this falls to his share.
Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the lord:
But is a tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the tyrant Lust.
Much will always wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

VIII.

THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN MUCH COMPANY.

If twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap à pé*, with the defensive arms of worldy prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool: and, if the injury went no farther than the being laught at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves; it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous, to him.

Do ye wonder that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilist, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good-nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: it is true, they have done so; they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder, one another: they found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures: they have made them hunters and fishers of their bretheren: they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war: they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice, but they raised first that devil, which now they conjure and cannot bind: though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed, because there were no rewards for it.

But the men, who praise philosophy from this topic, are much deceived: let oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm; it never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them, when they were assembled; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns, and founders of empire; they said, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto Heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth [9]." What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world? What was it, but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of crimi-

[9] Gen. xi. 4.

nals? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities: their actual increase daily with their age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to inflame the contagion: which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the infected.

We ought, in the choice of a situation, to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind, rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison; nay, suppose further, we were always and at all points armed and provided, both against the assaults of hostility, and the mines of treachery, it will yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms; though we were compassed round with fire, to defend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than the diligences of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them; and that it is impossible to escape both these inconveniencies, without so much caution as will take away the whole quiet, that is the happiness, of his life.

Ye see then, what he may lose; but, I pray, what can he get there?

Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio [1].

What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand nor speak the language of the place; a naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice, which Martial gave to Fabian, when he met him newly arrived at Rome:

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought;
What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,
Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray:
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy industry and sweat;
Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.
But you 're a man of learning, prudent, just;
A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.
Why you may stay and live unenvied here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all these were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly; the sight of folly and impiety, vexatious to the wise and pious.

Lucretius [2], by his favour, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, it was delightful to see other men in a great storm: and no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bedlam, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so many various madnesses; which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation; tho', to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them, more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that), that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum; that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But, whither shall we fly then? into the deserts, like the ancient hermits?

—Quà terra patet, fera regnat Erinnys,
In facinus jurâsse putes— [3]

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all (as the scripture speaks) "sold themselves to sin:" the difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I first went to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of sir Phil. Sydney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon; and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsea: but to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrest; that, if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-hall. I ask again, then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way, that he cannot choose but salute it; he must take heed, though, not to go a whoring after it. If, by any lawful vocation, or just

[1] Juv. Sat. iii. 41.

[2] Lucr. lib. ii.

[3] Ovid. Metam. i. 241.

necessity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice: "Brethren, the time is short; it remains, that they, that have wives, be as though they had none.—But I would that all men were even as I myself[4]."

In all cases, they must be sure, that they do *mundum ducere*, and not *mundo nubere*. They must retain the superiority and headship over it: happy are they, who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeking the next market-town in their country.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

De senex Veronensi, qui suburbium nunquam egressus est.

FELIX, qui patriis, &c.

Happy the man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' enclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or fear'd:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows
He measures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

IX.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.

If you should see a man, who were to cross from Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man, who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniences and even superfluities, is to angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a strait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*.

We are all ἐφήμεροι (as Pindar calls us), creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space: as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even bread for no longer a time. The Sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, no more than upon our anger; but, as to God Almighty a thousand years are as one day, so, in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years; tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa, so far he shoots beyond his butt: one would think, he were of the opinion of the Millenaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon Earth. The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it; they, who lived nine hundred years, scarcely provided for a few days; we, who live but a few days, provide at least for nine hundred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners! and yet we see an imitation of it in every man's particular experience; for we begin not the cares of life, till it be half spent, and still increase them, as that decreases.

What is there among the actions of beasts so illogical and repugnant to reason? When they do any thing, which seems to proceed from that which we call reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct: and are not we fools, too, by the same kind of instinct? If we could but learn to "number our days" (as we are taught to pray that we might), we should adjust much better our other accounts; but, whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end, too. Horace advises very wisely, and in excellent good words,

—Spatio brevi
Spem longum reseces—[5]

from a short life cut off all hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers, that choak the mother-plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place, to the same sense,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam [6];

which Seneca does not mend, when he says Oh! quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium! but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his, named Senecio, who, from a very mean beginning, by great industry in turning about of money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary riches, but died on a

[4] 1 Cor. vii. 29. 7.

[5] 1 Carm. xi. 6.

[6] Ibid. iv. 15.

sudden, after having supped merrily, in ipso actu benè cedentium rerum, in ipso procurrentis fortunæ impetu, in the full course of his good fortune, when she had a high tide, and a stiff gale, and all her sails on; upon which occasion he cries, out of Virgil[7],

Insere nunc, Melibæe, pyros; pone ordine vites!

——————Go, Melibæus, now,
Go graff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant;
Behold the fruit!

For this Senecio I have no compassion, because he was taken, as we say, *in ipso facto*, still labouring in the work of avarice; but the poor rich man in St Luke (whose case was not like this) I could pity, methinks if the Scripture would permit me; for he seems to have been satisfied at last, he confesses he had enough for many years, he bids his soul take its ease; and yet for all that, God says to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; and the things thou hast laid up, who shall they belong to[8]?" Where shall we find the causes of this bitter reproach and terrible judgment? We may find, I think, two; and God, perhaps, saw more. First, that he did not intend true rest to his soul, but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury; his design is, to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting; the fullness of his old barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones: and God meted out to him in the same measure; since he would have more riches than his life could contain, God destroyed his life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the man from his riches, and no less frequently riches from the man: what hope can there be of such a marriage, where both parties are so fickle and uncertain? by what bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must
Or, what is worse, be left by it? [quit,
Why dost thou load thyself, when thou 'rt to fly,
Oh man, ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is sowing thee.

Suppose, thou Fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose, thou could'st on Fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh;
Death will that foolish gardener mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant engraff
Upon a lasting stock.

[7] Buc. i. 4.

[8] Luke xii. 29.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou would'st seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
In business, that concerns not thee!
For when to future years thou' extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock, which summer's wealth affords:
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay
And be our sunshine all the day;

Like lightning, that, begot but in a cloud
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud)
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud poverty, that tinsel bravery wears!
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound,
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

X.

THE DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which Nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which Fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say, which *but* is ærugo mera, a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that poe-

sus, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) cum dignitate otium. This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the Sun stay too. But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking for a fortune then, is but a desperate after-game: it is a hundred to one, if a man fling two sixes and recover all; especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for, if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person) to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; "but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his estate, but to take something from his desires."

The sum of this is, that, for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially, when the use of those things, which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied; but the loss of time, never recovered: nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet, when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle, the play is not worth the expense of the candle: after having been long tost in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants;

——utere velis,
Totos pande sinus—[9]

A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band, and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think, your counsel of festina lente is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate well-bred gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies; and therefore I prefer Horace's advice before yours,

——sapere aude,
Incipe—

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. Varro[1] teaches us that Latin proverb, portam itineri longissimam esse: but to return to Horace,

—Sapere aude:
Incipe vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat, dum labitur annis: at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum[2]."

[9] Juv. i. 150. [1] Lib. 1. Agric. [2] 1 Ep. ii. 40.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others) was so far from this folly, that whensoever, in a journey, he was to cross any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry; but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over: and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay, till the waters are low; stay, till some boats come by to transport you; stay, till a bridge be built for you; you had even as good stay till the river be quite past. Persius (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore, I say, I know to be not a good poet) has an odd expression of these procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of fancy:

Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud [cras
Egerit hos annos.

Our yesterday's to morrow now is gone.
And still a new to morrow does come on;
We by to morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your otium cum dignitate, and festina lente, and three or four other more of your new Latin sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of Seneca and Plutarch upon this subject, I should overwhelm you; but I leave those, as *Triarii*, for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend; and so, *vale*.

MARTIAL, Lib. V. Epigr. lix.

Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Posthume, semper; &c.

TO MORROW you will live, you always cry:
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To day itself's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Epigr. xc.

Quinctiliane, vagæ moderator summe juventæ, &c.

WONDER not, sir, (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old.

Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir;
Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice:
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that shine with aught but constant fire.
I well content the avarice of my sight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleasures abroad, the sport of Nature yields,
Her living fountains, and her smiling fields;
And then at home, what pleasure is 't to see
A little, cleanly, cheerful, family!
Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise she should not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

XI.

OF MYSELF.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or the glories or business of it, were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar; in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part, which here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill known:
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabin field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
To morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace[3]); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stampt first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe, I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour, (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where there (though my understanding had little to do with all this;) and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet, I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of

[3] 3 Od. xxix. 41.

one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts); yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty, which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it; a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any where; though I was in business of great and honourable trust; though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well then [4]; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought in that ease I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself; and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance, of it:

"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at the exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.
Content thyself with the small barren praise,
Which neglected verse does raise."
She spake; and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their several ways of life let others chuse,
Their several pleasures let them use;
But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star, that did my being frame,
Was but a lambent flame.
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.

No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee.
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of folly, lust, and flattery.
Fraud, extortion, calumny,
Murder, infidelity,
Rebellion, and hypocrisy.
Do thou not grieve nor blush to be,
As all th' inspired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down to Ben.

However by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corpe perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at a man, who says to his soul, "Take thy ease:" I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent, nor alter my course. Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum: nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her:

——Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, silvæque, animâ remanente, relinquam.

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You Muses, books, and liberty and rest;
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very pretty ejaculation.—Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last.

MARTIAL, Lib. X. Epigr. xlvii.

Vitam que faciunt beatiorem &c.

SINCE, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me;
These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an estate neither too great or small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call:
Let this estate from parents' care descend;
The getting it too much of life does spend:
Take such a ground whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry.
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame;
And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, business, draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain.

[4] We have these verses, under the name of *The Wish*, in the MISTRESS,

In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into thy day-time creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be satisfied and pleas'd with what thou art,
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part;
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish, th' approaches of the last.

MARTIAL, Lib. X. Epigr. xcvi.

Sæpe loquar nimium gentes, &c.

ME, who have liv'd so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat:
And a retreat so distant as may show
No thoughts of a return, when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote so'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
And all the solid use of riches knows.
The ground about the house maintains it, [there;
The house maintains the ground about it, here;
Here even hunger's dear; and a full board
Devours the vital substance of the lord.
The land itself does there the feast bestow,
The land itself must here to market go.
Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
One suit does there three or four winters last,
Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
And little luke-warm fires are to you sold.
There fire's an element, as cheap and free,
Almost, as any of the other three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of men you score,
The place's bounty there shall give me more.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS[3].

Hic, o viator, sub lare parvulo
Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet;
Defunctis humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.

Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
Vanóque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis.

Possis ut illum dicere mortuum;
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
Exempta sit curis, viator.
Terra sit illa levis, precare.

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

[3] See a translation of this Epitaph among the poems of Mr. Addison.

A PROPOSITION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY[1].

THE COLLEGE.

THAT the philosophical college be situated within one, two, or (at farthest) three miles of London; and, if it be possible to find that convenience upon the side of the river, or very near it.

That the revenue of this college amount to four thousand pounds a year.

That the company received into it be as follows:

1. Twenty philosophers or professors. 2. Sixteen young scholars, servants to the professors. 3. A chaplain. 4. A bailiff for the revenue. 5. A manciple or purveyor for the provisions of the house. 6. Two gardeners. 7. A master-cook. 8. An under-cook. 9. A butler. 10. An under-butler. 11. A surgeon. 12. Two lungs, or chymical servants. 13. A library-keeper, who is likewise to be apothecary, druggist, and keeper of instruments, engines, &c. 14. An officer to feed and take care of all beasts, fowl, &c. kept by the college. 15. A groom of the stable. 16. A messenger, to send up and down for all uses of the college. 17. Four old women, to tend the chambers, keep the house clean, and such-like services.

That the annual allowance for this company be as follows: 1. To every professor, and to the chaplain, one hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen scholars, twenty pounds apiece; ten pounds for their diet, and ten pounds for their entertainment. 3. To the bailiff, thirty pounds, besides allowance for his journies. 4. To the purveyor, or manciple, thirty pounds. 5. To each of the gardeners, twenty pounds. 6. To the master-cook, twenty pounds. 7. To the under-cook, four pounds. 8. To the butler, ten pounds. 9. To the under-butler, four pounds. 10. To the surgeon, thirty pounds. 11. To the library-keeper, thirty pounds. 12. To each of the lungs, twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper

[1] Ingenious men delight in dreams of reformation.—In comparing this *Proposition* of Cowley, with *that* of Milton, addressed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that these great poets had amused themselves with some exalted, and, in the main, congenial fancies, on the subject of education: that, of the *two* plans proposed, this of Mr. Cowley was better digested, and is the *less* fanciful; if a preference, in this respect, can be given to either, when both are manifestly Utopian: and that our universities, in their present form, are well enough calculated to answer all the reasonable ends of such institutions; provided we allow for the unavoidable defects of them, when drawn out into practice. HURD.

of the beasts, six pounds, 14. To the groom, five pounds. 15. To the messenger, twelve pounds. 16. To the four necessary women, ten pounds. For the manciple's table, at which all the servants of the house are to eat, except the scholars, one hundred and sixty pounds. For three horses for the service of the college, thirty pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hundred eighty-five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the house and gardens, and operatories, and instruments, and animals, and experiments of all sorts, and all other expenses, seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the industry of the college will in a short time so enrich itself, as to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun: neither is the continuance of particular men's liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that public benefit which will accrue to all mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by this foundation. Something likewise will arise from leases and other casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the professors, or any other use besides that of the search of nature, and by it the general good of the world; and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the company, it is proposed:

That some person, of eminent quality, a lover of solid learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen chancellor or president of the college, and that eight governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed visitors of the college, and receive an exact account of all expenses, even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their public treasure, under the hands and oaths of the professors resident.

That the choice of professors in any vacancy belong to the chancellor and the governors; but that the professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the nation are most proper for the duties of their society) direct their choice, by recommending two or three persons to them at every election: and that, if any learned person within his majesty's dominions discover, or eminently improve, any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground, for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferred, if he pretend to the place before any body else.

That the governors have power to turn out any professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the society.

That the college be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair quadrangular courts, and three large grounds, enclosed with good walls behind them. That the first court be built with a fair cloister; and the professors' lodgings, or rather little houses, four on each side, at some distance from one another, and with little gardens behind them, just after the manner of the Chartreux beyond sea. That the inside of the cloister be lined with a gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of trees; and that in the middle there be a parterre of flowers and a fountain.

That the second quadrangle, just behind the first, be so contrived, as to contain these parts: 1. A chapel. 2. A hall, with two long tables on each side, for the scholars and officers of the house to eat at, and with a pulpit and forms at the end for the public lectures. 3. A large and pleasant dining-room within the hall, for the professors to eat in, and to hold their assemblies and conferences. 4. A public school-house. 5. A library. 6. A gallery to walk in, adorned with the pictures or statues of all the inventors of any thing useful to human life; as printing, guns, America, &c. and of late in anatomy, the circulation of the blood, the milky veins, and such like discoveries in any art, with short elogies, under the portraitures: as likewise the figures of all sorts of creatures, and the stuft skins of as many strange animals as can be gotten. 7. An anatomy-chamber adorned with skeletons and anatomical pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for dissection. 8. A chamber for all manner of drugs, and apothecaries' materials. 9. A mathematical chamber, furnished with all sorts of mathematical instruments, being an appendix to the library. 10. Lodgings for the chaplain, surgeon, library-keeper, and purveyor, near the chapel, anatomy-chamber, library, and hall.

That the third court be on one side of these, very large but meanly built, being designed only for use, and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the kitchen, butteries, brew-house, bake-house, dairy, lardry, stables, &c. and especially great laboratories for chymical operations and lodgings for the under servants.

That behind the second court be placed the garden, containing all sorts of plants that our soil will bear; and at the end a little house of pleasure, a lodge for the gardener, and a grove of trees cut out into walks.

That the second enclosed ground be a garden, destined only to the trial of all manner of experiments concerning plants, as their melioration, acceleration, retardation, conservation, composition, transmutation, coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by art, either for use or curiosity, with a lodge in it for the gardener.

That the third ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all sorts of creatures which the professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the nature of animals, and the improvement of their uses to us.

That there be likewise built, in some place of the college where it may serve most for ornament of the whole, a very high tower for observation of celestial bodies, adorned with all sorts of dials, and such like curiosities; and that there be very deep vaults made under ground, for experiments most proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this age to extend to; and we do not design this after the model of Solomon's house in my lord Bacon, (which is a project for experiments that can never be experimented), but propose it within such bounds of expense as have

often been exceeded by the buildings of private citizens.

OF THE PROFESSORS, SCHOLARS, CHAPLAIN, AND OTHER OFFICERS.

THAT of the twenty professors four be always travelling beyond seas, and sixteen always resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions; and every one so absent, leaving a deputy behind him to supply his duties.

That the four professors itinerant be assigned to the four parts of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there to reside three years at least; and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the learning, and especially natural experimental philosophy, of those parts.

That the expense of all dispatches, and all books, simples, animals, stones, metals, minerals, &c. and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the college, shall be defrayed out of the treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120*l.*) made to them as soon as the college's revenue shall be improved.

That at their going abroad, they shall take a solemn oath, never to write any thing to the college, but what, after very diligent examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an errour.

That the sixteen professors resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of natural experimental philosophy, to consist of the mathematics, mechanics, medicine, anatomy, chymistry, the history of animals, plants, minerals, elements, &c.; agriculture, architecture, art military, navigation, gardening; the mysteries of all trades, and improvement of them; the facture of all merchandizes; all natural magic or divination; and briefly all things contained in the catalogue of natural histories annexed to my lord Bacon's Organon.

That once a day, from Easter till Michaelmas, and twice a week, from Michaelmas to Easter, at the hours in the afternoon most convenient for auditors from London, according to the time of the year, there shall be a lecture read in the hall, upon such parts of natural experimental philosophy, as the professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the professors, by daily, weekly, or monthly turns, shall teach the public schools, according to the rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedency, choice of lodging, and such-like privileges, which shall belong to seniority in the college); and that all shall be masters and treasurers by annual turns; which two officers, for the time being, shall take place of all the rest, and shall be arbitri duarum mensarum.

That the master shall command all the officers of the college, appoint assemblies or conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice; and in his absence the treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all monies by the master's order in writing (if it be an extraordinary), after consent of the other professors.

That all the professors shall sup together in the parlour within the hall every night, and shall dine there twice a week (to wit, Sundays and Thursdays) at two round tables, for the convenience of discourse; which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their studies and professions; and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk, shall be the duty of the two *arbitri mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the servant-scholars to read them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at table; that it shall belong likewise to the said *arbitri mensarum* only, to invite strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of learning or great parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous meetings of acquaintance.

That the professors resident shall allow the college twenty pounds a year for their diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an assembly, or conference, concerning the affairs of the college, and the progress of their experimental philosophy.

That, if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the assembly, to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That, if any one be author of an invention that may bring in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the inventor, and the two other to the society; and besides, if the thing be very considerable, his statue or picture, with an elogy under it, shall be placed in the gallery, and made a denison of that corporation of famous men.

That all the professors shall be always assigned to some particular inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their studies), of which they shall give an account to the assembly: so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the arts, as chymistry, anatomy, mechanics, and the like; and that the college shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a register under lock and key, and not to be seen but by the professors, of all the experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the trial.

That the popular and received errours in experimental philosophy (with which, like weeds in a neglected garden, it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by trial and taken notice of in the public lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the foundation) the college shall give an account in print, in proper and ancient Latin of the fruits of their triennial industry.

That every professor resident shall have his scholar to wait upon him in his chamber and at table; whom he should be obliged to breed up in natural philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the assembly, from whose election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it,

both for the care of his education and the just and civil usage of him.

That the scholar shall understand Latin very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek, before he be capable of being chosen into the service; and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his lodging shall be with the professor whom he serves.

That no professor shall be a maried man, or a divine, or lawyer in practice; only physic he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the professors shall, in the college, wear the habit of ordinary masters of art in the universities, or of doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another; and that the assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil language to his brother-professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punished by the governors with expulsion.

That the chaplain shall eat at the master's table (paying his twenty pounds a year as the others do); and that he shall read prayers once a day at least, a little before supper-time; that he shall preach in the chapel every Sunday morning, and catechize in the afternoon the scholars and the school-boys: that he shall every month administer the holy sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his auditors with the controversies of divinity, but only teach God in his just commandments, and in his wonderful works.

THE SCHOOL.

THAT the school may be built so as to contain about two hundred boys.

That it be divided into four classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven; because we suppose that the children sent hither, to be initiated in things as well as words, ought to have past the two or three first, and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the Latin grammar, and some authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their teaching; and that, if any professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the school, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the governors; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their sons much better proficients in learning here, than boys of the same age commonly are at other schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near concernment without returning some marks of acknowledgment, they may, if they please, (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some little rarity or curiosity upon the society, in recompense of their trouble.

And, because it is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing or rather casting away six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a method be here established, for the infusing knowledge and language at the same time into them; and that this may be their apprenticeship in natural philosophy. This, we conceive, may be done, by breeding them up in authors, or pieces of authors, who treat of some parts of nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught; such are, in Latin, Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny, part of Celsus and of Seneca, Cicero de Divinatione, de Naturâ Deorum, and several scattered pieces, Virgil's Georgics, Grotius, Nemesianus, Manilius: And the truth is, because we want good poets (I mean we have but few), who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, natural matters (the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of love or with the fables of gods and heroes), we conceive that one book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient poets that might serve for the advancement of natural science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant volume. To this we would have added the morals and rhetorics of Cicero, and the institutions of Quinctilian; and for the comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the language, are drawn, we conceive, the boys may be made masters of them, as a part of their recreation, and not of their task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of Terence's Comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of Plautus's; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoined, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the Greek authors, they may study Nicander, Opianus, (whom Scaliger does not doubt to prefer above Homer himself, and place next to his adored Virgil) Aristotle's history of animals, and other parts, Theophrastus and Dioscorides of plants, and a collection made out of several of both poets and other Grecian writers. For the morals and rhetoric, Aristotle may suffice, or Hermogenes and Longinus be added for the latter. With the history of animals they should be showed anatomy as a divertisement, and made to know the figures and natures of those creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those errours which are universally admitted concerning many. The same method should be used to make them acquainted with all plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern geography, the understanding of the globes, and the principles of geometry and astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in Latin, and English, as the Romans did in Greek and Latin, and in all this travail be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emulation, than driven by severity, punishment, and terrour. Upon festivals and play-times, they should exercise themselves in the fields, by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering, and training, after the manner

of soldiers, &c. And, to prevent all dangers and all disorder, there should always be two of the scholars with them, to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; in foul weather, it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon Sundays, and all days of devotion, they are to be a part of the chaplain's province.

That, for all these ends, the college so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant houses thereabouts, kept by religious, discreet, and careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young scholars; that they have a constant eye over them, to see that they be bred up there piously, cleanly, and plentifully, according to the proportion of the parents' expenses.

And that the college, when it shall please God, either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall, at their own charges, erect and maintain some house or houses for the entertainment of such poor men's sons, whose good natural parts may promise either use or ornament to the commonwealth, during the time of their abode at school; and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich men's children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause), there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid, and hospital-like educat on.

CONCLUSION.

IF I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own conceptions (that σοφγὴ of the Greeks, which no other language has a proper word for), there was never any project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few adversaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well-selected persons in such a condition of life, that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other professions, from that of the highest general even to the lowest artisan? who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other ends; first, to weigh, examine, and prove, all things of nature delivered to us by former ages; to detect, explode, and strike a censure through, all false monies with which the world has been paid and cheated so long; and (as I may say) to set the mark of the college upon all true coins, that they may pass hereafter without any farther trial: secondly, to recover the lost inventions, and, as it were, drowned lands of the ancients: thirdly, to improve all arts which we now have; and lastly, to discover others which we have not: and who shall besides all this (as a benefit by the by), give the best education in the world (purely *gratis*) to as many men's children as shall think fit to make use of the obligation? Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in a state or religion; but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good institutions have done) even of degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this Proposition shall encounter with no enemies: the only question is, whether it will find friends enough to carry it on from discourse and design to reality and effect; the necessary expenses of the beginning (for it will maintain itself well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible, in order to so vast a work), that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead relics of human charity and public generosity which are yet remaining in the world.

THE

POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

THE

LIFE OF DENHAM,

BY DR JOHNSON.

OF SIR JOHN DENHAM very little is known but what is related of him by Wood, or by himself.

He was born at Dublin in 1615; the only son of Sir John Denham, of Little Horsely in Essex, then chief baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and of Eleanor, daughter of sir Garret More, baron of Mellefont.

Two years afterwards, his father, being made one of the barons of the Exchequer in England, brought him away from his native country, and educated him in London.

In 1631 he was sent to Oxford, where he was considered as "a dreaming young man, given more to dice and cards than study:" and therefore gave no prognostics of his future eminence; nor was suspected to conceal, under his sluggishness and laxity, a genius born to improve the literature of his country.

When he was, three years afterwards, removed to Lincoln's Inn, he prosecuted the common law with sufficient appearance of application; yet did not lose his propensity to cards and dice; but was very often plundered by gamesters.

Being severely reproved for this folly, he professed, and perhaps believed, himself reclaimed; and to testify the sincerity of his repentance, wrote and published An Essay upon Gaming.

He seems to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for, in 1636, he translated the second book of the Æneid.

Two years after, his father died; and then, notwithstanding his resolutions and professions, he returned again to the vice of gaming, and lost several thousand pounds that had been left him.

In 1642, he published The Sophy. This seems to have given him his first hold of the public attention; for Waller remarked, "that he broke out like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when no body was aware, or in the least suspected it;" an observation which could have had no propriety, had his poetical abilities been known before.

He was after that pricked for sheriff of Surrey, and made governor of Farnham Castle for the king; but he soon resigned that charge and retreated to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published Cooper's Hill.

This poem had such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence.

A report was spread, that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of Cato, and Pope of his Essay on Criticism.

In 1647, the distresses of the royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments. He was entrusted by the queen with a message to the king; and, by whatever means, so far softened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that, by his intercession, admission was procured. Of the king's condescension he has given an account in the dedication of his works.

He was afterwards employed in carrying on the king's correspondence; and, as he says, discharged this office with great safety to the royalists: and, being accidentally discovered by the adverse party's knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, he escaped happily both for himself and his friends.

He was yet engaged in a greater undertaking. In April, 1648, he conveyed James the duke of York from London into France, and delivered him there to the queen and prince of Wales. This year he published his translation of Cato Major.

He now resided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled king; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses; one of which amusements was probably his ode or song upon the embassy to Poland, by which he and lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thousand pounds from the Scotch, that wandered over that kingdom. Poland was at that time very much frequented by itinerant traders, who, in a country of very little commerce and of great extent, where every man resided on his own estate, contributed very much to the accommodation of life, by bringing to every man's house those little necessaries which it was very inconvenient to want, and very troublesome to fetch. I have formerly read, without much reflection, of the multitude of Scotchmen that travelled with their wares in Poland; and that their numbers were not small, the success of this negociation gives sufficient evidence.

About this time, what estate the war and the gamesters had left him was sold, by order of the parliament; and when, in 1652, he returned to England, he was entertained by the earl of Pembroke.

Of the next years of his life there is no account. At the Restoration he obtained that which many missed, the reward of his loyalty; being made surveyor of the king's buildings, and dignified with the order of the Bath. He seems now to have learned some attention to money; for Wood says, that he got by this place seven thousand pounds.

After the Restoration, he wrote the poem on Prudence and Justice, and perhaps some of his other pieces: and as he appears, whenever any serious question comes before him, to have been a man of piety, he consecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical version of the Psalms of David. In this attempt he has failed; but in sacred poetry who has succeeded?

It might be hoped that the favour of his master and esteem of the public would now make him happy. But human felicity is short and uncertain; a second marriage brought upon him so much disquiet, as for a time disordered his understanding: and Butler lampooned him for his lunacy. I know not whether the malignant lines were then made public, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuse.

His frenzy lasted not long[1]; and he seems to have regained his full force of mind; for he wrote afterwards his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley, whom he was not long to survive; for, on the 19th of March, 1668, he was buried by his side.

DENHAM is deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. "Denham and Waller," says Prior, "improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it." He has given specimens of various composition, descriptive, ludicrous, didactic and sublime.

He appears to have had, in common with almost all mankind, the ambition of being upon proper occasion *a merry fellow*, and in common with most of them to have been by nature, or by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is less exhilirating than the ludicrousness of Denham; he does not fail for want of efforts; he is familiar, he is gross; but he is never merry, unless the Speech against Peace in the close Committee" be excepted. For grave burlesque, however, his imitation of Davenant shows him to be well qualified.

Of his more elevated occasional poems there is perhaps none that does not deserve commendation. In the verses to Fletcher, we have an image that has since been often adopted:

> But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
> Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
> Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
> Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
> Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
> Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

After Denham, Orrery, in one of his prologues,

> Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
> For every author would his brother kill.

And Pope,

> Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
> Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

But this is not the best of his little pieces: it is excelled by his poem to Fanshaw and his elegy on Cowley.

[1] In Grammont's Memoirs many circumstances are related, both of his marriage and his frensy very little favour able to his character. *R.*

His praise of Fanshaw's version of Guarini contains a very spritely and judicious character of a good translator.

> That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
> Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
> Those are the labour'd birth of slavish brains,
> Not the effect of poetry, but pains:
> Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
> No flight for thoughts, but poorly stick at words.
> A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
> To make translations and translators too,
> They but preserve the ashes; thou the flame,
> True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

The excellence of these lines is greater, as the truth which they contain was not at that time generally known.

His poem on the death of Cowley was his last, and, among his shorter works, his best performance: the numbers are musical, and the thoughts are just.

Cooper's Hill is the work that confers upon him the rank and dignity of an original author. He seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated *local poetry*, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.

To trace a new scheme of poetry has in itself a very high claim to praise, and its praise is yet more when it is apparently copied by Garth and Pope[2]; after whose names little will be gained by an enumeration of smaller poets, that have left scarcely a corner of the island not dignified either by rhyme, or blank verse.

Cooper's Hill, if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults. The digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments sometimes such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry.

The four verses, which, since Dryden has commended them, almost every writer for a century past has imitated, are generally known:

> O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme!
> Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

The lines are in themselves not perfect; for most of the words, thus artfully opposed, are to be understood simply on one side of the comparison, and metaphorically on the other; and if there be any language that does not express intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be translated. But so much meaning is comprised in so few words; the particulars of resemblance an

[2] By Garth, in his Poem on Claremont; and by Pope, in his Windsor Forest. *H.*

so perspicatiously collected, and every mode of excellence separated from its adjacent fault by so nice a line of limitation; the different parts of the sentence are so accurately adjusted; and the flow of the last couplet is so smooth and sweet; that the passage, however celebrated, has not been praised above its merit. It has beauty peculiar to itself, and must be numbered among those felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but must arise unexpectedly in some hour propitious to poetry.

He appears to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words. How much this servile practice obscured the clearest and deformed the most beautiful parts of the ancient authors, may be discovered by a perusal of our earlier versions; some of them are the works of men well qualified, not only by critical knowledge, but by poetical genius, who yet, by a mistaken ambition of exactness, degraded at once their originals and themselves.

Denham saw the better way, but has not pursued it with great success. His versions of Virgil are not pleasing; but they taught Dryden to please better. His poetical imitation of Tully on Old Age has neither the clearness of prose, nor the spriteliness of poetry.

The "strength of Denham," which Pope so emphatically mentions, is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in few words, and exhibit the sentiment with more weight than bulk.

On the Thames.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.

On Strafford.

His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear.
While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe,
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake:
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he;
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.

On Cowley.

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;

Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal but emulate!
And, when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear.

As one of Denham's principal claims to the regard of posterity arises from his improvement of our numbers, his versification ought to be considered. It will afford that pleasure which arises from the observation of a man of judgment, naturally right, forsaking bad copies by degrees, and advancing towards a better practice as he gains more confidence in himself.

In his translation of Virgil, written when he was about twenty-one years old, may be still found the old manner of continuing the sense ungracefully from verse to verse.

Then all those
Who in the dark our fury did escape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
And differing dialect; then their numbers swell
And grow upon us; first Chorebus fell
Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
Ill fate could save; my country's funeral flame
And Troy's cold ashes, I attest, and call
To witness for myself, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did and deserv'd no less, my fate to find.

From this kind of concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their sense in couplets; which has perhaps been with rather too much constancy pursued.

This passage exhibits one of those triplets which are not unfrequent in this first essay, but which it is to be supposed his maturer judgment disapproved, since in his latter works he has totally forborn them.

His rhimes are such as seem found without difficulty, by following the sense; and are for the most part as exact at least as those of other poets, though now and then the reader is shifted off with what he can get;

O how *transform'd!*
How much unlike that Hector, who *return'd*
Clad in Achilles' spoils!

And again:

From thence a thousand lesser poets *sprung*
Like petty princes from the fall of *Rome.*

Sometimes the weight of rhime is laid upon a word too feeble to sustain it:

> Troy confounded falls
> From all her glories: if it might have stood
> By any power, by this right hand it *shou'd*.
> —And though my outward state misfortune *hath*
> Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
> —Thus, by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
> A feigned tear destroys us, against *whom*
> Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
> Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail.

He is not very careful to vary the ends of his verses; in one passage the word *die* rhymes three couplets in six.

Most of these petty faults are in his first productions, where he was less skilful, or at least less dextrous in the use of words; and though they had been more frequent, they could only have lessened the grace, not the strength of his composition. He is one of the writers that improved our taste, and advanced our language; and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do.

TO

THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well-instructed from the queen (his majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs. But, sir, I will not lanch into an history, instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before (being those to sir R. Fanshaw); and asking me when I made them, I told hin two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton-Court, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnished with nine several cyphers in order to it: which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr.

Cowley's hand, I happily escaped both for myself, and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your majesty's expectation.

After, when your majesty, departing from St. Germains to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts, which the new apparitions of foreign invasion and domestic discontent gave us: but these clouds being now happily blown over, and our sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth; yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato did the same; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after; for what author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it; neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your majesty's view, and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your majesty, will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices, till their vices forsake them; and that this divorce was not frigiditatis causa, but an act of choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, sir, I shall only call it an humble petition, that your majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands, to whose memory I look

up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty, airy reputation of being nimis poëta; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.
Hic versus & cætera ludicra pono.

Your majesty's most faithful
and loyal subject, and most
dutiful and devoted servant,

JO. DENHAM.

POEMS

BY

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

COOPER'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That, whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse, [1] whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height:
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, though several ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin, and increase.
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure, and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the val'ey swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horrour turns away our eyes:
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
Mark'd-out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T'invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
Among that numerous, and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnute,
(Though this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)

1 Mr. Waller.

Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those several kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee great Edward[2], and thy greater son,
(The lilies which his father wore, he won)
And thy Bellona[3], who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to the triumph led one captive[4] king
And brought that son, which did the second[4] bring.
Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move):
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design, has been the great success:
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood, which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt, had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel, and prophecy of him.
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd.
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell: (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust!
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own much more:
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor:
Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.

[2] Edward III. and the Black Prince.
[3] Queen Philippa.
[4] The kings of France and Scotland.

No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring,
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs:
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O'er which he kindly spread his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:
But god-like his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy streams
My great example, as it is my theme!

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast;
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars [5], and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight,
To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight.
Though these delights from several causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends we love)
Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord, which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure and clear,
That had the self enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone,
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where no man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose, when the unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends: among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the flight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst! alas, they thirst for blood.
So towards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair:
So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those

[5] The Forest.

Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly,
From his unerring hand, then, glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued[6], and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or should have been at least the last.
Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier stile of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same center move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their prin gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving give themselves away,
And even that power, that should deny, betray, [viles,
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear re-
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects, by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes; and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow course;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells:
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE

SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first book speaks of Æneas's voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this book.

[6] Runny Mead.

While all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more:
Not the most cruel of our conquering foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear, then how can I
Repress the horrour of my thoughts, which fly
The said remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining stars to rest invite;
Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return; this Fame
Divulges; then within the beast's vast womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb.
In view the isle of Tenedos, once high
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unsecure and open bay)
Thither by stealth the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ sail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All through th' unguarded gates with joy resort
To see the slighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles; here
The battle join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
And first Thy mœtes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver sort thought fit
The Greeks suspected present to commit
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains t' explore.
Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends.
Crying, "What desperate frenzy's this, (oh friends)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design, their gifts but a deceit;
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd, no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts."
(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with enclosed fear,

Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd prisoner to the king
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
"What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incensed Troy a wretched captive seeks
To sacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks."
To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts, we now inquire his parentage,
What of their counsels or affairs he knew:
Then fearless he replies, Great king, to you
All truth I shall relate: nor first can I
Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;
And though my outward state misfortune hath
Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend.
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and counsels did his throne support;
I but a youth, yet some esteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
Till now, disdaining his unworthy end,
I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wish'd return to Greece; from hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date:
Old guilt fresh malice gives; the peoples' ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I these thankless truths pursue:
Or why defer your rage? on me, for all
The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.
Ulysses this, th' Atridæ this desire
At any rate." We straight are set on fire
(Unpractis'd in such mysteries, to inquire
The manner and the cause, which thus he told,
With gestures humble, as his tale was bold.
"Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd
With tedious war, a stolen retreat desir'd,
And would to Heaven they'd gone: but still dismay'd
By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd.
Chiefly when this stupendous pile was ras'd,
Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Dispatch Eurypylus t' inquire our fates,
Who thus the sentence of the gods relates;
'A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
When first towards Troy the Grecians took the seas;
Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood
Must purchase.' All at this confounded stood;
Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
Of what, the mischief but on one can fall.
Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inspir'd as he, and did my fate foretel)
Ten days the prophet in suspence remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at last, constrain'd
By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd
Me for the sacrifice; the people join'd
In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate. The day drew near,
The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confess I found
The means to my escape, my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their sails had hoist (if so they did).
And now, alas! no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my sons to see,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And punish, for my guilt, their innocence,
Those gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men; by these I beg, redress
My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress."
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
"Then spake the king, Be ours, whoe'er thou art,
Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,
Why did they raise, or to what use intend
This pile? to a war-like, or religious end?"
Skilful in fraud (his native art), his hands
Toward Heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
"Ye pure æthereal flames, ye powers ador'd
By mortal men, ye altars, and the sword
I scap'd, ye sacred fillets that involv'd
My destin'd head, grant I may stand absolv'd
From all their laws and rights, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim;
Only, O Troy, preserve thy faith to me,
If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all
Counsels and actions, took original,
Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)
Assails the sacred tower, the guards they slay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image; straight with our success
Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
Her just disdain, her flaming eyes did throw
Flashes of lightning, from each part did flow
A briny sweat, thrice brandishing her spear,
Her statue from the ground itself did rear;

Then, that we should our sacrilege restore,
And re-convey their gods from Argos' shore,
Calchas persuades, till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To measure back the main
They all consent, but to return again,
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then, instead of that, this pile
To Pallas was design'd; to reconcile
Th' offended power, and expiate our guilt;
To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
Lest, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you,
But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
The cruel plagues (which Heaven divert on them!)
Shall fall on Priam's state: but if the horse
Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract;
Our sons then suffering what their sires would act."
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'er-come,
A feigned tear destroys us, against whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail.
This seconded by a most sad portent,
Which credit to the first imposture lent;
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did slay.
When two prodigious serpents were descry'd,
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide;
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breasts,
Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there came,
A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
Then him, who armed to their rescue runs,
They seiz'd, and with entangling foes embrac'd,
His neck twice compassing, and twice his waist:
Their poisonous knots he strives to break and tear,
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear;
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Shakes the huge axe; the conquering serpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and their lie
Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent
Justly on him, who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent.
A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall.
Built by the gods, by her own hands doth fall;
Thus all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords and some the monster drive
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and rhimes,
Some dance, some haul the rope; at last let down
It enters with a thundering noise the town,
O Troy, the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it struck, as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the power
Of Fate, we place it in the sacred tower.
Cassandra then foretels th' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)
The altars with fresh flowers we crown, and waste
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now by the revolution of the skies,
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heaven and earth, and the Greek bands involv'd.
The city in secure repose dissolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Sinon (sav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and through the unlockt doors
To the free air the armed freight restores:
Ulysses, Stheneleus, Tisander, slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and wine
Oppreat, surprise, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care,
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector stood,
His aspect such when, soil'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thrust:
By his insulting foe, O how transform'd
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils: when he among
A thousand ships, (like Jove) his lightning flung!
His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood:
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, "The joy,
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy!
What region held thee, whence so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to us consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths; but what sad cause confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds?"
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
"Fly from the flame, O goddess-born, our walls
The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories; if it might have stood
By any power, by this right hand it should.
What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new walls expect,
Which, tost on seas, thou shall at last erect:"
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house); approaching still more near
The clash of arms, and voice of men we hear:

Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses' tops, and listening there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds' conspiring force,
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents' raging course
Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
And mocks the plough-man's toil, th' unlook'd-for noise
From neighbouring hills th' amazed shepherd hears;
Such my surprise, and such their rage appears.
First fell thy house, Ucalegon, then thine
Deiphobus, Sigæan seas did shine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets dreadful sound
The louder groans of dying men confound;
"Give me my arms," I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and despair at once suggest,
That of all deaths to die in arms was best.
The first I met was Pantheus, Phoebus' priest,
Who, 'scaping with his gods and reliques, fled,
And towards the shore his little grandchild led.
"Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place
Made good?" but sighing, he replies, "Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power
Incensed Jove's transfers to Grecian hands;
The foe within the burning town commands;
And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse:
Insulting Simon flings about the flame,
And thousands more than e'er from Argos came
Possess the gates, the passes, and the streets,
And these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
The guard nor fights, nor flies; their fate so near
At once suspends their courage and their fear."
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through swords,
Where noises, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
I heard. First Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us (for the Moon did shine);
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Chorœbus, Mygdon's son,
Who, by the love of fair Cassandra, won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not dissuade
Of his prophetic spouse;
Whom when I saw yet daring to maintain
The fight, I said, "Brave spirits (but in vain)
Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes; the state of our affairs
You see: the gods have left us, by whose aid
Our empire stood; nor can the flame be staid:
Then let us fall amidst our foes; this one
Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none."
Then reinforc'd, as in a stormy night
Wolves urged by their raging appetite
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among
Foes, fire, and swords, t' assured death we pass,
Darkness our guide, Despair our leader was.
Who can relate that evening's woes and spoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which so long had flourish'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at last the vanquish'd re-assume;
And now the victors fall: on all sides fears,
Groans and pale Death in all her shapes appears:
Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast
Upon us, with civility misplac'd;
Thus greeting us, "You lose by your delay,
Your share both of the honour and the prey;
Others the spoils of burning Troy convey
Back to those ships which you but now forsake."
We making no return, his sad mistake
Too late he finds: as when an unseen snake
A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,
Who trembling starts when the snake's azure crest,
Swoln with his rising anger, he espies,
So from our view surpriz'd Androgeus flies.
But here an easy victory we meet:
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilst fortune our first enterprize did aid,
Encourag'd with success, Chorœbus said,
"O friends we now by better Fates are led,
And the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
First change your arms, and their distinctions bear;
The same, in foes, deceit and virtue are."
Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
His sword, his shield he takes, and plumed crests,
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, all glad
Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune still
Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.
Some re-ascend the horse, and he whose sides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire;
But vain's that hope, 'gainst which the gods conspire:
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine
Dragg'd by the hair, casting towards heaven, in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did strain;
Chorœbus, at the spectacle enrag'd
Flies in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd,
To second him, among the thickest ran;
Here first our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a shower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour;
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans slew.
Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds, that meet from several coasts, contest,
Their prisons being broke, the south and west,
And Eurus on his winged coursers borne,
Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
And chasing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from the bottom; then all those
Who in the dark our fury did escape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
And different dialect: then their numbers swell
And grow upon us. First Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar, next did bleed
Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
Ill fate could save; my country's funeral flame
And Troy's cold ashes I attest, and call
To witness for myself, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did, and deserv'd no less, my fate to find.

Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound.
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the rest secure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets cast
Over their heads; some scaling ladders plac'd
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement; on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down; and now against the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd,
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king, her little son [run
She would present) through this we pass, and
Up to the highest battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry
All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen, which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud.
But others still succeed: meantime, nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease.
Before the gate in gilded armour shone [grown,
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new
Who fed on poisonous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
And lifts his scaly breast against the Sun;
With him his father's squire, Automedon,
And Peripas, who drove his winged steeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds
Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof; Pyrrhus himself among
The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
Through beams of solid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sat.
At the first gate an armed guard appears;
But th' inner court with horrour, noise, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries
The arch'd vaults re-echo to the skies;
Sad matrons wandering through the spacious rooms
Embrace and kiss the posts: then Pyrrhus comes
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force sustain, the torn portcullis falls,
Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find, they force.
Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows
Above his banks, th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
Shepherds and folds, the foaming surges sweep.
And now between two sad extremes I stood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atrides drunk with blood,
There th' hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid;
Then they the secret cabinets invade,
Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race; the golden posts, whose tops
Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
Or to the foe, or to the fire a prey.
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire:
Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks possest,
Arms long disus'd his trembling limbs invest;
Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own:
There stood an altar open to the view
Of Heaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd;
Before whose feet the queen herself had cast
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempest drives
And frights into one flock; but having spy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arm, she cried,
"Alas, my wretched husband, what pretence
To bear those arms, and in them what defence?
Such aid such times require not, when again
If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
Or as in life we shall in death be join'd."
Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.
Meantime Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court,
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
The king (though him so many deaths enclose)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows;
"The gods requite thee, (if within the care
Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen:
Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be
Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
He blush't, when I the rights of arms implor'd;
To me my Hector, me to Troy restor'd:"
This said, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
Which on the sounding shield, scarce entering, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; "Go a messenger to Hell
Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
The acts of his degenerate race." So through
His son's warm blood the trembling king he drew
To th' altar; in his hair one hand he wreaths;
His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
With such a signal and peculiar fate,
Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have:
He whom such titles swell'd, such power made proud,
To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd,
On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

Great Strafford! worthy of that name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate:
As chymists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear;
While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake;
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he;
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strōve with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate:
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live;
Less seem those facts which Treason's nick-name bore,
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative frenzy they repent:
Enacting it should make no precedent. [lose
This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears, than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

ON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM[1].

What mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
So high above all vulgar eyes! so long?
One single rapture scarce itself confines
Within the limits of four thousand lines:
And yet I hope to see this noble heat
Continue, till it makes the piece complete,
That to the latter age it may descend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When Poesy joins profit with delight,
Her images should be most exquisite,
Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
Therefore the patterns man should imitate
Above the life our masters should create.
Herein, if we consult with Greece and Rome,
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himself, his characters were blind;
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd.
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods,
Would think he had beheld their blest abodes,
And that his hero might accomplish'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
And by the best original does draw
Boaduca's honour, with those heroes Time
Had in oblivion wrapt, his saucy crime;
To them and to your nation you are just,
In raising up their glories from the dust;
And to Old England you that right have done
To show, no story nobler than her own.

1 The honourable Edward Howard, by his poem called The British Princes, engaged the attention of by far the most eminent of his contemporaries; who played upon his vanity, as the wits of half a century before had done on that of Thomas Coryat, by writing extravagant compliments on his works. See Butler's, Waller's, Sprat's, and Dorset's verses, in their respective volumes; and in the Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, 1780, vol. III. p. 105, are other verses on the same subject, by Marton Clifford, and the lord Vaughan. *N.*

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

Reader, preserve thy peace; those busy eyes
Will weep at their own sad discoveries;
When every line they add improves thy loss,
Till having view'd the whole, they sum a cross;
Such as derides thy passions' best relief,
And scorns the succours of thy easy grief.
Yet, lest thy ignorance betray thy name
Of man and pious, read and mourn: the shame
Of an exemption, from just sense, doth show
Irrational, beyond excess of woe.
Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here,
Upon this noble urn. Here, here, remains
Dust far more precious than in India's veins:
Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies
That which compleats the age's tyrannies:
Who weak to such another ill appear,
For what destroys our hope, secures our fear.
What sin unexpiated, in this land
Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand?
The late great victim[2] that your altars knew,
Ye angry gods, might have excus'd this new
Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
By whose example good, condemned, we
Might have run on to kinder destiny.
But as the leader of the herd fell first
A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none
But this white-fatted youngling cou'd atone,
By his untimely fate; that impious smoke,
That sullied Earth, and did Heaven's pity choke.

2 King Charles the First.

Let it suffice for us, that we have lost
In him more than the widow'd world can boast
In any lump of her remaining clay.
Fair as the grey ey'd Morn he was; the day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
No haste like that of his increasing parts;
Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
Was seen, as full of comfort and as bright.
Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now submits to night,
In the black bosom of whose sable spite,
He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies,
Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the skies.
Great saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st near,
That by our trembling sense, in HASTINGS [dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read;
The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
Their love and majesty epitomize:
Tell them, whose stern degrees impose our laws,
The feasted Grave may close her hollow jaws:
Though Sin search Nature, to provide her here
A second entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
Till Time present her with the universe.

ON MY LORD CROFT'S AND MY JOURNEY INTO POLAND, FROM WHENCE WE BROUGHT 10,000l. FOR HIS MAJESTY, BY THE DECIMATION OF HIS SCOTISH SUBJECTS THERE.

TOLE, tole,
Gentle bell, for the soul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our scroul.

Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their stubborness was such,

That when we did arrive,
'Gainst the stream we did strive;
They would neither lend nor drive:

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an answer would send
To our letter so well penn'd.

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

Thus they did persist
Did and said what they list,
Till the diet was dismist;
But then our breech they kist.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The diet said, Amen.

And because they are loth
To discover the troth,
They must give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the son.

But John
(Our friend) Molleson
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the mischiefs in store,
Ay, and thrice as much more.

And with that wicked lye,
A letter they came by
From our king's majesty.

But Fate
Brought the letter too late,
'Twas of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd state.

The letter's to be seen,
With seal of wax so green,
At Dantzige where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Must also pay his stint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick,
But the messenger fell sick.

Had it later been wrote,
And sooner been brought,
They had got what they sought,
But now it serves for nought.

On Sandys they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thousand pound.

ON MR. THO. KILLIGREW'S RETURN FROM VENICE, AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S FROM SCOTLAND.

OUR resident Tom,
From Venice is come,
And hath left the statesman behind him:
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich;
And just where you left him, you find him.

But who says he was not
A man of much plot,
May repent that false accusation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
How Satan[3] the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the same,
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

[3] Mr. W. Murrey.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the shrieve,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a shrewd sign
That all 's not so well as it should be.

These three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banishment, debts, or dying:
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears;
But their angry stars still defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger;
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they 're at home;
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

BEING INVITED FROM CALAIS TO BOLOGNE TO EAT A PIG.

All on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
Little admiral John
To Bologne is gone.
Whom I think they call Old Loven.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting,
Will Aubrey, count of Oxon,
When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cry'd A pox on?

A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent,
In a cart that he went,
They'll say now, Hang him pirate.

Thou might'st have ta'en example,
From what thou read'st in story;
Being as worthy to sit
On an ambling tit
As thy predecessor Dory.

But oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a shelter!
But the rain made an ass
Of tilt and canvass;
And the snow, which you know is a melter.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender stripling Astcot,
Who was soak'd to the skin,
Through drugget so thin,
Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart so base,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to sing,
With a gullet in string,
—A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

But what was all this business?
For sure it was important:
For who rides i' th' wet
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a sport on't.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
O John, thou hadst a malice,
The old driver of swine
That day sure was thine,
Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

NATURA NATURATA.

What gives us that fantastic fit,
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar custom we submit?

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
Of that foul legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names exprest.

Why is it then thought sin or shame,
Those necessary parts to name;
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;
With love inflaming our desires,
Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

Death she abhors; yet when men die
We 're present; but no stander-by
Looks on when we that loss supply.

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear;
Ev'n sack prohibited last year,
A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those commodities the price.

Thus Reason's shadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led astray,
From Nature, both her guide and way.

SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS,

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

Thus to Glaucus spake
Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
Others, as great in place, as great in mind.
Above the rest why is our pomp, our power,
Our flock, our herds, and our possessions more?
Why all the tributes land and sea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards?
Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their ears,

Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore,
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We stand the first; that when our Licians see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
"Behold our gallant leaders! These are they
Deserve the greatness; and unenvy'd stand:
Since what they act, transcends what they command."
Could the declining of this fate (oh, friend)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death sought not them who seek not death,
Would I advance? or should my vainer breath
With such a glorious folly thee inspire?
But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,
Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
Though not less certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we 'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.

Pr'ythee die and set me free,
Or else be
Kind and brisk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or sharp replies;
If wise thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room so dark?
Not a spark
Left to light me to the mark;
I love day-light and a candle,
And to see, and to see,
As well as handle.

Why so many bolts and locks,
Coats and smocks,
And those drawers, with a pox;
I could wish, could Nature make it,
Nakedness, nakedness
Itself were naked.

But if a mistress I must have,
Wise and grave,
Let her so herself behave;
All the day long Susan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or such a devil.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE,

AGAINST

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the smart,
It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts,
Through those deceitful sally-ports,
Our sentinels betray our forts.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains,
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To Fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all those generous thoughts destroy.

Then he lays-by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

Though still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But Death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he bears[1].

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

This was the cause the poets sung
Thy mother from the sea was sprung,
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father not her son art thou:
From our desires our actions grow;
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

Love is as old as place or time;
Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandsire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the god of Love.

[1] His father and son.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion)'s flaming shield
Guards him when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is;
But less than nothing, if it miss.

When matches Love alone projects
The cause transcending the effects,
That wild-fire's quench'd in cold neglects:

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness dispossest,
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives,
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes; and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear:

Yet timorous deer, and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, set fire on Troy?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

ON

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH, AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd:
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.

Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three, with his own fires,
Phoebus, the poets' god, inspires;
By Shakespear's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines:
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share:
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets, and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' etherial clouds he flies:
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe:
As rigid husbands, jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know:
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture, so true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear:
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass.
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And show the world this parallel:
Fixt and contemplative their looks,

Still turning over Nature's books:
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd, excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd,
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no power,
Nor fire nor Fate their bays shall blast,
Nor Death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE
AT THE
CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of, "I went from England."

But will you now to peace incline,
And languish in the main design,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy destroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the bishop's bill deny'd,
And we still threaten'd to be try'd?
You see the king embraces
Those counsels he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promise, which is more,
That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no secret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together:
Did I for this return again,
And spend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cause
Their brotherly assistance draws,
My labour was not lost.
At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong pretence,
And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight against their king,
And raise the first sedition?
Though I the business did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the city
In that invisible committee,
The wheel that governs all:
From thence the change in church and state,
And all the mischief bears the date
From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
Upon the king to cast the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Because the rebels us'd his name?
Though we ourselves can do the same,
While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wisely lost that nation:
To do as crafty beggars use,
To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often past between
Windsor and Westminster, unseen,
And did myself divide:
To keep his excellence in awe,
And give the parliament the law?
For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inspire;
Gave them their texts, show'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts,
To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
And say the cavaliers have beaten,
To stroke the people's ears?
Then straight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act the preacher tells,
To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again,
And must we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where 's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They 'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws.
But us against them both,

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,

And cannot go asunder:
But while the wicked starve, indeed
The saints have ready at their need
God's providence, and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail:
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise.
To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh 'tis a patient beast!
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the spoil at least.

TO THE FIVE MEMBERS

OF THE

HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

After so many concurring petitions
From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to present our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation:
Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their souls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bless'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege (like the rest of our nation);
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legislative.
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivant's fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical licence, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art some poet, or the Devil, has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and deposed,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing:
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it:
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is 't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas, what are they but poems in prose?
And between those and ours there 's no difference,
But that yours want the ryme, the wit, and the sense:
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it;
And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,
'T has done you good service, and thank Hell for it:
Although the old maxim remains still in force,
That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd course,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
Nay even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made king Charles himself a poet:
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his prose.

A WESTERN WONDER.

Do you not know not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder?
When a hundred and ten slew five thousand men,
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopton was slain again and again,
Or else my author did lye;
With a new Thanksgiving, for the dead who are living,
To God, and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd,
I hope we at last are even;
For sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their graves,
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd when they fought, but a running gout
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him;
But they follow after; unless he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,
Goes deep in the sequestrations!
These wounds will not heal, with your new great seal,
Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now, Peters and Case, in your prayer and grace
Remember the new Thanksgiving;
Isaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that wonder, of the lightning and thunder,
Which made the lye so much the louder:
Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of powder.

O what a damp it struck through the camp!
But as for honest sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without beard or eyes,
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book which the news-monger
From the preaching ladies letter, [took
Where, in the first place, stood the Conqueror's
Which made it show much the better. [face,

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him,
Great William the Con, so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping, [eyes,
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his
Which kept the lord-mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,
For the laws, not your cause, you that loath 'em,
Lest Essex should start, and play the second part
Of the worshipful sir John Hotham.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER:

Or, A proper New Ballad of certain Carnal Passages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horsly, near Colchester, in Essex.

To the tune of Tom of Bedlam.

All in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank,
Was play'd such a prank,
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For brother Green 's a stallion:
Now, alas, what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian:

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain,
Amongst the profane,
How brother Green was mounted.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though our saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd cavalier
E'er play'd such a Christmas gambal!

Had thy flesh, O Green, been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd pye hadst swallow'd:

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh,
The fiend might have crep into thee;
Then fullness of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the Devil have so rid through thee.

But, alas! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation,
By our frugal mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
"Filly foal," quoth he,
"My bride thou shalt be,
And how this is lawful, learn all.

"For if no respect of persons
Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a mare 's as good as a madam."

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kiss'd her,
But took her by force,
For better for worse,
And us'd her like a sister.

Now when in such a saddle
A saint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there be not some back-sliding?

"No surely," quoth James Naylor,
"'Twas but an insurrection
Of the carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.

"For (as our masters[1] teach us)
The intent being well directed,
Though the Devil trepan
The Adamical man,
The saint stands uninfected."

But alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what 's intended;
Then say what we can,
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be suspended.

And our adopted sister
Will find no better quarter,
But when him we enrol
For a saint, Filly Foal
Shall pass herself for a martyr.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colchester, now
Who 's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the letter?

A SONG.

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoaky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

[1] The Jesuits.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethèan lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas!) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms:
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do, to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race, more wounds
Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which first their brains, and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, does return
T' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:
Who, not content, like felons, to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say, here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mixt like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, so like, so much the same,
None, this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and Skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF

PASTOR FIDO.

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write, translate.
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.
While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand
Free from the blemish of an artless hand,
Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ,
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit,
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are;
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low,
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow;
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinew'd length:
Yet after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd [known
The world, it were thy work: for we have
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
That master's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A vary'd posture or a flattering dress;
He could have made those like, who made the rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SIR JOHN POOLEY

AND

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL. To thee dear Tom, myself addressing,
Most queremoniously confessing,
That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity,
I perpetrated arts of pravity,
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puissance,
For some venereal rejouissance,
I got (as once may say) a nuysance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, cousin Pooley,
And in plain English tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look so bluely?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life monastic,
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality.

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a distillation,
Through th' instrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, cousin, (as I guess the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so economic,
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,
Turn prodigal in makeronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a
Disaster in your nether end-a—

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, so discerning,
Methinks towards fifty should take warning.

Once in a pit, you did [1] miscarry,
That danger might have made one wary
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me not such disconsolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies' favour,
Yet it may raise an evil savour
Upon all grave and staid behav'our.

And I will rub my mater pia,
To find a rhyme to gonorrheia,
And put it in my Litania.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF A MODERN AUTHOR UPON THE

GAME OF CHESS.

A TABLET stood of that abstersive tree,
Where Æthiop's swarthy bird did build her nest,
Inlaid it was with Lybian ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beast.

Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,
Their equal armies draw into the field:
Till one take th' other prisoner they contest;
Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
This game the Persian Magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
From thence to busy Europeans sent,
And styl'd by modern Lombards pensive Chess.
Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons, his Trojans taught this sport,
To pass the tedious hours of ten years' siege.
There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modesty her motion steers,
Nor rudely skips o'er bishops' heads like knights.

THE

PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embassy,
Cyllenius from Æneas straight doth fly:
He loth to disobey the god's command,
Nor willing to forsake this pleasant land,
Asham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
But more afraid to take a solemn leave;
He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
But fear o'ercoming shame at last resolves
(Instructed by the god of thieves [1]) to steal
Himself away, and his escape conceal.
He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
That at the port they privately should meet;
And some disembled colour to project,
That Dido should not their design suspect:
But all in vain he did his plot disguise;
No art a watchful lover can surprise.
She the first motion finds; love though most sure,
Yet always to itself seems unsecure.
That wicked fame which their first love proclaim'd,
Foretells the end; the queen with rage inflam'd
Thus greets him: "Thou dissembler, would'st thou fly
Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously?
Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
Nor thee the fate of dying Dido move?
And in the depth of winter, in the night,
Dark as thy black designs to take thy flight,
To plow the raging seas to coasts unknown,
The kingdom thou pretend'st to, not thy own!
Were Troy restor'd thou should'st mistrust a wind
False as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
Fly'st thou from me? By these dear drops of brine
I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,
If all my kindness aught have merited;
If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,
From ruin me and my lost house redeem.
Cannot my prayers a free acceptance find,
Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind?
My fame of chastity, by which the skies
I reach'd before, by thee extinguish'd dies.

[1] Hunting near Paris, he and his horse fell into a quarry.

[1] Mercury.

Into my borders now Iarbus falls,
And my revengeful brother scales my walls;
The wild Numidians will advantage take,
For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.
Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me
A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,
Might in my sight have sported, I had then
Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been;
By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,
Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death's the least."
With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast
By Jove's command, his struggling care suppprest.
"Great queen, your favours and desert so great,
Though numberless, I never shall forget;
No time, until myself I have forgot,
Out of my heart Eliza's name shall blot:
But my unwilling flight the gods inforce,
And that must justify our sad divorce.
Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit,
To my desires I might my fortune fit;
Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise,
And where I first began, would end my days.
But since the Lycian lots, and Delphic god
Have destin'd Italy for our abode;
Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,
Why should not Latium us receive from Troy?
As for my son, my father's angry ghost
Tells me his hopes by my delays are crost,
And mighty Jove's ambassador appear'd
With the same message, whom I saw and heard;
We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
But much the more when all complaints are vain:
I call to witness all the gods, and thy
Beloved head, the coast of Italy
Against my will I seek." [eyes,
Whilst thus he speaks, she rolls her sparkling
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;
"Thy mother was no goddess, nor thy stock
From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,
Perfidious wretch, rough Caucasus thee bred,
And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
Dissimulation I shall now forget,
And my reserves of rage in order set,
Could all my prayers and soft entreaties force
Sighs from his breast, or from his look remorse.
Where shall I first complain? can mighty Jove
Or Juno such impieties approve?
The just Astræa sure is fled to Hell;
Nor more in Earth, nor Heaven itself will dwell.
Oh Faith! him on my coasts by tempest cast,
Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd;
His men from famine, and his fleet from fire
I rescued: Now the Lycian lots conspire
With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy though the air
Brings dismal tidings; as if such low care
Could reach their thoughts, or their repose disturb!
Thou art a false impostor, and a fourbe;
Go, go, pursue thy kingdom through the main,
I hope, if Heaven her justice still retain,
Thou shalt be wreck'd, or cast upon some rock,
Where thou the name of Dido shalt invoke:
I'll follow thee in funeral flames, when dead
My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed,
And when the gods on thee their vengeance show,
That welcome news shall comfort me below."
This saying, from his hated sight she fled,
Conducted by her damsels to her bed;
Yet restless she arose, and, looking out,
Beholds the fleet and hears the seamen shout,
When great Æneas pass'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah, cruel Love, to what dost thou inforce
Poor mortal breasts! Again she hath recourse
To tears and prayers, again she feels the smart
Of a fresh wound from his tyrannic dart.
That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her sister she herself apply'd;
"Dear sister, my resentment had no been
So moving, if this fate I had foreseen;
Therefore to me this last kind office do,
Thou hast some interest in our scornful foe,
He trusts to thee the counsels of his mind,
Thou his soft hours, and free access canst find;
Tell him I sent not to the Ilian coast
My fleet to aid the Greeks; his father's ghost
I never did disturb; ask him to lend
To this, the last request that I shall send,
A gentle ear; I wish that he may find
A happy passage, and a prosperous wind.
The contract I don't plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd conquest he delay'd;
All that I ask is but a short reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve;
Some pause and respite only I require,
Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire.
If thy address can but obtain one day
Or two, my death that service shall repay."
Thus she entreats; such messages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him, bears,
But him no prayers, nor arguments can move;
The Fates resist, his ears are stopt by Jove.
As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps descend,
From his firm roots with struggling gusts to [rend
An aged sturdy oak, the rattling sound
Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the [ground
Is over-laid; yet he stands fixt, as high
As his proud head is rais'd towards the sky,
So low towards Hell his roots descend. With prayers
And tears the hero thus assail'd, great cares
He smothers in his breast, yet keeps his post,
All their addresses and their labour lost.
Then she deceives her sister with a smile:
"Anne, in the inner court erect a pile;
Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay,
Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey;
All cursed monuments of him with fire
We must abolish (so the gods require.")
She gives her credit for no worse effect
Than from Sichæus' death she did suspect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her blushing rays did spread;
The queen beheld, as soon as day appear'd,
The navy under sail, the haven clear'd;
Thrice with her hand her naked breast she knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.

"O Jove," she cry'd, "and shall he thus delude
Me and my realm! why is he not pursued?
Arm, arm," she cry'd, "and let our Tyrians board
With ours his fleet, and carry fire and sword;
Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
What if th' event of war uncertain were?
Nor death, nor danger, can the desperate fear.
But, oh, too late! this thing I should have done,
When first I plac'd the traitor on my throne,
Behold the faith of him who sav'd from fire
His honour'd household gods, his aged sire
His pious shoulders from Troy's flames did bear;
Why did I not his carcase piece-meal tear,
And cast it in the sea? why not destroy
All his companions, and beloved boy
Ascanius; and his tender limbs have drest,
And made the father on the son to feast?
Thou Sun, whose lustre all things here below
Surveys; and Juno, conscious of my woe;
Revengeful Furies, and queen Hecate,
Receive and grant my prayer? if he the sea
Must needs escape, and reach th' Ausonian land,
If Jove decree it, Jove's decree must stand;
When landed, may he be with arms oppreat
By his rebelling people, be distrest
By exile from his country, be divorc'd
From young Ascanius' sight, and be enforc'd
To implore foreign aids, and lose his friends
By violent and undeserved ends!
When to conditions of unequal peace
He shall submit, then may he not possess
Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
I' th' sands, when he before his day shall fall!
And ye, oh Tyrians, with immortal hate
Pursue this race, this service dedicate
To my deplored ashes, let there be
'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.
May from my bones a new Achilles rise,
That shall infest the Trojan colonies
With fire, and sword, and famine, when at length
Time to our great attempts contributes strength;
Our seas, our shores, our armies theirs oppose,
And may our children be for ever foes!"
A ghastly paleness death's approach portends,
Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends;
Viewing the Trojan reliques, she unsheath'd
Æneas' sword, not for that use bequeath'd;
Then on the guilty bed she gently lays
Herself, and softly thus lamenting prays:
"Dear reliques, whilst that Gods and Fates give leave,
Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.
That date which Fortune gave, I now must end;
And to the shades a noble ghost descend.
Sichæus' blood, by his false brother spilt,
I have reveng'd, and a proud city built.
Happy, alas; too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.
But shall I die without revenge? yet die
Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.
My conscious foe my funeral fire shall view
From sea, and may that omen him pursue!"
Her fainting hand let fall the swor'd besmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd;
Through all the court the fright and clamours rise,
Which the whole city fills with fears and cries
As loud as if her Carthage, or old Tyre
The foe had entered, and had set on fire.
Amazed Anne with speed ascends the stairs
And in her arms her dying sister rears:
"Did you for this, yourself and me beguile?
For such an end did I erect this pile?
Did you so much despise me, in this fate
Myself with you not to associate?
Yourself and me, alas! this fatal wound
The senate, and the people, doth confound.
I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her death
My lips from hers shall draw her parting breath."
Then with her vest the wound she wipes and dries;
Thrice with her arm the queen attempts to rise,
But her strength failing, falls into a swound,
Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound;
Thrice on her bed she turns, with wandering sight
Seeking, she groans when she beholds the light.
Then Juno pitying her disastrous fate,
Sends Iris down, her pangs to mitigate.
(Since, if we fall before th' appointed day,
Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
Iris descends; "This fatal lock (says she)
To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free;"
Then clips her hair: cold numbness straight bereaves
Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul receives.

OF PRUDENCE.

Going this last summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before: when I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands not without approbation; which were Ben Johnson and Sir Kenelm Digby; but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living by impairing that of the dead; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old monk had clothed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.

The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with the sister of cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso; which shows that the age they lived in was not so unlearned as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four cardinal vir-

tues; but I have translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last virtues are but descendants from the first; Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Justice.

Wisdom's first progress is to take a view
What's decent or indecent, false or true.
He's truly prudent, who can separate
Honest from vile, and still adhere to that;
Their differences to measure, and to reach,
Reason well rectify'd must Nature teach.
And these high scrutinies are subjects fit
For man's all-searching and inquiring wit;
That search of knowledge did from Adam flow;
Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to show.
Wisdom of what herself approves, makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common voice.
Clear-sighted Reason, Wisdom's judgment leads,
And Sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know,
To thee all her specific forms I'll show;
He that the way to honesty will learn,
First what's to be avoided must discern.
Thyself from flattering self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou dost not know, to know pretend.
Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie;
To search them thou wilt need a piercing eye.
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'st repent;
Study and time in these must thee instruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal scales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'st choose safely that which most doth weigh;
Tis not secure this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd;
He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who saith, Who could such ill events expect?
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good, whate'er they act believe;
To their wills wedded, to their errours slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves.
This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard
With pleasure, and their crimes with gift reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) slight;
Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears,
And other actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that so highly think themselves above
All other men, themselves can only love;
Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyself contributing too much)
These who are generous, humble, just, and wise,
Who not their gold, nor themselves idolize;
To form thyself by their example learn
(For many eyes can more than one discern);
But yet beware of counsels when too full,
Number makes long disputes and graveness dull;
Though their advice be good, their counsel wise,
Yet length still loses opportunities:
Debate destroys dispatch; as fruits we see
Rot, when they hang too long upon the tree;
In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,
If he his crop not in due season mow.
A general sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight, and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
Without which slow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good counsel, praise deserve,
Though in the active part they cannot serve:
In action, learned counsellors their age,
Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.
Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd,
Whose wise instructions after-ages guide;
Yet vainly most their age in study spend;
No end of writing books, and to no end:
Beating their brains for strange and hidden things,
Whose knowledge, nor delight nor profit brings:
Themselves with doubt both day and night perplex,
Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.
Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
What need we gaze upon the spangled sky?
Or into matter's hidden causes pry,
To describe every city, stream, or hill
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
What is 't to hear a sophister, that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads?
If we were wise, these things we should not mind,
But more delight in easy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do:
The way (if no digression's made) is even,
And free access, if we but ask, is given.
Then seek to know those things which make us blest,
And having found them, lock them in thy breast;
Inquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in these inquiries waste,
And die like fools before one step they've past.
'Tis strange to know the way, and not t' advance,
That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach, not do,
And standing still themselves, make others go.
In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.
The soldier that philosopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd;
"Tell" (said the soldier) "venerable sir,
Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?
Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day?
Whilst one says only yea, and t'other nay."
"Oh," said the doctor, "we for wisdom toil'd,
For which none toils too much": the soldier smil'd;

"You're grey and old, and to some pious use
This mass of treasure you should now reduce:
But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
For which the infernal spirits shall you thank."
Let what thou learnest be by practice shown,
'Tis said that Wisdom's children make her known.
What 's good doth open to th' inquirer stand,
And itself offers to th' accepting hand;
All things by order and true measures done,
Wisdom will end, as well as she begun.
Let early care thy main concerns secure,
Things of less moment may delays endure:
Men do not for their servants first prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;
Yet when we 're sick, the doctor's fetcht in haste,
Leaving our great concernment to the last.
When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not) to be rich or great:
What shall become of all that we have got?
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the scale with everlasting death!
What 's time, when on eternity we think?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink;
Time's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much dost owe, thou much must pay,
Think on the debt against th' accompting-day;
God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,
Will ask how these two talents have been spent.
Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind,
He 's mad, that seeks what no man e'er could find.
Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin?
What thoughts man's reason better can become,
Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.
Death cancels Nature's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds;
If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal jail.
Christ's blood's our balsam; if that cure us here,
Him, when our judge, we shall not find severe;
His joke is easy when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis cast.
Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind:
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill;
To the same end men several paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the same hand into a fist may close,
Which instantly a palm expanded shows:
Justice and faith never forsake the wise,
Yet may occasion put him in disguise;
Not turning like the wind, but if the state
Of things must change, he is not obstinate;
Things past, and future, with the present weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.
Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd:
An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
For many truths have often past for lies,
And lies as often put on truth's disguise:
As flattery too oft like friendship shows,
So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.
No quick reply to dubious questions make,
Suspense and caution still prevent mistake.
When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
All great concernments must delays endure;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure;
And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,
Ere they begin let thy pretensions end.
Let thy discourse be such, that thou may'st give
Profit to others, or from them receive:
Instruct the ignorant; to those that live
Under thy care, good rules and patterns give;
Nor is 't the least of virtues, to relieve
Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve.
Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love:
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve;
Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong,
And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue:
But let inviolate truth be always dear
To thee; e'en before friendship, truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'st to give, still promise less;
Hold fast thy power thy promise to increase.
Look forward what 's to come, and back what 's past,
Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd:
What loss or gain may follow thou may'st guess,
Thou then wilt be secure of the success;
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent:
When our minds' eyes are disengag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and distinctly see;
They quicken sloth, perplexities untie,
Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify;
And though our hands from labour are releas'd,
Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.
Search not to find how other men offend,
But by that glass thy own offences mend;
Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own actions others' judgments learn;
Often by small, great matters we discern.
Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth show;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.
Let none direct thee what to do or say,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway.
Let not the pleasing many thee delight,
First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
Standing, and whence no safe descent is found:
In vain his nerves and faculties he strains
To rise, whose raising unsecure remains:
They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,
Are wise, when they their measures can adjust.
When well at ease, and happy, live content,
And then consider why that life was lent.
When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.
The highest hill is the most slippery place,
And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face;

And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high power, but seldom holds them fast;
Against her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herself confines.
More in prosperity is reason tost,
Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost:
Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,
But with side winds into safe harbours steer:
More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.
Who casts out threats and frowns, no man de-
Time for resistance and defence he gives; [ceives,
But flattery still in sugar'd words betrays,
And poison in high-tasted meats conveys;
So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surprise,
But when she frowns, be arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

'TIS the first sanction Nature gave to man,
Each other to assist in what they can;
Just or unjust, this law for ever stands,
All things are good by law which she commands;
The first step, man towards Christ must justly live,
Who t' us himself, and all we have, did give;
In vain doth man the name of just expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect;
So must we reverence God, as first to know
Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow;
God those accepts, who to mankind are friends,
Whose justice far as their own power extends;
In that they imitate the Power divine;
The Sun alike on good and bad doth shine
And he that doth no good, although no ill,
Does not the office of the just fulfil.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer,
'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear;
We live not only for ourselves to care,
Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.
Wise Plato said, the world with men was stor'd,
That succour each to other might afford;
Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
But several parts to several men consign'd.
He that of his own stores no part can give,
May with his counsel or his hand relieve.
If fortune make thee powerful, give defence
'Gainst fraud, and force, to naked innocence:
And when our justice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order must direct the way:
First to our God we must with reverence bow;
The second honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,
And to our friends and kindred, we direct:
The we must those who groan beneath the weight
Of age, disease, or want, commiserate:
'Mongst those whom honest lives can recommend,
Our justice more compassion should extend;
To such, who thee in some distress did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with interest should be paid:
As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield.
But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,
Mischief and wrong be to another done;
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'st nothing give, that is not thine;
That liberality 's but cast away,
Which make us borrow what we cannot pay:
And no access to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that 's unjust, to be a king.
Justice must be from violence exempt,
But fraud 's her only object of contempt.
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells;
But justice both from human hearts expels;
But he 's the greatest monster (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and slanders bear their share.
Truth justice loves, and truth injustice fears,
Truth above all things a just man reveres:
Though not by oaths we God to witness call,
He sees and hears, and still remembers all;
And yet our attestations we may wrest,
Sometimes to make the truth more manifest;
If by a lye a man preserve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and absolution hath;
Or if I break my promise, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy trust conceal,
Nor what 's forbid by any means reveal.
Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or disputes affords:
Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue;
Thyself or others, careless talk may wrong.
When thou art called into public power,
And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms;
Small praise from len'ty and remissness comes:
Crimes pardon'd, others to those crimes invite,
Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright:
When by a pardon'd murderer blood is spilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt;
Who accuse rigour, make a gross mistake,
One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make:
When justice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown;
As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire,
T' unlock the gates, and set the town on fire.
Yet lest the punishment th' offence exceed,
Justice with weight and measure must proceed:
Yet when pronouncing sentence seem not glad,
Such spectacles, though they are just, are sad;
Though what thou dost, thou ought'st not to repent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent:
Rather than all must suffer, some must die;
Yet Nature must condole their misery.
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'st not these condemn, and those absolve.
Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty, nor mercy, change her mind;
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;
And if she catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords like Sampson, and escape;
So like a fly the poor offender dies,
But, like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.
Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend;
Or after warning the offence forget;
So God himself our failings doth remit.

Expect not more from servants than is just,
Reward them well, if they observe their trust;
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our brothers made!
If his offence be great, let that suffice;
If light, forgive, for no man's always wise.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

PREFACE.

My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
Now stoop with dis-inchanted wings to truth:
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how Learning shoots
To Heaven her branches, and to Hell her roots.

When God from earth form'd Adam in the East,
He his own image on the clay imprest;
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience, (for the world was new)
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence;
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood, arts to Chaldæa fell,
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructor was;
From thence did learning into Ægypt pass:
Moses in all th' Ægyptian arts was skill'd,
When heavenly power that chosen vessel fill'd;
And we to his high inspiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From Ægypt, arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities;
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one;
Th' Eternal Cause, in their immortal lines,
Was taught and poets were the first divines:
God Moses first, then David did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heavenly quire;
To th' one the style of friend he did impart,
On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Even God the poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks, Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wise;
The divine Plato moral virtue shows,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who Nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds;
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits;
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome;
Then wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
And as in this our microcosm, the heart
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part;
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues through the universe.
Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ingrateful Muse:
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great ancestor do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those, who say the Sun hath never shin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight, who taught the world to see.
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive;
And from his brain, that Helicon distil,
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
When great Augustus made war's tempest cease,
His halycon days brought forth the arts of peace;
He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the same;
What the Tragedian [2] wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration, and not guess:
As dark a truth that author did unfold,
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
"At last the ocean shall unlock [3] the bound
Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found;
Then ages far remote shall understand
The isle of Thule is not the farthest land."
Sure God, by these discoveries, did design
That his clear light through all the world should shine,
But the obstruction from that discord springs
The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings;
That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From Heaven the Prince of Peace himself came down;
Then the true Sun of Knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd,
The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
His passion, man from his first fall redeem'd;
Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;
Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent, as he tempted man;
Then Hell sends forth her furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy their guide:
Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the apostles these events foretold,
Yet even the shepherd did devour the fold:

[1] Vates. [2] Seneca. [3] The Prophecy.

The fisher to convert the world began,
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;
But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's sword,
Which still maintains for his adopted son
Vast patrimonies, though himself had none;
Wresting the text to the old giants' sense,
That Heaven, once more, must suffer violence.
Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize,
Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes;
Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
Then Mahomet's crescent, by our feuds increast,
Blasted the learn'd remainders of the East:
That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made mother Ignorance Devotion's dame;
Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
His faithful emissary, rose from Hell
To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand,
Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns did stand,
And before that exalted idol, all
(Whom we call gods on Earth) did prostrate fall.
Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
From lazy cells, where Superstition bred,
Which, link'd with blind Obedience, so increast,
That the whole world, some ages, they opprest;
Till through those clouds the Sun of Knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake;
Then first our monarchs were acknowledged here,
That they their churches' nursing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance—
His works on the false ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
Then his well studied master-piece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inspires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires,
Sends their forerunner, (conscious of th' event)
Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
Into the press from ruin'd cloysters leapt.
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilst every man's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay-elders, from their ends create their God;
But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
We scarce know seven who think themselves not so,
When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd,
Almost as many minds as men we find,
And when that flame finds combustible earth,
Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth,
Legions of sects and insects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
Such were the Centaurs of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And such the monsters of Chimæra's behind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the clashes between popes and kings,
Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, springs;
As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat;
All the rich mines of Learning ransack'd are,
To furnish ammunition for this war;
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passions sets;
'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted, are the worst:
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world;
That Sun, like this, (from which our sight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;
And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
Our guide is errour, and our visions dreams.
'Twas no false heraldry, when Madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew;
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils;
When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line:
True piety, without cessation tost
By theories, the practic part is lost,
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.
Through seas of knowledge we our course advance,
Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
And these discoveries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess.
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion;
The standers-by see clearly this event,
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent;
With their new light our bold inspectors press
Like Cham, to show their father's nakedness,
By whose example after-ages may
Discover, we more naked are than they:
All human wisdom, to divine, is folly;
This truth the wisest man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief:
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
Our God, when Heaven and Earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate;
If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
When like a bridegroom from the east, the Sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
Into earth's spungy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks;
So learning, which from reason's fountain springs
Back to the source, some secret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO TO CATO.

Though all the actions of your life are crown'd
With wisdom, nothing makes them more renown'd,

Than that those years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourself, nor us uneasy seem;
Under which weight most, like th' old giants, groan,
When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reason flows;
All parts of age seem burthensome to those
Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
Cannot discern; but they who those possess,
In what's impos'd by Nature find no grief,
Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,
Which though all equally desire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain,
Such our inconstancies and follies are,
We say it steals upon us unaware;
Our want of reasoning these false measures makes,
Youth runs to age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear,
To reach th' eighth hundred, than the eightieth year?
Of what, in that long space of time hath past,
To foolish age will no remembrance last.
My age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
(Which that it may deserve, I much desire)
'Tis my first rule, on Nature, as my guide
Appointed by the gods, I have rely'd;
And Nature (which all acts of life designs)
Not like ill poets, in the last declines:
But some one part must be the last of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot or fall.
And this from Nature must be gently borne,
Else her (as giants did the gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, sir, 'tis Scipio's and my desire,
Since to long life we gladly would aspire, [hear,
That from your grave instructions we might
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young instruct,
Your long, our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two consuls (who in years my equals were)
When senators, lamenting I did hear,
That age from them had all their pleasures torn,
And them their former suppliants now scorn:
They, what is not to be accus'd, accuse,
Not others, but themselves their age abuse:
Else this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whose cheerful age, with honour, youth attends,
Joy'd that from pleasure's slavery they are free,
And all respects due to their age they see.
In its true colours this complaint appears
The ill effect of manners, not of years;
For on their life no grievous burthen lies,
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise:
But an inhuman and ill-tempered mind,
Not any easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute,
Their rage (as yours) can never bear such fruit
Of honour, wealth, and power, to make them sweet;
Not every one such happiness can meet.

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius, bears,
But not so much as at first sight appears.
This answer by Themistocles was made,
(When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
"You those great honours to your country owe,
Not to yourself")—"Had I at Seripho
Been born, such honour I had never seen,
Nor you, if an Athenian you had been."
So age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
To the most prudent cannot easy be;
But to a fool, the greater his estate,
The more uneasy is his age's weight.
Age's chief arts, and arms, are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and known to exercise;
All just returns to age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes;
The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
I (when a youth) with reverence did look
On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;
Yet in his age such cheerfulness was seen,
As if his years and mine had equal been:
His gravity was mixt with gentleness,
Nor had his age made his good-humour less;
Then was he well in years, (the same that he
Was consul, that of my nativity)
(A stripling then) in his fourth consulate
On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
I five years after at Tarentum wan
The quæstorship, and then our love began,
And four years after, when I prætor was,
He pleaded, and the Cincian law did pass.
With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,
Yet with the temperate arts of patient age
He breaks fierce Hannibal's insulting beats;
Of which exploits thus our friend Ennius treats,
He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,
Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

THE ARGUMENT.

"When I reflect on age, I find there are
Four causes, which its misery declare.
1. Because our body's strength it much impairs:
2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs:
3. Next that our sense of pleasure it deprives:
4. Last, that approaching death attends our lives.
Of all these several causes I'll discourse,
And then of each, in order weigh the force."

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from such affairs is only freed,
Which vigorous youth, and strength of body need:
But to more high affairs our age is lent,
Most properly when heats of youth are spent.
Did Fabius, and your father Scipio
(Whose daughter my son married) nothing do?
Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii,
Whose courage, counsel, and authority,

The Roman commonwealth restor'd did boast,
Nor Appius, with whose strength his sight was lost,
Who, when the senate was to peace inclin'd
With Pyrrhus, show'd his reason was not blind.
Wh ther's our courage and our wisdom come,
When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome?
The rest with ancient gravity and skill
He spake (for his oration's extent still.)
'Tis seventeen years since he had consul been
The second time, and there were ten between;
Therefore their argument's of little force,
Who age from great employments would divorce,
As in a ship some climb the shrouds t' unfold
The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the hold;
Whilst he that guides the helm, employs his skill,
And gives the law to them, by sitting still.
Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,
Than from wise counsels and commands, proceed;
Those arts age wants not, which to age belong,
Not heat, but cold experience, makes us strong.
A consul, tribune, general, I have been,
All sorts of war I have past through, and seen;
And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
Yet to the senate I prescribe what 's fit.
I every day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
(For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim)
Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
Which triumph may the gods design for thee;
That Scipio may revenge his grandsire's ghost,
Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
Is on record; nor had he weary'd been
With age, if he an hundred years had seen:
He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,
But counsel, order, and such aged arts;
Which, if our ancestors had not retain'd,
The senate's name our council had not gain'd.
The Spartans to their highest magistrate
The name of Elder did appropriate:
Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,
How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,
With vigilant conduct: when that sharp reply
He gave to Salinator, I stood by,
Who to the castle fled, the town being lost,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast,
"Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
"Tis true, had you not lost, I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait,
As on his arms, in his fifth consulate.
When his colleague Carvilius stept aside,
The tribune of the people would divide
To them the Gallic and the Picene field,
Against the senate's will, he will not yield;
When being angry, boldly he declares
Those things were acted under happy stars,
From which the commonwealth found good effects,
But otherwise they came from bad aspects.
Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
But his son's death did all the rest excel;
(His gallant son, though young, had consul been)
His funeral oration I have seen
Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
I all the old philosophers despise.
Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
When feasting with his private friends at home,
Such counsel, such discourse, from him did come,
Such science in his art of augury,
No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;
Knowledge of all things present and to come,
Remembering all the wars of ancient Rome,
Nor only there, but all the world's beside:
Dying in extreme age, I prophesy'd
That which is come to pass, and did discern
From his survivors I could nothing learn.
This long discourse was but to let you see,
That his long life could not uneasy be.
Few like the Fabii or the Scipios are
Takers of cities, conquerors in war.
Yet others to like happy age arrive,
Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live:
Thus Plato writing his philosophy,
With honour after ninety years did die.
Th' Athenian story writ at ninety-four
By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
His master Gorgias at the hundredth year
And seventh, not his studies did forbear:
And, ask'd, why he no sooner left the stage,
Said, he saw nothing to accuse old age.
None but the foolish, who their lives abuse,
Age, of their own mistakes and crimes, accuse.
All commonwealths (as by records is seen)
As by age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd have been.
When the tragedian Nævis did demand,
Why did your commonwealth no longer stand?
'Twas answer'd, that their senators were new,
Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew.
Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense,
But with cold prudence age doth recompense;
But age, 'tis said, will memory decay:
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or, if by nature it be dull and slow:
Themistocles (when ag'd) the names did know
Of all th' Athenians; and none grow so old,
Not to remember where they hid their gold.
From age such art of memory we learn
To forget nothing, which is our concern;
Their interest no priest nor sorcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher;
No understanding memory can want,
Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.
Nor does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative.
When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
Was by his sons before the judges brought,
Because he pay'd the Muses such respect,
His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
Almost condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,
"Hear, but instead of me, my Oedipus:"
The judges hearing with applause, at th' end
Freed him, and said, "No fool such lines had penn'd."
What poets and what orators can I recount!
What princes in philosophy!
Whose constant studies with their age did strive,
Nor did they those, though those did them survive.
Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
For never any man was yet so old
But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly said, "Each day we spend
Discovers something, which must needs offend."
But sometimes age may pleasant things behold,
And nothing that offends: he should have told
This not to age, but youth, who oftener see
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:

That I in him, which he in age, condemn'd,
That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue, if he thought this truth;
For youth delights in age, and age in youth.
What to the old can greater pleasure be,
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see;
When they with reverence follow where we lead,
And in straight paths by our directions tread!
And ev'n my conversation here I see,
As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
'Tis disingenuous to accuse our age
Of idleness, who all our powers engage
In the same studies, the same course to hold;
Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
Solon the sage his progress never ceas'd,
But still his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the same greediness did seek,
As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek;
Which I did only learn, that I might know
Th se great examples which I follow now:
And I have heard that Socrates the wise,
Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.
Though many of the ancients did the same,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

Now int' our second grievance I must break,
"That loss of strength makes understanding weak."
I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which Nature gave,
Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.
When the young wrestlers at their sport grew warm,
Old Milo wept to see his naked arm;
And cry'd, 'twas dead: Trifler, thine heart, and head,
And all that 's in them (not thy arm) are dead;
This folly every looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and sides.
Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,
Their strength decreasing by increasing years;
But they advanc'd in wisdom every hour,
And made the commonwealth advance in power.
But orators may grieve, for in their sides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides;
Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
And still my own sometimes the senate hear.
When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,
They by the ear their well pleas'd audience lead:
Which, if I had not strength enough to do,
I could (my Lælius, and my Scipio)
What's to be done, or not be done, instruct,
And to the maxims of good life conduct.
Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
Of men) your grandsire, the great African,
Were joyful, when the flower of noble blood
Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood,
Like oracles their counsels to receive,
How in their progress they should act, and live.
And they whose high examples youth obeys,
Are not despised, though their strength decays,
And those decays (to speak the naked truth,
Though the defects of age) were crimes of youth.
Intemperate youth (by sad experience found)
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.
Cyrus, though ag'd, (if Xenophon say true)
Lucius Metellus (whom when young I knew)
Who held (after his second consulate)
Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
Neither of these, in body or in mind,
Before their death the least decay did find.
I speak not of myself, though none deny
To age, to praise their youth, the liberty:
Such an unwasted strength I cannot boast,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almost:
And though from what it was my strength is far,
Both in the first and second Punic war,
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I consul into Spain did go;
But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my strength;
And I my guest, my client, or my friend,
Still in the courts of justice can defend:
Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,
"Who would be ancient, must be early so."
I would be youthful still, and find no need
To appear old, till I was so indeed.
And yet you see my hours not idle are,
Though with your strength I cannot mine compare;
Yet this centurion's doth your's surmount,
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when entering the Olympic game,
With a huge ox upon his shoulder came.
Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind?
The force which Nature gives with care retain,
But, when decay'd, 'tis folly to complain;
In age to wish for youth is full as vain,
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,
And she sets forth the seasons of the year.
So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth;
To elder years to be discreet and grave,
Then to old age maturity she gave.
(Scipio) you know, how Massinissa bears
His kingly port at more than ninety years!
When marching with his foot, he walks till night;
When with his horse, he never will alight;
Though cold or wet, his head is always bare;
So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
You see how exercise and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance.
Our law (because from age our strength retires)
No duty which belongs to strength requires,
But age doth many men so feeble make,
That they no great design can undertake;
Yet, that to age not singly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beside.
That Scipio, who adopted you, did fall
Into such pains, he had no health at all:
Who else had equall'd Africanus' parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts.
Why should those errours then imputed be
To age alone, from which our youth's not free?
Every disease of age we may prevent,
Like those of youth, by being diligent.
When sick, such moderate exercise we use,
And diet, as our vital heat renews;
And if our body thence refreshment finds,
Then must we also exercise our minds.
If with continual oil we not supply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die:

Though bodies may be tir'd with exercise,
No weariness the mind could e'er surprise.
Cæcilius the comedian, when of age
He represents the follies on the stage;
They're credulous, forgetful, dissolute,
Neither those crimes to age he doth impute,
But to old men to whom those crimes belong.
Lust, petulance, rashness, are in youth more strong
Than age, and yet young men those vices hate,
Who virtuous are, discreet and temperate:
And so what we call dotage, seldom breeds
In bodies, but where Nature sows the seeds.
There are five daughters, and four gallant sons,
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
With a most numerous family beside,
Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide,
Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,
And to his business like a bow stood bent:
By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd,
He not a master, but a monarch seem'd.
All his relations his admirers were,
His sons paid reverence, and his servants fear:
The order and the ancient discipline
Of Romans did in all his actions shine.
Authority kept up old age secures,
Whose dignity as long as life endures.
Something of youth I in old age approve,
But more the marks of age in youth I love.
Who this observes, may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.
The seven volumes of my own Reports,
Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;
All noble monuments of Greece are come
Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome.
The pontificial, and the civil law,
I study still, and thence orations draw.
And to confirm my memory, at night,
What I hear, see, or do, by day I still recite.
These exercises for my thoughts I find,
These labours are the chariots of my mind.
To serve my friends, the senate I frequent,
And there, what I before digested, vent.
Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,
Nor any outward force of body needs:
Which, if I could not do, I should delight
On what I would to ruminate at night.
Who in such practices their minds engage,
Nor fear nor think of their approaching age;
Which by degrees invisibly doth creep:
Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep,

THE THIRD PART.

Now must I draw my forces 'gainst that host
Of pleasures, which i' th' sea of age are lost.
O thou most high transcendent gift of age!
Youth from its folly thus to disengage.
And now receive from me that most divine
Oration of that noble Tarentine,
Which at Tarentum I long since did hear,
When I attended the great Fabius there.
Ye gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd bait?
Which he with all designs of art or power,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
And as all poisons seek the noblest part,
Pleasure possesses first the head and heart;
Intoxicating both, by them she finds,
And burns the sacred temples of our minds.
Furies, which, reason's divine chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the world confound.
Lust, Murder, Treason, Avarice, and Hell
Itself broke loose, in Reason's palace dwell:
Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, are fled,
All her attendants into darkness led.
But why all this discourse? when pleasure's rage
Hath conquer'd reason we must treat with age.
Age undermines, and will in time surprise
Her strongest forts: and cut off all supplies;
And join'd in league with strong necessity,
Pleasure must fly, or else by famine die.
Flaminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,
(Then censor) from the senate I displac'd;
When he in Gaul, a consul, made a feast,
A beauteous courtezan did him request
To see the cutting off a prisoner's head;
This crime I could not leave unpunished,
Since by a private villainy he stain'd
That public honour, which at Rome he gain'd.
Then to our age (when not to pleasures bent)
This seems an honour, not disparagement.
We, not all pleasures, like the Stoics, hate;
But love and seek, those which are moderate.
(Though divine Plato thus of pleasures thought,
They us, with hooks and baits, like fishes caught)
When quæstor, to the gods, in public calls
I was the first who set up festivals.
Not with high tastes our appetites did force,
But fill'd with conversation and discourse;
Which feasts convivial meetings we did name:
Not like the ancient Greeks, who, to their shame,
Call'd it a compotation, not a feast;
Declaring the worst part of it the best.
Those entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment:
But now I thank my age, which gives me ease
From those excesses; yet myself I please
With cheerful talk to entertain my guests,
(Discourses are to age continual feasts)
The love of meat and wine they recompense,
And cheer the mind, as much as those the sense.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
To which, in age, some natural motions are.
And still at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the sense of gust and pleasure want
Which youth at full possesses, this I grant;
But age seeks not the things which youth requires,
And no man needs that which he not desires.
When Sophocles was ask'd, if he deny'd
Himself the use of pleasures, he reply'd
"I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free."
But they, whom pressing appetites constrain,
Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
Young men the use of pleasure understand,
As of an object new, and near at hand:
Though this stands more remote from age's sight,
Yet they behold it not without delight:
As ancient soldiers, from their duties ess'd,
With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd;
So from ambitious hopes and lusts release,
Delighted with itself, our age doth rest.

No part of life's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed.
All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease,
But those of age ev'n with our years increase.
We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
But free from surfeits our repose is sound.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went;
Ambassador, from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,
He heard a grave philosopher maintain,
That all the actions of our life were vain,
Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd;
Fabricius the philosopher desir'd,
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach;
Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
Now into rustic matters I must fall.
Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all.
Age no impediment to those can give,
Who wisely by the rules of Nature live.
Earth (though our mother) cheerfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays;
For whatsoever from our hand she takes.
Greater or less, a vast return she makes,
Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource.
But with her ways, her method, and her force.
The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly she embraces it,
Which, with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,
Which from the root through nerves and veins are sent,
Straight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
And, form receiving doth itself disclose:
Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd;
At Nature's god-like power I stand amaz'd,
Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can clothe a mountain, and o'er shade a plain:
But thou, dear vine, forbid'st me to be long,
Although thy trunk be neither large nor strong.
Nor can thy head (not helpt) itself sublime,
Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb;
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine,
Proves thy support, and all its strength is thine.
Though Nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands;
As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
And to the highest part of morals springs.
But lest thou should'st consume thy wealth in vain
And starve thyself to feed a numerous train,
Or like the bee. (sweet as thy blood) design'd
To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,
Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must quench
Thy heat and thy exuberant parts retrench:
Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
A swelling knot is raised (call'd a gem),
Whence in short space, itself the cluster shows,
And from earth's moisture mixt with sun-beams grows.
I' th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste,
But summer doth, like age, the sourness waste;
Then cloth'd with leaves, from heat and cold secure,
Like virgins, sweet, and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could dwell,
At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell;
My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting stand.
To tell the several natures of each earth,
What fruits from each most properly take birth:
And with what arts to enrich every mould,
The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate;
As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
From the sour crab the sweetest apple came:
The mother to the daughter goes to school,
The species changed doth her laws o'er rule;
Nature herself doth from herself depart,
(Strange transmigration!) by the power of art.
How little things give law to great! we see
The small bud captivates the greatest tree.
Here even the power divine we imitate,
And seem not to beget but to create.
Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the tame
For food and profit, and the wild for game.
Excuse me when this pleasant string I touch,
(For age of what delights it, speaks too much.)
Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,
Great Curius, his remaining days did spend,
And in this happy life his triumphs end.
My farm stands near, and when I there retire,
His and that age's temper I admire:
The Samnite chiefs, as by his fire he sate,
With a vast sum of gold on him did wait;
"Return," said he, "your gold I nothing weigh,
When those, who can command it, me obey:"
This my assertion proves, he may be old,
And yet not sordid, who refuses gold.
In summer to sit still, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a shady grove.
What can in winter render more delight,
Than the high Sun at noon, and fire at night?
While our old friends and neighbours feast and play,
And with their harmless mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return t' our gods.
That honour and authority which dwells
With age, all pleasures of our youth excels.
Observe, that I that age have only prais'd
Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applause receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been since believ'd.
That most unhappy age great pity needs,
Which to defend itself new matter pleads;
Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age those happy fruits present.
Those things to age most honourable are,
Which easy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,
Crowding attendance to, and from the court:

And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd states.
Lysander pleading in his city's praise,
From thence his strongest argument did raise,
That Sparta did with honour age support,
Paying them just respect at stage, and court.
But at proud Athens youth did age out-face,
Nor at the plays would rise, or give them place.
When an Athenian stranger of great age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage,
To him the whole assembly rose, and ran
To place and ease this old and reverend man,
Who thus his thanks returns, "Th' Athenians know
What 's to be done; but what they know, not do."
Here our great senate's orders I may quote,
The first in age is still the first in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command
In competition with great years may stand.
Why should our youth's short transient pleasures dare
With age's lasting honours to compare?
On the world's stage, when our applause grows high,
For acting here life's tragic-comedy,
The lookers-on will say we act not well,
Unless the last the former scenes excel:
But age is froward, uneasy, scrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious;
But all those errours from our manners rise,
Not from our years; yet some morosities
We must expect, since jealousy belongs
To age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs:
Yet those are mollify'd, or not discern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins' humours, in our Terence, are
Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine,
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;
So age's gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason there should be:
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;
And with the providence of bees, or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty, winter's wants.
But age scarce sows, till Death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be so once, she 's always poor,
And to avoid a mischief makes it sure.
Such madness, as for fear of death to die,
Is, to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

Now against (that which terrifies our age)
The last, and greatest grievance, we engage;
To her, grim Death appears in all her shapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpris'd,
Which either should be wish'd for, or despis'd;
This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
That, if our souls a second life enjoy.
What else is to be fear'd, when we shall gain
Eternal life, or have no sense of pain?

The youngest in the morning are not sure,
That till the night their life they can secure,
Their age stands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
Death's force (with terrour) against Nature strives,
Nor one of many to ripe age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,
For if all men were old they would be wise;
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws, and into cities brought;
Why only should the fear of death belong
To age, which is as common to the young?
Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you
(Scipio) and me, this maxim makes too true:
But vigorous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which age must not expect;
But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd;
With grief he says, "Who this would have believ'd?"
We happier are than they, who but desir'd
To possess that, which we long since acquir'd.
What if our age to Nestor's could extend?
'Tis vain to think that lasting, which must end;
And when 'tis past, not any part remains
Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is past, nor what 's to come, we know:
Our date, how short soe'er, must us content.
When a good actor doth his part present,
In every act he our attention draws,
That at the last he may find just applause;
So (though but short) yet we must learn the art
Of virtue, on this stage to act our part;
True wisdom must our actions so direct,
Not only the last plaudit to expect:
Yet grieve no more, though long that part should last,
Than husbandmen, because the spring is past,
The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use;
So age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
All things which Nature did ordain are good,
And so must be receiv'd and understood.
Age like ripe apples, on Earth's bosom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely, crops;
The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;
But age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
As coals to ashes, when the spirit 's spent;
Therefore to death I with such joy resort,
As seamen from a tempest to their port.
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, Nature, steers our course.
Let us the causes of our fear condemn,
Then Death at his approach we shall contemn.
Though to our heat of youth our age seems cold,
Yet, when resolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Pisistratus reply'd,
Demanded, on what succour he rely'd,
When with so few he boldly did engage;
He said, he took his courage from his age.
Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,
When, leaving us a perfect sense and mind,
She (like a workman in his science skill'd)
Pulls down with ease, what her own hand did build.

That art which knew to join all parts in one,
Makes the least violent separation.
Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,
Till God, our general, shall us disband.
Wise Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he still might live.
Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all
His friends, not to bewail his funeral;
Your tears for such a death in vain you spend,
Which straight in immortality shall end.
In death if there be any sense of pain,
But a short space to age it will remain;
On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,
But timorous youth on this should meditate:
Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,
Finds little, when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (though not its certain date) we know;
Nor whether it may be this night or no:
How then can they contented live, who fear
A danger certain? and none knows how near.
They err, who for the fear of death dispute,
Our gallant actions this mistake confute.
Thee Brutus, Rome's first martyr I must name,
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulph of flame;
Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
That faith, which to his barbarous foes he gave;
With the two Scipio's did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conquering Hannibal;
The great Marcellus (who restored Rome)
His greatest foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew:
Must then the wise, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd forbear?
Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.
Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite;
And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our age retires.
And when the last delights of age shall die,
Life in itself will find satiety. [hear,
Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall
Which I can well describe, for he stands near.
Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know;
As certainly as we must die, they live
That life which justly may that name receive:
Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd,
Our souls with heavy burthens lie oppress'd;
Which part of man from Heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyss, doth hide and drown,
A place so dark to the cœlestial light,
And pure eternal fire 's quite opposite.
The gods through human bodies did disperse
An heavenly soul, to guide this universe,
That man, when he of heavenly bodies saw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw;
Nor this to me did my own dictates show,
But to the old philosophers I owe.
I heard Pythagoras, and those who came
With him, and from our country took their name;
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from gods in mortal breasts did shine.
Nor from my knowledge did the ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd the hour he dy'd;
He th' immortality of souls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wisest nam'd.)
Why should we doubt of that, whereof our sense
Finds demonstration from experience?
Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that 's mortal can so swiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that 's past collect.
Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature, but immortal, can impart.
Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes;
And therefore that no end can overtake,
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake.
And since the matter of our soul is pure
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts, which not among themselves agree;
Therefore it never can divided be.
And Nature shows (without philosophy)
What cannot be divided, cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy discern,
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;
Ere they can speak, they find so many ways
To serve their turn, and see more arts than days:
Before their thoughts they plainly can express,
The words and things they know are numberless,
Which Nature only, and no art could find,
But what she taught before, she call'd to mind.
These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words;
"Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
I shall be no where, or to nothing turn:
That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none,
Yet by the actions it design'd, was known;
And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
That soul, which can immortal glory give,
To her own virtues must for ever live.
Can you believe, that man's all-knowing mind
Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
Though a foul foolish prison her immure
On Earth, she (when escap'd) is wise and pure.
Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
With beasts, and must return from whence it came;
But whence into our bodies reason flows,
None sees it, when it comes, or where it goes.
Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,
Yet then our minds themselves from slumbers keep;
When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
Then what divine and future things they see!
Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
And what they shall hereafter be, declare."
This noble speech the dying Cyrus made.
Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade,
Thy grandsire, and his brother, to whom Fame
Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their name,
Nor thy great grandsire, nor thy father Paul,
Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal;
Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
To boast their actions) had so oft engag'd
In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought,
That only Fame our virtuous actions bought;
'Twere better in soft pleasure and repose
Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:
Some high assurance hath possest my mind,
After my death an happier life to find.

Unless our souls from the immortals came,
What end have we to seek immortal fame?
All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
The foolish and short-sighted die with fear,
That they go no-where, or they know not where.
The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
Before she parts, some happy port descries.
My friends, your fathers I shall surely see
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But such as before ours did end their days
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.
This I believe: for were I on my way,
None should persuade me to return, or stay:
Should some god tell me, that I should be born,
And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
Asham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my first starting-place.
And since with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd:
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wise and learn'd have done before;
Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is spent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home I pass,
Since Nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine assembly see:
Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
But my own gallant, virtuous Cato meet.
Nor did I weep, when I to ashes turn'd
His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend,
Where his fixt hopes our interview attend:
Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
From age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)
And if I err, no power shall dispossess
My thoughts of that expected happiness:
Though some minute philosophers pretend,
That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
If it be so, I hold the safer side,
For none of them my errour shall deride;
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.
If those, who this opinion have despis'd,
And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
Should feel their errour, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wish, that me they had believ'd.
If souls no immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.
The same uneasiness which every thing
Gives to our nature, life must also bring.
Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is age,
Acting too long upon this Earth, her stage,
Thus much for age, to which when you arrive,
That joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

THE

LIFE OF MILTON,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THE life of Milton has been already written in so many forms, and with such minute inquiry, that I might perhaps more properly have contented myself with the addition of a few notes on Mr. Fenton's elegant abridgment, but that a new narrative was thought necessary to the uniformity of this edition.

JOHN MILTON was by birth a gentleman, descended from the proprietors of Milton near Thame in Oxfordshire, one of whom forfeited his estate in the times of York and Lancaster. Which side he took I know not; his descendant inherited no veneration for the White Rose.

His grandfather John was keeper of the forest of Shotover, a zealous papist, who disinherited his son because he had forsaken the religion of his ancestors.

His father, John, who was the son disinherited, had recourse for his support to the profession of a scrivener. He was a man eminent for his skill in music, many of his compositions being still to be found; and his reputation in his profession was such, that he grew rich, and retired to an estate. He had probably more than common literature, as his son addresses him in one of his most elaborate Latin poems. He married a gentlewoman of the name of Caston, a Welsh family, by whom he had two sons, John, the poet, and Christopher, who studied the law, and adhered, as the law taught him, to the king's party, for which he was a while persecuted, but having, by his brother's interest, obtained permission to live in quiet, he supported himself so honourably by chamber-practice, that, soon after the accession of king James, he was knighted, and made a judge; but, his constitution being too weak for business, he retired before any disreputable compliances became necessary.

He had likewise a daughter Anne, whom he married with a considerable fortune to Edward Philips, who came from Shrewsbury, and rose in the Crown-office to be secondary: by him she had two sons, John and Edward, who were educated by the poet, and from whom is derived the only authentic account of his domestic manners.

John, the poet, was born in his father's house, at the Spread-Eagle, in Bread-street, Dec. 9, 1608, between six and seven in the morning. His father appears to have been very solicitous about his education; for he was instructed at first by private tuition under the care of Thomas Young, who was afterwards chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburgh, and of whom we have reason to think well, since his scholar considered him as worthy of an epistolary elegy.

He was then sent to St. Paul's School, under the care of Mr. Gill; and removed, in the beginning of his sixteenth year, to Christ's College in Cambridge, where he entered a sizar [1], Feb. 12, 1624.

He was at this time eminently skilled in the Latin tongue; and he himself, by annexing the dates to his first compositions, a boast of which the learned Politian had given him an example, seems to commend the earliness of his own proficiency to the notice of posterity. But the products of his vernal fertility have been surpassed by many, and particularly by his contemporary Cowley. Of the powers of the mind it is difficult to form an estimate: many have excelled Milton in their first essays, who never rose to works like Paradise Lost.

At fifteen, a date which he uses till he is sixteen, he translated or versified two Psalms, 114 and 136, which he thought worthy of the public eye; but they raise no great expectations: they would in any numerous school have obtained praise, but not excited wonder.

Many of his elegies appear to have been written in his eighteenth year, by which it appears that he had then read the Roman authors with very nice discernment. I once heard Mr. Hampton, the translator of Polybius, remark, what I think is true, that Milton was the first Englishman who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classic elegance. If any exceptions can be made, they are very few: Haddon and Ascham, the pride of Elizabeth's reign, however they have succeeded in prose, no sooner attempt verse than they provoke derision. If we produced any thing worthy of notice before the elegies of Milton, it was perhaps Alabaster's Roxana [2].

Of the exercises which the rules of the university required, some were published by him in his maturer years. They had been undoubtedly applauded, for they were such as few can perform; yet there is reason to suspect that he was regarded in his college with no great fondness. That he obtained no fellowship is certain; but the unkindness with which he was treated was not merely negative. I am ashamed to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either university that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction.

It was, in the violence of controversial hostility, objected to him, that he was expelled: this he steadily denies, and it was apparently not true; but it seems plain, from his own verses to Diodati, that he had incurred *rustication*, a temporary dismission into the country, with perhaps the loss of a term:

[1] In this assertion Dr. Johnson was mistaken. Milton was admitted a pensioner, and not a sizar, as will appear by the following extract from the college register: Johannes Milton Londinensis, filius Johannis, institutus fuit in literarum elementis sub Mag'ro Gill Gymnasii Paulini præfecto; admissus est *Pensionarius Minor* Feb. 12°, 1624, sub M'ro Chappell, solvitq. pro Ingr. £.0 10*s.* 6*d.* *R.*

[2] Published 1632. *R.*

Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum *vetiti me laris* angit amor.—
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc *exilium* patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel *profugi* nomen sortemve recuso,
Lætus et *exilii* conditione fruor.

I cannot find any meaning but this, which even kindness and reverence can give the term vetiti laris, "a habitation from which he is excluded;" or how *exile* can be otherwise interpreted. He declares yet more, that he is weary of enduring the threats of a rigorous master, and something else, which a temper like his cannot undergo. What was more than threat was probably punishment. This poem, which mentions his exile, proves likewise that it was not perpetual; for it concludes with a resolution of returning some time to Cambridge. And it may be conjectured, from the willingness with which he has perpetuated the memory of his exile, that its cause was such as gave him no shame.

He took both the usual degrees; that of batchelor in 1628, and that of master in 1632; but he left the university with no kindness for its institution, alienated either by the injudicious severity of his governors, or his own captious perverseness. The cause cannot now be known, but the effect appears in his writings. His scheme of education, inscribed to Hartlib, supersedes all academical instruction, being intended to comprise the whole time which men usually spend in literature, from their entrance upon grammar, "till they proceed, as it is called, masters of arts." And in his Discourse "on the likeliest Way to remove Hirelings out of the Church," he ingeniously proposes, that "the profits of the lands forfeited by the act for superstitious uses should be applied to such academies all over the land where languages and arts may be taught together; so that youth may be at once brought up to a competency of learning and an honest trade, by which means such of them as had the gift, being enabled to support themselves (without tythes) by the latter, may, by the help of the former, become worthy preachers."

One of his objections to academical education, as it was then conducted, is, that men designed for orders in the church were permitted to act plays, "writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of Trincalos [3], buffoons, and bawds, prostituting the shame of that ministry which they had, or were near having, to the eyes of courtiers and court ladies, their grooms and mademoiselles.

This is sufficiently peevish in a man who, when he mentions his exile from the college, relates, with great luxuriance, the compensation which the pleasures of the theatre afford him. Plays were therefore only criminal when they were acted by academics.

[3] By the mention of this name, he evidently refers to Albumazar, acted at Cambridge in 1614. Ignoramus and other plays were performed at the same time. The practice was then very frequent. The last dramatic performance at either university was The Grateful Fair, written by Christopher Smart, and represented at Pembroke College, Cambridge, about 1747. *R.*

He went to the university with a design of entering into the church, but in time altered his mind; for he declared, that whoever became a clergyman must "subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that could not retch, he must straight perjure himself. He thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and for swearing."

These expressions are, I find, applied to the subscription of the articles; but it seems more probable that they relate to canonical obedience. I know not any of the articles which seem to thwart his opinions: but the thoughts of obedience, whether canonical or civil, raised his indignation.

His unwillingness to engage in the ministry, perhaps not yet advanced to a settled resolution of declining it, appears in a letter to one of his friends, who had reproved his suspended and dilatory life, which he seems to have imputed to an insatiable curiosity, and fantastic luxury of various knowledge. To this he writes a cool and plausible answer, in which he endeavours to persuade him, that the delay proceeds not from the delights of desultory study, but from the desire of obtaining more fitness for his task; and that he goes on, not taking thought of being late so it gives advantage to be more fit.

When he left the university, he returned to his father, then residing at Horton in Buckinghamshire, with whom he lived five years, in which time he is said to have read all the Greek and Latin writers. With what limitations this universality is to be understood, who shall inform us?

It might be supposed, that he who read so much should have done nothing else: but Milton found time to write the Masque of Comus, which was presented at Ludlow, then the residence of the lord president of Wales, in 1634; and had the honour of being acted by the earl of Bridgewater's sons and daughter. The fiction is derived from Homer's Circe[4]; but we never can refuse to any modern the liberty of borrowing from Homer:

——— a quo ceu fonte perenni
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis.

His next production was Lycidas, an elegy, written in 1637, on the death of Mr. King, the son of sir John King, secretary for Ireland in the time of Elizabeth,

4 It has nevertheless its foundation in reality. The earl of Bridgewater being president of Wales in the year 1634, had his residence at Ludlow-castle in Shropshire, at which time lord Brackly and Mr. Egerton, his sons, and lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through a place called the Hay-wood Forest, or Haywood in Herefordshire, were benighted, and the lady for a short time lost: this accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his castle, Milton at the request of his friend Henry Lawes, who taught music in the family, wrote this masque. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas night; the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes himself, bearing each a part in the representation.

The lady Alice Egerton became afterwards the wife of the earl of Carbury, who, at his seat called Golden-grove, in Caermarthenshire, harboured Dr. Jeremy Taylor in the time of the Usurpation. Among the doctor's sermons is one on her death, in which her character is finely portrayed. Her sister, lady Mary, was given in marriage to lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's assertion, that the fiction is derived from Homer's Circe, it may be conjectured, that it was rather taken from the Comus of Erycius Puteanus, in which, under the fiction of a dream, the characters of Comus and his attendants are delineated, and the delights of sensualists exposed and reprobated. This little tract was published at Louvain in 1611, and afterwards at Oxford in 1634, the very year in which Milton's Comus was written. *H.*

Milton evidently was indebted to the Old Wives Tale of George Peele for the plan of Comus. *R.*

James and Charles. King was much a favourite at Cambridge, and many of the wits joined to do honour to his memory. Milton's acquaintance with the Italian writers may be discovered by a mixture of longer and shorter verses, according to the rules of Tuscan poetry, and his malignity to the church by some lines which are interpreted as threatening its extermination.

He is supposed about this time to have written his Arcades; for, while he lived at Horton, he used sometimes to steal from his studies a few days, which he spent at Harefield, the house of the countess dowager of Derby, where the Arcades made part of a dramatic entertainment.

He began now to grow weary of the country, and had some purpose of taking chambers in the inns of court, when the death of his mother set him at liberty to travel, for which he obtained his father's consent, and sir Henry Wotton's directions, with the celebrated precept of prudence, *i pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto;* "thoughts close, and looks loose."

In 1638 he left England and went first to Paris; where, by the favour of lord Scudamore, he had the opportunity of visiting Grotius, then residing at the French court as ambassador from Christina of Sweden. From Paris he hasted into Italy, of which he had, with particular diligence, studied the language and literature: and though he seems to have intended a very quick perambulation of the country, staid two months at Florence; where he found his way into the academies, and produced his compositions with such applause as appears to have exalted him in his own opinion, and confirmed him in the hope, that, "by labour and intense study, which," says he, "I take to be my portion in this life, joined with a strong propensity of nature," he might "leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die."

It appears in all his writings that he had the usual concomitant of great abilities, a lofty and steady confidence in himself, perhaps not without some contempt of others, for scarcely any man ever wrote so much and praised so few. Of his praise he was very frugal; as he set its value high, and considered his mention of a name as a security against the waste of time, and a certain preservative from oblivion.

At Florence he could not indeed complain that his merit wanted distinction. Carlo Dati presented him with an encomiastic inscription, in the tumid lapidary style; and Francini wrote him an ode, of which the first stanza is only empty noise; the rest are perhaps too diffuse on common topics: but the last is natural and beautiful.

From Florence he went to Sienna, and from Sienna to Rome, where he was again received with kindness by the learned and the great. Holstenius, the keeper of the Vatican library, who had resided three years at Oxford, introduced him to cardinal Barberini: and he, at a musical entertainment, waited for him at the door, and led him by the hand into the assembly. Here Selvaggi praised him in a distich, and Salsilli in a tetrastic; neither of them of much value. The Italians were gainers by this literary commerce; for the encomiums with which Milton repaid Salsilli, though not secure against a stern grammarian, turn the balance indisputably in Milton's favour.

Of these Italian testimonies, poor as they are, he was proud enough to publish

them before his poems; though he says, he cannot be suspected but to have known that they were said non tam de se, quam supr se.

At Rome, as at Florence, he staid only two months; a time indeed sufficient, if he desired only to ramble with an explainer of its antiquities, or to view palaces and count pictures; but certainly too short for the contemplation of learning, policy, or manners.

From Rome he passed on to Naples, in company of a hermit, a companion from whom little could be expected; yet to him Milton owed his introduction to Manso, marquis of Villa, who had been before the patron of Tasso. Manso was enough delighted with his accomplishments to honour him with a sorry distich, in which he commends him for every thing but his religion: and Milton, in return, addressed him in a Latin poem, which must have raised an high opinion of English elegance and literature.

His purpose was now to have visited Sicily and Greece; but hearing of the differences between the king and parliament, he thought it proper to hasten home, rather than pass his life in foreign amusements while his countrymen were contending for their rights. He therefore came back to Rome, though the merchants informed him of plots laid against him by the Jesuits, for the liberty of his conversations on religion. He had sense enough to judge that there was no danger, and therefore kept on his way, and acted as before, neither obtruding nor shunning controversy. He had perhaps given some offence by visiting Galileo, then a prisoner in the Inquisition for philosophical heresy; and at Naples he was told by Manso, that, by his declarations on religious questions, he had excluded himself from some distinctions which he should otherwise have paid him. But such conduct, though it did not please, was yet sufficiently safe; and Milton staid two months more at Rome, and went on to Florence without molestation.

From Florence he visted Lucca. He afterwards went to Venice; and, having sent away a collection of music and other books, travelled to Geneva, which he probably considered as the metropolis of orthodoxy.

Here he reposed as in a congenial element, and became acquainted with John Diodati and Frederic Spanheim, two learned professors of divinity. From Geneva he passed through France; and came home, after an absence of a year and three months.

At his return he heard of the death of his friend Charles Diodati; a man whom it is reasonable to suppose of great merit, since he was thought by Milton worthy of a a poem, intituled Epitaphium Damonis, written with the common but childish imitation of pastoral life.

He now hired a lodging at the house of one Russel, a taylor in St. Bride's churchyard, and undertook the education of John and Edward Philips, his sister's sons. Finding his rooms too little, he took a house and garden in Aldersgate-street [s], which was not then so much out of the world as it is now; and chose his dwelling at the

[s] This is inaccurately expressed: Philips and Dr. Newton after him, say a garden-house, i. e. a house situated in a garden, and of which there were, especially in the north suburbs of London, very many, if not few else. The term is technical, and frequently occurs in the Athen. and Fast. Oxon. The meaning thereof may be collected from the article Thomas Farnaby, the famous schoolmaster, of whom the author says, that he taught in Goldsmith's Rents, in Cripplegate-parish, behind Redcross-street, where were large gardens and handsome houses. Milton's house in Jewin-street was also a garden-house, as were indeed most of his dwellings after his settlement in London. *H.*

upper end of a passage, that he might avoid the noise of the street. Here he received more boys, to be boarded and instructed.

Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performance, on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and, when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school. This is the period of his life from which all his biographers seem inclined to shrink. They are unwilling that Milton should be degraded to a school-master; but, since it cannot be denied that he taught boys, one finds out that he taught for nothing, and another, that his motive was only zeal for the propagation of learning and virtue; and all tell what they do not know to be true, only to excuse an act which no wise man will consider as in itself disgraceful. His father was alive; his allowance was not ample; and he supplied its deficiencies by an honest and useful employment.

It is told, that in the art of education he performed wonders; and a formidable list is given of the authors, Greek and Latin, that were read in Aldersgate-street by youth between ten and fifteen or sixteen years of age. Those who tell or receive these stories should consider, that nobody can be taught faster than he can learn. The speed of the horseman must be limited by the power of the horse. Every man that has ever undertaken to instruct others can tell what slow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recall vagrant inattention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension.

The purpose of Milton, as it seems, was to teach something more solid than the common literature of schools, by reading those authors that treat of physical subjects; such as the Georgic, and astronomical treatises of the ancients. This was a scheme of improvement which seems to have busied many literary projectors of that age. Cowley, who had more means than Milton of knowing what was wanting to the embellishments of life, formed the same plan of education in his imaginary college.

But the truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowlege of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places: we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.

Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.

Let me not be censured for this digression as pedantic or paradoxical; for, if I have Milton against me, I have Socrates on my side. It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations upon life; but the innovators whom

I oppose are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion that, what we had to learn was, how to do good and avoid evil.

Ὅτῳ τοι ἐν μεγάροισι κακόν ἐν ἀγαθόν τε τέτυκται.

Of institutions we may judge by their effects. From this wonder-working academy I do not know that there ever proceeded any man very eminent for knowledge; its only genuine product, I believe, is a small history of Poetry, written in Latin by his nephew Philips, of which perhaps none of my readers has ever heard [6].

That in his school, as in every thing else which he undertook, he laboured with great diligence, there is no reason for doubting. One part of his method deserves general imitation. He was careful to instruct his scholars in religion. Every Sunday was spent upon theology; of which he dictated a short system, gathered from the writers that were then fashionable in the Dutch universities.

He set his pupils an example of hard study and spare diet; only now and then he allowed himself to pass a day of festivity and indulgence with some gay gentlemen of Gray's Inn.

He now began to engage in the controversies of the times, and lent his breath to blow the flames of contention. In 1641 he published a treatise of Reformation, in two books, against the established church; being willing to help the Puritans, who were, he says, inferior to the prelates in learning.

Hall, bishop of Norwich, had published an Humble Remonstrance, in defence of episcopacy; to which, in 1641, five ministers [7], of whose names the first letters made the celebrated word *Smectymnuus*, gave their answer. Of this answer a confutation was attempted by the learned Usher; and to the confutation Milton published a reply, intituled, "Of Prelatical Episcopacy, and whether it may be deduced from the Apostolical Times, by virtue of those Testimonies which are alledged to that Purpose in some late Treatises, one whereof goes under the Name of James Lord Bishop of Armagh."

I have transcribed this title to show, by his contemptuous mention of Usher, that he had now adopted the puritanical savageness of manners. His next work was, The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy, by Mr. John Milton, 1642. In this book he discovers, not with ostentatious exultation, but with calm confidence, his high opinion of his own powers; and promises to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country. "This," says he, "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added, industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which, in some measure, be compast, I re-

[6] "We may be sure at least, that Dr. Johnson had never seen the book he speaks of; for it is entirely composed in English, though its title begins with two Latin words, 'Theatrum Poetarum; or, a compleat Collection of the Poets, &c.' a circumstance that probably misled the biographer of Milton." *European Magazine, June* 1787. p. 388. *R.*

[7] Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurstow. *R.*

fase not to sustain this expectation." From a promise like this, at once fervid, pious and rational, might be expected the Paradise Lost.

He published the same year two more pamphlets, upon the same question. To one of his antagonists, who affirms that he was vomited out of the university, he answers, in general terms: "The fellows of the college wherein I spent some years, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many times how much better it would content them that I should stay.—As for the common approbation or dislike of that place as now it is, that I should esteem or disesteem myself the more for that, too simple is the answerer, if he think to obtain with me. Of small practice were the physician who could not judge, by what she and her sister have of long time vomited, that the worser stuff she strongly keeps in her stomach, but the better she is ever kecking at, and is queasy; she vomits now out of sickness; but before it will be well with her, she must vomit by strong physic. The university in the time of her better health, and my younger judgment, I never greatly admired, but now much less."

This is surely the language of a man who thinks that he has been injured. He proceeds to describe the course of his conduct, and the train of his thoughts; and, because he has been suspected of incontinence, gives an account of his own purity, "that if I be justly charged," says he, "with this crime, it may come upon me with tenfold shame."

The style of his piece is rough, and such perhaps was that of his antagonist. This roughness he justifies, by great examples, in a long digression. Sometimes he tries to be humourous: "Lest I should take him for some chaplain in hand, some squire of the body to his prelate, one who serves not at the altar only, but at the court-cupboard, he will bestow on us a pretty model of himself: and sets me out half a dozen ptisical mottoes, wherever he had them, hoping short in the measure of convulsion fits; in which labour the agony of his wit having escaped narrowly, instead of well-sized periods, he greets us with a quantity of thumb-ring poesies.—And thus ends this section, or rather dissection of himself." Such is the controversial merriment of Milton; his gloomy seriousness is yet more offensive. Such is his malignity that Hell grows darker at his frown.

His father, after Reading was taken by Essex, came to reside in his house; and his school increased. At Whitsuntide, in his thirty-fifth year, he married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Powel, a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire. He brought her to town with him, and expected all the advantages of a conjugal life. The lady, however, seems not much to have delighted in the pleasures of spare diet and hard study; for, as Philips relates, "having for a month led a philosophic life, after having been used at home to a great house, and much company and joviality, her friends, possibly by her own desire, made earnest suit to have her company the remaining part of the summer; which was granted, upon a promise of her return at Michaelmas."

Milton was too busy to much miss his wife; he pursued his studies: and now and then visited the lady Margaret Leigh, whom he has mentioned in one of his sonnets. At last Michaelmas arrived; but the lady had no inclination to return to the sullen gloom of her husband's habitation, and therefore very willingly forgot her promise. He sent her a letter, but had no answer; he sent more with the same success. It could be alledged that letters miscarry; he therefore dispatched a messenger, being

by this time too angry to go himself. His messenger was sent back with some contempt. The family of the lady were cavaliers.

In a man whose opinion of his own merit was like Milton's, less provocation than this might have raised violent resentment. Milton soon determined to repudiate her for disobedience; and, being one of those who could easily find arguments to justify inclination, published, in 1644, The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce; which was followed by The Judgment of Martin Bucer, concerning Divorce; and the next year, his Tetrachordon, Expositions upon the four chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage.

This innovation was opposed, as might be expected, by the clergy, who, then holding their famous assembly at Westminster, procured that the author should be called before the Lords; "but that house," says Wood, "whether approving the doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, did soon dismiss him."

There seems not to have been much written against him, nor any thing by any writer of eminence. The antagonist that appeared is styled by him, A Serving Man turned Solicitor. Howel, in his Letters, mentions the new doctrine with contempt; and it was, I suppose, thought more worthy of derision than of confutation. He complains of this neglect in two sonnets, of which the first is contemptible, and the second not excellent.

From this time it is observed, that he became an enemy to the presbyterians, whom he had favoured before. He that changes his party by his humour is not more virtuous than he that changes it by his interest; he loves himself rather than truth.

His wife and her relations now found that Milton was not an unresisting sufferer of injuries; and perceiving that he had begun to put his doctrine in practice, by courting a young woman of great accomplishments, the daughter of one doctor Davis, who was however not ready to comply, they resolved to endeavour a re-union. He went sometimes to the house of one Blackborough, his relation, in the lane of St. Martin's le Grand, and at one of his usual visits was surprised to see his wife come from another room, and implore forgiveness on her knees. He resisted her entreaties for a while: "but partly," says Philips, "his own generous nature more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger or revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion and a firm league of peace." It were injurious to omit, that Milton afterwards received her father and her brothers in his own house, when they were distressed with other royalists.

He published about the same time his Areopagetica, a Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing. The danger of such unbounded liberty, and the danger of bounding it, have produced a problem in the science of government, which human understanding seems hitherto unable to solve. If nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, power must always be the standard of truth: if every dreamer of innovations may propagate his projects, there can be no settlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuse discontent, there can be no peace; and if every sceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion. The remedy against these evils is to punish the authors, for it is yet allowed that every society may punish, though not

prevent, the publication of opinions which that society shall think pernicious; but this punishment, though it may crush the author, promotes the book; and it seems not more reasonable to leave the right of printing unrestrained because writers may be afterwards censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted because by our laws we can hang a thief.

But, whatever were his engagements, civil or domestic, poetry was never long out of his thoughts.

About this time (1645) a collection of his Latin and English poems appeared, in which the Allegro and Penseroso, with some others, were first published.

He had taken a larger house in Barbican for the reception of scholars; but the numerous relations of his wife, to whom he generously granted refuge for a while, occupied his rooms. In time, however, they went away; "and the house again," says Philips, "now looked like a house of the Muses only, though the accession of scholars was not great. Possibly his having proceeded so far in the education of youth, may have been the occasion of his adversaries calling him pedagogue and schoolmaster; whereas it is well known he never set up for a public school, to teach all the young fry of a parish; but only was willing to impart his learning and knowledge to his relations, and the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends, and that neither his writings nor his way of teaching ever savoured in the least of pedantry."

Thus laboriously does his nephew extenuate what cannot be denied, and what might be confessed without disgrace. Milton was not a man who could become mean by a mean employment. This, however, his warmest friends seem not to have found; they therefore shift and palliate. He did not sell literature to all comers at an open shop; he was a chamber-milliner, and measured his commodities only to his friends.

Philips, evidently impatient of viewing him in this state of degradation, tells us that it was not long continued: and, to raise his character again, has a mind to invest him with military splendour: "He is much mistaken," he says, "if there was not about this time a design of making him an adjutant-general in Sir William Waller's army. But the new-modelling of the army proved an obstruction to the design." An event cannot be set at a much greater distance than by having been only designed, about some time, if a man be not much mistaken. Milton shall be a pedagogue no longer: for, if Philips be not much mistaken, somebody at some time designed him for a soldier.

About the time that the army was new-modelled (1645), he removed to a smaller house in Holbourn, which opened backward into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He is not known to have published any thing afterwards till the king's death, when, finding his murderers condemned by the presbyterians, he wrote a treatise to justify it, and to compose the minds of the people.

He made some Remarks on the Articles of Peace between Ormond and the Irish Rebels. While he contented himself to write, he perhaps did only what his conscience dictated; and if he did not very vigilantly watch the influence of his own passions, and the gradual prevalence of opinions, first willingly admitted, and then habitually indulged; if objections, by being overlooked, were forgotten, and desire superinduced conviction; he yet shared only the common weakness of mankind, and might be no less sincere than his opponents. But as faction seldom leaves a man

tain Woodcock of Hackney; a woman doubtless educated in opinions like his own She died within a year, of childbirth, or some distemper that followed it, and her husband honored her memory with a poor sonnet.

The first reply to Milton's Defensio Populi was published in 1651, called Apologia pro Rege & Populo Anglicano, contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni) defensionem destructivam Regis & Populi. Of this the author was not known; but Milton and his nephew Philips, under whose name he published an answer so much corrected by him that it might be called his own, imputed it to Bramhall; and, knowing him no friend to regicides, thought themselves at liberty to treat him as if they had known what they only suspected.

Next year appeared Regii Sanguinis clamor ad Cœlum. Of this the author was Peter du Moulin, who was afterwards prebendary of Canterbury; but Morus, or More, a French minister having the care of its publication, was treated as the writer by Milton in his Defensio Secunda, and overwhelmed by such violence of invective, that he began to shrink under the tempest, and gave his persecuters the means of knowing the true author. Du Moulin was now in great danger; but Milton's pride operated against his malignity; and both he and his friends were more willing that Du Moulin should escape than that he should be convicted of mistake.

In this second Defence, he shows that his eloquence is not merely satirical; the rudeness of his invective is equalled by the grossness of his flattery. "Deserimur, Cromuelle, tu solus superes, ad te summa nostrarum rerum rediit, in te solo consistit, insuperabili tuæ virtuti cedimus cuncti, nemine vel obloquente, nisi qui æquales inæqualis ipse honores sibi quærit, aut digniori concessos invidet, aut non intelligit nihil esse in societate hominum magis vel Deo gratum, vel rationi consentaneum, esse in civitate nihil æquius, nihil utilius, quam potiri rerum dignissimum. Eum te agnoscunt omnes, Cromuelle, ea tu civis maximus & gloriosissimus[8], dux publici consilii, exercituum fortissimorum imperator, pater patriæ gessisti. Sic tu spontanea bonorum omnium & animitus missa voce salutaris."

Cæsar, when he assumed the perpetual dictatorship, had not more servile or more elegant flattery. A translation may shew its servility; but its elegance is less attainable. Having exposed the unskilfulness or selfishness of the former government, "We were left," says Milton, "to ourselves: the whole national interest fell into your hands, and subsists only in your abilities. To your virtue, overpowering and resistless, every man gives way, except some who, without equal qualifications, aspire to equal honours, who envy the distinctions of merit greater than their own, or who have yet to learn, that in the coalition of human society nothing is more pleasing to God, or more agreeable to reason, than that the highest mind should have the sovereign power. Such, sir, are you by general confession; such are the things achieved by you, the greatest and most glorious of our countrymen, the director of our public councils, the leader of unconquered armies, the father of your country; for by that title does every good man hail you with sincere and voluntary praise."

Next year, having defended all that wanted defence, he found leisure to defend himself. He undertook his own vindication against More, whom he declares in his

[8] It may be doubted whether *gloriosissimus* be here used with Milton's boasted purity. *Res gloriosa* is an *illustrious thing*; but *vir gloriosus* is commonly a *braggart*, as in *miles gloriosus*. Dr. J.

title to be justly called the author of the *Regii Sanguinis Clamor*. In this there is no want of vehemence or eloquence, nor does he forget his wonted wit. "Morus es? an Momus? an uterque idem est?" He then remembers that *morus* is Latin for a mulberry-tree, and hints at the known transformation:

—Poma alba ferebat
Quæ post nigra tulit Morus.

With this piece ended his controversies; and he from this time gave himself up to his private studies and his civil employment.

As secretary to the Protector, he is supposed to have written the Declaration of the reasons for a war with Spain. His agency was considered as of great importance; for, when a treaty with Sweden was artfully suspended, the delay was publicly imputed to Mr. Milton's indisposition: and the Swedish agent was provoked to express his wonder, that only one man in England could write Latin, and that man blind.

Being now forty-seven years old, and seeing himself disencumbered from external interruptions, he seems to have recollected his former purposes, and to have resumed three great works which he had planned for his future employment; an epic poem, the history of his country, and a dictionary of the Latin tongue.

To collect a dictionary, seems a work of all others least practicable in a state of blindness, because it depends upon perpetual and minute inspection and collation. Nor would Milton probably have begun it after he had lost his eyes; but, having had it alway before him, he continued it, says Philips, "almost to his dying day; but the papers were so discomposed and deficient, that they could not be fitted for the press." The compilers of the Latin dictionary, printed at Cambridge, had the use of those collections in three folios; but what was their fate afterwards is not known [9].

To compile a history from various authors, when they can only be consulted by other eyes, is not easy nor possible, but with more skilful and attentive help than can be commonly obtained; and it was probably the difficulty of consulting and comparing that stopped Milton's narrative at the Conquest; a period at which affairs were not yet very intricate, nor authors very numerous.

For the subject of his epic poem, after much deliberation, long chusing, and beginning late, he fixed upon Paradise Lost: a design so comprehensive, that it could be justified only by success. He had once designed to celebrate King Arthur, as he hints in his verses to Mansus; but Arthur was reserved, says Fenton, to another destiny [10].

It appears, by some sketches of poetical projects left in manusript, and to be seen in a library [1] at Cambridge, that he had digested his thoughts on this subject into one of those wild dramas which were anciently called Mysteries; and Philips had

9 The Cambridge Dictionary, published in 4to, 1693, is no other than a copy, with some small additions, of that of Dr. Adam Littleton in 1685, by sundry persons, of whom, though their names are concealed, there is great reason to conjecture that Milton's nephew, Edward Philips, is one; for it is expressly said by Wood, Fasti, vol. I. p. 266, that "Milton's Thesaurus" came to his hands; and it is asserted, in the preface thereto, that the editors thereof had the use of three large folios in manuscript, collected and digested into alphabetical order by Mr. John Milton.

It has been remarked, that the additions, together with the preface above mentioned, and a large part of the title of the Cambridge Dictionary, have been incorporated and printed with the subsequent editions of Littleton's Dictionary, till that of 1735. Vid. Biog. Brit. 2985, in not. So that, for aught that appears to the contrary, Philips was the last possessor of Milton's MS. *H.*

10 *Id est*, to be the subject of an heroic poem written by sir Richard Blackmore. *H.*

1 Trinity College. *R.*

seen what he terms part of a tragedy, beginning with the first ten lines of Satan's address to the Sun. These mysteries consist of allegorical persons; such as Justice, Mercy, Faith. Of the tragedy or mystery of Paradise Lost there are two plans:

THE PERSONS.

Michael.
Chorus of Angels.
Heavenly Love.
Lucifer.
Adam, } with the Serpent.
Eve, }
Conscience.
Death.
Labour, }
Sickness, }
Discontent, } Mutes.
Ignorance, }
with others; }
Faith.
Hope.
Charity.

THE PERSONS.

Moses.
Divine Justice, Wisdom, Heavenly Love.
The Evening Star, Hesperus.
Chorus of Angels.
Lucifer.
Adam.
Eve.
Conscience.
Labour, }
Sickness, }
Discontent, } Mutes.
Ignorance, }
Fear, }
Death, }
Faith.
Hope.
Charity.

PARADISE LOST.

THE PERSONS.

Moses προγίζει, recounting how he assumed his true body; that it corrupts not, because it is with God in the mount; declares the like with Enoch and Elijah; besides the purity of the place, that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds, preserve it from corruption; whence exhorts to the sight of God; tells they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence by reason of their sin.

Justice, }
Mercy, } debating what should become of man, should he fall.
Wisdom, }

Chorus of Angels singing a hymn of the Creation.

ACT II.

Heavenly Love.
Evening Star.
Chorus sing the marriage-song, and describe Paradise.

ACT III.

Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin.
Chorus fears for Adam, and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.

ACT IV.

Adam, } fallen.
Eve, }
Conscience cites them to God's examination.
Chorus bewails, and tells the good Adam has lost.

ACT V.

Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.
———————— presented by an angel with
Labour, Grief, Hatred, Envy, War, Famine, Pestilence, Sickness, } Mutes.
Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death, }
To whom he gives their names. Likewise, Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c.
Faith, }
Hope, } comfort him and instruct him.
Charity, }
Chorus briefly concludes.

Such was his first design, which could have produced only an allegory, or mystery. The following sketch seems to have attained more maturity.

ADAM UNPARADISED.

The angel Gabriel, either descending or entering; showing, since this globe was created, his frequency as much on Earth as in Heaven; describes Paradise. Next, the Chorus, showing the reason of his coming to keep his watch in Paradise, after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God; and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent new creature, man. The angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a prince of power, tracing Paradise with a more free office, passes by the station of the Chorus, and, desired by them, relates what he knew of man; as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage. After this, Lucifer appears; after his overthrow, bemoans himself, seeks revenge on man. The Chorus prepare resistance on his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side he departs: whereat the Chorus sings of the battle and victory in Heaven, against him and his accomplices: as before, after the first act, was sung a hymn of the creation. Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and exulting in what he had done to the destruction of man. Man next, and Eve, having by this time been seduced by the Serpent, appears confusedly covered with leaves. Conscience in a shape accuses him; Justice cites him to a place whither Jehovah called for him. In the mean while, the Chorus entertains the stage, and is informed by some angel the manner of the fall. Here the Chorus bewails Adam's fall; Adam then and Eve return; accuse one another; but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife; is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears, reasons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admonisheth Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. The angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but before, causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a mask of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, despairs: at last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises the Messiah;

then calls in Faith, Hope, and Charity; instructs him, he repents, gives God the glory, submits to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes. Compare this with the former draught.

These are very imperfect rudiments of Paradise Lost; but it is pleasant to see great works in their seminal state, pregnant with latent possibilities of excellence; nor could there be any more delightful entertainment than to trace their gradual growth and expansion, and to observe how they are sometimes suddenly advanced by accidental hints, and sometimes slowly improved by steady meditation.

Invention is almost the only literary labour which blindness cannot obstruct, and therefore he naturally solaced his solitude by the indulgence of his fancy, and the melody of his numbers. He had done what he knew to be necessarily previous to poetical excellence; he had made himself acquainted with seemly arts and affairs; his comprehension was extended by various knowledge, and his memory stored with intellectual treasures. He was skilful in many languages, and had by reading and composition attained the full mastery of his own. He would have wanted little help from books, had he retained the power of perusing them.

But while his greater designs were advancing, having now, like many other authors, caught the love of publication, he amused himself, as he could, with little productions. He sent to the press (1658) a manuscript of Raleigh, called The Cabinet Council; and next year gratified his malevolence to the clergy by a Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Cases, and the means of removing Hirelings out of the Church.

Oliver was now dead; Richard now constrained to resign: the system of extemporary government, which had been held together only by force, naturally fell into fragments when that force was taken away; and Milton saw himself and his cause in equal danger. But he had still hope of doing something. He wrote letters, which Toland has published, to such men as he thought friends to the new commonwealth; and even in the year of the Restoration he *bated no jot of heart or hope*, but was fantastical enough to think that the nation, agitated as it was, might be settled by a pamphlet, called A ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth; which was, however enough considered to be both seriously and ludicrously answered.

The obstinate enthusiasm of the commonwealthmen was very remarkable. When the king was apparently returning, Harrington, with a few associates as fanatical as himself, used to meet, with all the gravity of political importance, to settle an equal government by rotation; and Milton, kicking when he could strike no longer, was foolish enough to publish, a few weeks before the restoration, Notes upon a sermon preached by one Griffiths, entituled, The Fear of God and the King. To these notes an answer was written by L'Estrange, in a pamphlet petulantly called, No Blind Guides.

But whatever Milton could write, or men of greater activity could do, the king was now about to be restored, with the irresistible approbation of the people. He was therefore no longer secretary, and was consequently obliged to quit the house which he held by his office; and, proportioning his sense of danger to his opinion of the importance of his writings, thought it convenient to seek some shelter, and hid himself for a time in Bartholomew-Close, by West-Smithfield.

I cannot but remark a kind of respect, perhaps unconsciously, paid to this great

man by his biographers; every house in which he resided is historically mentioned as if it were an injury to neglect naming any place that he honoured by his presence.

The king, with lenity of which the world has had perhaps no other example, declined to be the judge or avenger of his own or his father's wrongs; and promised to admit into the act of oblivion all, except those whom the parliament should except; and the parliament doomed none to capital punishment but the wretches who had immediately cooperated in the murder of the king. Milton was certainly not one of them; he had only justified what they had done.

This justification was indeed sufficiently offensive; and (June 16) an order was issued to seize Milton's Defence, and Goodwin's Obstructors of Justice, another book of the same tendency, and burn them by the common hangman. The attorney-general was ordered to prosecute the authors; but Milton was not seized, nor perhaps very diligently pursued.

Not long after (August 19) the flutter of innumerable bosoms were stilled by an act, which the king, that his mercy might want no recommendation of elegance, rather called an Act of Oblivion than of Grace. Goodwin was named, with nineteen more, as incapacitated for any public trust; but of Milton there was no exception.

Of this tenderness shown to Milton, the curiosity of mankind has not forborn to inquire the reason. Burnet thinks he was forgotten: but this is another instance which may confirm Dalrymple's observation, who says, "that whenever Burnet's narrations are examined, he appears to be mistaken."

Forgotten he was not; for his prosecution was ordered; it must be therefore by design that he was included in the general oblivion. He is said to have had friends in the house, such as Marvel, Morrice, and sir Thomas Clarges: and undoubtedly a man like him must have had influence. A very particular story of his escape is told by Richardson [a] in his Memoirs, which he received from Pope, as delivered by Betterton, who might have heard it from Davenant. In the war between the king and parliament Davenant was made prisoner, and condemned to die; but was spared at the request of Milton. When the turn of success brought Milton into the like danger, Davenant repaid the benefit by appearing in his favour. Here is a reciprocation of generosity and gratitude so pleasing, that the tale makes its own way to credit. But, if help were wanted, I know not where to find it. The danger of Davenant is certain from his own relation; but of his escape there is no account. Betterton's narration can be traced no higher; it is not known that he had it from Davenant. We are told that the benefit exchanged was life for life; but it seems not certain that Milton's life ever was in danger. Goodwin, who had committed the same kind of crime, escaped with incapacitation; and, as exclusion from public trust is a punishment which the power of government can commonly inflict without the help of a particular law, it required no great interest to exempt Milton from a censure little more than verbal. Something may be reasonably ascribed to veneration and compassion, to veneration of his abilities, and compassion for his distresses, which made it fit to forgive his malice for his learning. He was now poor and blind;

[a] It was told before by A. Wood in Ath. Oxon. Vol. II. p. 412, 2d edit. C.

and who would pursue with violence an illustrious enemy, depressed by fortune and disarmed by nature [3]?

The publication of the Act of Oblivion put him in the same condition with his fellow-subjects. He was, however, upon some pretence now not known, in the custody of the sergeant in December; and when he was released, upon his refusal of the fees demanded, he and the sergeant were called before the House. He was now safe within the shade of oblivion, and knew himself to be as much out of the power of a griping officer as any other man. How the question was determined is not known. Milton would hardly have contended, but that he knew himself to have right on his side.

He then removed to Jewin-street, near Aldersgate-street; and being blind, and by no means wealthy, wanted a domestic companion and attendant; and therefore, by the recommendation of Dr. Paget, married Elizabeth Minshul, of a gentleman's family in Cheshire, probably without a fortune. All his wives were virgins: for he has declared that he thought it gross and indelicate to be a second husband: upon what other principles his choice was made cannot now be known; but marriage afforded not much of his happiness. The first wife left him in disgust, and was brought back only by terrour; the second, indeed, seems to have been more a favourite, but her life was short. The third, as Philips relates, oppressed his children in his life-time, and cheated them at his death.

Soon after his marriage, according to an obscure story, he was offered the continuance of his employment, and, being pressed by his wife to accept it, answered, "You, like other women, want to ride in your coach; my wish is to live and die an honest man." If he considered the Latin secretary as exercising any of the powers of government, he that had shared authority, either with the parliament or Cromwell, might have forborn to talk very loudly of his honesty; and if he thought the office purely ministerial, he certainly might have honestly retained it under the king. But this tale has too little evidence to deserve a disquisition; large offers and sturdy rejections are among the most common topics of falsehood.

He had so much either of prudence or gratitude, that he forbore to disturb the new settlement with any of his political or ecclesiastical opinions, and from this time devoted himself to poetry and literature. Of his zeal for learning in all its parts, he gave a proof by publishing, the next year (1661), Accidence commenced Grammar: a little book which has nothing remarkable, but that its author, who had been lately defending the supreme powers of his country, and was then writing Paradise Lost, could descend from his elevation to rescue children from the perplexity of grammatical confusion, and the trouble of lessons unnecessarily repeated.

About this time Elwood the quaker, being recommended to him as one who would read Latin to him for the advantage of his conversation, attended him every afternoon except on Sundays. Milton, who, in his letter to Hartlib, had declared that, to read Latin with an English mouth is as ill a hearing as law French, required that Elwood should learn and practise the Italian pronunciation, which, he said,

[3] A different account of the means by which Milton secured himself is given by an historian lately brought to light. "Milton, Latin secretary to Cromwell, distinguished by his writings in favour of the rights and liberties of the people, pretended to be dead, and had a public funeral procession. The king applauded his policy in escaping the punishment of death, by a seasonable show of dying." Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. I. p. 14. *R.*

was necessary, if he would talk with foreigners. This seems to have been a task troublesome without use. There is little reason for prefering the Italian pronunciation to our own, except that it is more general; and to teach it to an Englishman is only to make him a foreigner at home. He who travels, if he speaks Latin, may so soon learn the sounds which every native gives it, that he need make no provision before his journey; and if strangers visit us, it is their business to practise such conformity to our modes as they expect from us in their own countries. Elwood complied with the directions, and improved himself by his attendance; for he relates, that Milton, having a curious ear, knew by his voice when he read what he did not understand, and would stop him, and open the most difficult passages.

In a short time he took a house in the Artillery Walk leading to Bunhill Fields; the mention of which concludes the register of Milton's removals and habitations. He lived longer in this place than any other.

He was now busied by Paradise Lost. Whence he drew the original design has been variously conjectured by men who cannot bear to think themselves ignorant of that which, at last, neither diligence nor sagacity can discover. Some find the hint in an Italian tragedy. Voltaire tells a wild and unauthorised story of a farce seen by Milton in Italy which opened thus: "Let the rainbow be the fiddlestick of the fiddle of Heaven." It has been already shown, that the first conception was a tragedy or mystery, not of a narrative, but a dramatic work, which he is supposed to have begun to reduce to its present form about the time (1655) when he finished his dispute with the defenders of the king.

He long before had promised to adorn his native country by some great performance, while he had yet perhaps no settled design, and was stimulated only by such expectations as naturally arose from the survey of his attainments, and the consciousness of his powers. What he should undertake, it was difficult to determine. He was long choosing and began late.

While he was obliged to divide his time between his private studies and affairs of state, his poetical labour must have been often interrupted; and perhaps he did little more in that busy time than construct the narrative, adjust the episodes, proportion the parts, accumulate images and sentiments, and treasure in his memory, or preserve in writing, such hints as books or meditation would supply. Nothing particular is known of his intellectual operations while he was a statesman, for, having every help and accommodation at hand, he had no need of uncommon expedients.

Being driven from all public stations, he is yet too great not to be traced by curiosity to his retirement: where he has been found by Mr. Richardson, the fondest of his admirers, sitting before his door in a grey coat of coarse cloth, in warm sultry weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as in his own room, receiving the visits of the people of distinguished parts as well as quality. His visitors of high quality must now be imagined to be few; but men of parts might reasonably court the conversation of a man so generally illustrious, that foreigners are reported, by Wood, to have visited the house in Bread-street where he was born.

According to another account, he was seen in a small house, neatly enough dressed in black clothes, sitting in a room hung with rusty green; pale but not cadaverous, with chalkstones in his hands. He said that, if it were not for the gout, his blindness would be tolerable.

In the intervals of his pain, being made unable to use the common exercises, he used to swing in a chair, and sometimes played upon an organ.

He was now confessedly and visibly employed upon his poem, of which the progress might be noted by those with whom he was familiar; for he was obliged, when he had composed as many lines as his memory would conveniently retain, to employ some friend in writing them, having, at least for part of the time, no regular attendant. This gave opportunity to observations and reports.

Mr. Philips observes, that there was a very remarkable circumstance in the composure of Paradise Lost, "which I have a particular reason," says he, "to remember; for whereas I had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, as I went from time to time to visit him, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time (which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing), having, as the summer came on, not being showed any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, was answered, that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal; and that whatever he attempted at other times was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much: so that, in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent half his time therein."

Upon this relation Toland remarks, that in his opinion Philips has mistaken the time of the year; for Milton, in his Elegies, declares, that with the advance of the spring he feels the increase of his poetical force, redeunt in carmina vires. To this it is answered, that Philips could hardly mistake time so well marked; and it may be added, that Milton might find different times of the year favourable to different parts of life. Mr. Richardson conceives it impossible that "such a work should be suspended for six months, or for one. It may go on faster or slower, but it must go on." By what necessity it must continually go on, or why it might not be laid aside and resumed, it is not easy to discover.

This dependance of the soul upon the seasons, those temporary and periodical ebbs and flows of intellect, may, I suppose, justly be derided as the fumes of vain imagination. Sapiens dominabitur astris. The author that thinks himself weather-bound will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhausted. But while this notion has possession of the head, it produces the inability which it supposes. Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes; possunt quia posse videntur. When success seems attainable, diligence is enforced; but when it is admitted that the faculties are suppressed by a cross wind, or a cloudy sky, the day is given up without resistance, for who can contend with the course of Nature?

From such prepossessions Milton seems not to have been free. There prevailed in his time an opinion, that the world was in its decay, and that we have had the misfortune to be produced in the decrepitude of Nature. It was suspected that the whole creation languished, that neither trees nor animals had the height or bulk of their predecessors, and that every thing was daily sinking by gradual diminution[4].

[4] This opinion is, with great learning and ingenuity, refuted in a book now very little known, An Apology or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World, by Dr. George Hakewill, London, folio, 1635. The first who ventured to propagate it in this country was Dr. Gabriel Goodman, bishop of Gloucester, a man of a versatile temper, and the author

Milton appears to suspect that souls partake of the general degeneracy, and is not without some fear that his book is to be written in an age too late for heroic poesy.

Another opinion wanders about the world and sometimes finds reception among wise men; an opinion that restrains the operations of the mind to particular regions, and supposes that a luckless mortal may be born in a degree of latitude too high or too low for wisdom or for wit. From this fancy, wild as it is, he had not wholly cleared his head, when he feared lest the climate of his country might be *too cold* for flights of imagination.

Into a mind already occupied by such fancies, another not more reasonable might easily find its way. He that could fear lest his genius had fallen upon too old a world or too chill a climate, might consistently magnify to himself the influence of the seasons, and believe his faculties to be vigorous only half the year.

His submission to the seasons was at least more reasonable than his dread of decaying nature, or a frigid zone, for general causes must operate uniformly in a general abatement of mental power; if less could be performed by the writer, less likewise would content the judges of his work. Among this lagging race of frosty grovellers he might still have risen into eminence by producing something which *they* should not willingly let die. However inferior to the heroes who were born in better ages, he might still be great among his contemporaries, with the hope of growing every day greater in the dwindle of posterity. He might still be a giant among the pigmies, the one-eyed monarch of the blind.

Of his artifices of study, or particular hours of composition, we have little account, and there was perhaps little to be told. Richardson, who seems to have been very diligent in his inquiries, but discovers always a wish to find Milton discriminated from other men, relates, that "he would sometimes lie awake whole nights, but not a verse could he make; and on a sudden his poetical faculty would rush upon him with an impetus or æstrum, and his daughter was immediately called to secure what came. At other times he would dictate perhaps forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number."

These bursts of light, and involutions of darkness, these transient and involuntary excursions and retrocessions of invention, having some appearance of deviation from the common train of nature, are eagerly caught by the lovers of a wonder. Yet something of this inequality happens to every man in every mode of exertion, manual or mental. The mechanic cannot handle his hammer and his file at all times with equal dexterity; there are hours, he knows not why, when *his hand is out*. By Mr. Richardson's relation, casually conveyed, much regard cannot be claimed. That in his intellectual hour Milton called for his daughter "to secure what came," may be questioned; for unluckily it happens to be known that his daughters were never taught to write; nor would he have been obliged, as is universally confessed, to have employed any casual visitor in disburthening his memory, if his daughter could have performed the office.

The story of reducing his exuberance has been told of other authors, and, though doubtless true of every fertile and copious mind, seems to have been gratuitously transferred to Milton.

of a book entituled, The Fall of Man, or the Corruption of Nature proved by Natural Reason. Lond. 1616 and 1624, quarto. He was plundered in the Usurpation, turned Roman Catholic, and died in obscurity. See Athen. Oxon, Vol. I. p. 797. *H.*

What he has told us, and we cannot now know more, is, that he composed much of this poem in the night and morning, I suppose before his mind was disturbed with common business; and that he poured out with great fluency his unpremeditated verse. Versification, free, like his, from the distresses of rhyme, must, by a work so long, be made prompt and habitual; and, when his thoughts were once adjusted, the words would come at his command.

At what particular times of his life the parts of his work were written, cannot often be known. The beginning of the third book shows that he had lost his sight; and the introduction to the seventh, that the return of the king had clouded him with discountenance, and that he was offended by the licentious festivity of the Restoration. There are no other internal notes of time. Milton, being now cleared from all effects of his disloyalty, had nothing required from him but the common duty of living in quiet, to be rewarded with the common right of protection; but this, which when he sculked from the approach of his king was perhaps more than he hoped, seems not to have satisfied him; for no sooner is he safe, than he finds himself in danger, "fallen on evil days and evil tongues, and with darkness and with danger compass'd round." This darkness, had his eyes been better employed, had undoubtedly deserved compassion; but to add the mention of danger was ungrateful and unjust. He was fallen indeed on evil days; the time was come in which regicides could no longer boast their wickedness. But of evil tongues for Milton to complain required impudence at least equal to his other powers; Milton, whose warmest advocates must allow, that he never spared any asperity of reproach, or brutality of insolence.

But the charge itself seems to be false; for it would be hard to recollect any reproach cast upon him, either serious or ludicrous, through the whole remaining part of his life. He pursued his studies, or his amusements, without persecution, molestation, or insult. Such is the reverence paid to great abilities, however misused: they who contemplated in Milton the scholar and the wit were contented to forget the reviler of his king.

When the plague (1665) raged in London, Milton took refuge at Chalfont in Bucks; where Elwood, who had taken the house for him, first saw a complete copy of Paradise Lost, and, having perused it, said to him, "Thou hast said a great deal upon Paradise Lost; what hast thou to say upon Paradise Found?"

Next year, when the danger of infection had ceased, he returned to Bunhill-fields, and designed the publication of his poem. A licence was necessary, and he could expect no great kindness from a chaplain of the archbishop of Canterbury. He seems, however, to have been treated with tenderness; for though objections were made to particular passages, and among them to the simile of the Sun eclipsed, in the first book, yet the licence was granted; and he sold his copy, April 27, 1667, to Samuel Simmons, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred should be sold of the first edition; and again, five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition; and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies.

The first edition was of ten books, in a small quarto. The titles were varied from year to year; and an advertisement and the arguments of the books were omitted in some copies, and inserted in others.

The sale gave him in two years a right to his second payment, for which the receipt was signed April 26, 1669, The second edition was not given till 1674: it was printed in small octavo; and the number of books was increased to twelve, by a division of the seventh and twelfth; and some other small improvements were made. The third edition was published in 1678; and the widow, to whom the copy was then to devolve, sold all her claims to Simmons for eight pounds, according to her receipt given Dec. 21, 1680. Simmons had already agreed to transfer the whole right to Brabazon Aylmer for twenty-five pounds; and Aylmer sold to Jacob Tonson half, Aug. 17. 1683, and half, March 24, 1690, at a price considerably enlarged. In the history of Paradise Lost, a deduction thus minute will rather gratify than fatigue.

The slow sale and tardy reputation of this poem have been always mentioned as evidences of neglected merit, and of the uncertainty of literary fame; and inquiries have been made, and conjectures offered, about the causes of its long obscurity and late reception. But has the case been truely stated? Have not lamentation and wonder been lavished on an evil that was never felt?

That in the reigns of Charles and James the Paradise Lost received no public acclamations, is readily confessed. Wit and literature were on the side of the court: and who that solicited favour or fashion would venture to praise the defender of the regicides? All that he himself could think his due, from "evil tongues in evil days," was that reverential silence which was generously preserved. But it cannot be inferred, that his poem was not read, or not, however unwillingly, admired.

The sale, if it be considered, will justify the public. Those who have no power to judge of past times but by their own, should always doubt their conclusions. The call for books was not in Milton's age what it is in the present. To read was not then a general amusement; neither traders, nor often gentlemen, thought themselves disgraced by ignorance. The women had not then aspired to literature, nor was every house supplied with a closet of knowledge. Those, indeed, who professed learning, were not less learned than at any other time; but of that middle race of students who read for pleasure or accomplishment, and who buy the numerous products of modern typography, the number was then comparatively small. To prove the paucity of readers, it may be sufficient to remark, that the nation had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664, that is, forty-one years, with only two editions of the works of Shakspear, which probably did not together make one thousand copies.

The sale of thirteen hundred copies in two years, in opposition to so much recent enmity, and to a style of versification, new to all and disgusting to many, was an uncommon example of the prevalence of genius. The demand did not immediately increase: for many more readers than were supplied at first the nation did not afford. Only three thousand were sold in eleven years; for it forced its way without assistance; its admirers did not dare to publish their opinion; and the opportunities now given of attracting notice by advertisements were then very few: the means of proclaiming the publication of new books have been produced by that general literature which now pervades the nation through all its ranks.

But the reputation and price of the copy still advanced, till the Revolution put an end to the secrecy of love, and Paradise Lost broke into open view with sufficient security of kind reception.

Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation.

In the mean time he continued his studies, and supplied the want of sight by a very odd expedient, of which Philips gives the following account:

Mr. Philips tells us, "that though our author had daily about him one or other to read, some persons of man's estate, who, of their own accord, greedily catched at the opportunity of being his readers, that they might as well reap the benefit of what they read to him, as oblige him by the benefit of their reading; and others of younger years were sent by their parents to the same end; yet excusing only the eldest daughter by reason of her bodily infirmity and difficult utterance of speech, (which, to say truth, I doubt was the principal cause of excusing her) the other two were condemned to the performance of reading and exactly pronouncing of all the languages of whatever book he should, at one time or other, think fit to peruse, viz. the Hebrew, (and I think the Syriac) the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, Spanish, and French. All which sorts of books to be confined to read, without understanding one word, must needs be a trial of patience almost beyond endurance. Yet it was endured by both for a long time, though the irksomeness of this employment could not be always concealed, but broke out more and more into expressions of uneasiness; so that at length they were all, even the eldest also, sent out to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture, that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold or silver."

In the scene of misery which this mode of intellectual labour sets before our eyes, it is hard to determine whether the daughters or the father are most to be lamented. A language not understood can never be so read as to give pleasure, and very seldom so as to convey meaning. If few men would have had resolution to write books with such embarrassments, few likewise would have wanted ability to find some better expedient.

Three years after his Paradise Lost (1667), he published his History of England, comprising the whole fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and continued to the Norman Invasion. Why he should have given the first part, which he seems not to believe, and which is universally rejected, it is difficult to conjecture. The style is harsh; but it has something of rough vigour, which perhaps may often strike, though it cannot please.

On this history the licenser again fixed his claws, and before he would transmit it to the press tore out several parts. Some censures of the Saxon monks were taken away, lest they should be applied to the modern clergy; and a character of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines was excluded; of which the author gave a copy to the Earl of Anglesey, and which, being afterwards published, has been since inserted in its proper place.

The same year were printed, Paradise Regained, and Sampson Agonistes, a tragedy written in imitation of the ancients, and never designed by the author for the stage. As these poems were published by another bookseller, it has been asked,

whether Simmons was discouraged from receiving them by the slow sale of the former. Why a writer changed his bookseller a hundred years ago, I am far from hoping to discover. Certainly, he who in two years sells thirteen hundred copies of a volume in quarto, bought for two payments of five pounds each, has no reason to repent his purchase.

When Milton showed Paradise Regained to Elwood, "This," said he, "is owing to you; for you put it in my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise I had not thought of."

His last poetical offspring was his favorite. He could not, as Elwood relates, endure to hear Paradise Lost preferred to Paradise Regained. Many causes may vitiate a writer's judgment of his own works. On that which has cost him much labour he sets a high value, because he is unwilling to think that he has been diligent in vain; what has been produced without toilsome efforts is considered with delight, as a proof of vigorous faculties and fertile invention; and the last work, whatever it be, has necessarily most of the grace of novelty. Milton, however it happened, had this prejudice, and had it to himself.

To that multiplicity of attainments, and extent of comprehension, that entitled this great author to our veneration, may be added a kind of humble dignity, which did not disdain the meanest services to literature. The epic poet, the controvertist, the politician, having already descended to accommodate children with a book of rudiments, now, in the last years of his life, composed a book of logic for the initiation of students in philosophy; and published (1672) Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Rami Methodum concinnata; that is, "A new Scheme of Logic, according to the method of Ramus." I know not whether, even in this book, he did not intend an act of hostility against the universities; for Ramus was one of the first oppugners of the old philosophy, who disturbed with innovations the quiet of the schools.

His polemical disposition again revived. He had now been safe so long, that he forgot his fears, and published a Treatise of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and the best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery.

But this little tract is modestly written, with respectful mention of the church of England, and an appeal to the thirty-nine articles. His principle of toleration is, agreement in the sufficiency of the scriptures; and he extends it to all who, whatever their opinions are, profess to derive them from the sacred books. The Papists appeal to other testimonies, and are therefore, in his opinion, not to be permitted the liberty of either public or private worship; for though they plead conscience, "we have no warrant," he says, "to regard conscience which is not grounded in scripture."

Those who are not convinced by his reasons, may be perhaps delighted with his wit. The term Roman Catholic is, he says, "one of the pope's bulls; it is particular universal, or catholic schismatic."

He has, however, something better. As the best preservative against popery, he recommends the diligent perusal of the scriptures, a duty from which he warns the busy part of mankind not to think themselves excused.

He now reprinted his juvenile poems, with some additions.

In the last year of his life he sent to the press, seeming to take delight in publication, a collection of Familiar Epistles in Latin; to which, being too few to make a

volume, he added some academical exercises, which perhaps he perused with pleasure, as they recalled to his memory the days of youth, but for which nothing but veneration for his name could now procure a reader.

When he had attained his sixty-sixth year, the gout, with which he had been long tormented, prevailed over the enfeebled powers of nature. He died by a quiet and silent expiration, about the tenth of November, 1674, at his house in Bunhill-fields; and was buried next his father in the chancel of St. Giles at Cripplegate. His funeral was very splendidly and numerously attended.

Upon his grave there is supposed to have been no memorial; but in our time a monument has been erected in Westminster-Abbey To the Author of Paradise Lost, by Mr. Benson, who has in the inscription bestowed more words upon himself than upon Milton.

When the inscription for the monument of Philips, in which he was said to be, soli Miltono secundus, was exhibited to Dr. Sprat, then dean of Westminster, he refused to admit it; the name of Milton was, in his opinion, too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion. Atterbury, who succeeded him, being author of the inscription, permitted its reception. "And such has been the change of public opinion," said Dr. Gregory, from whom I heard this account, "that I have seen erected in the church a statue of that man, whose name I once knew considered as a pollution of its walls."

Milton has the reputation of having been in his youth eminently beautiful, so as to have been called the Lady of his college. His hair, which was of a light brown, parted at the fore-top, and hung down upon his shoulders, according to the picture which he has given of Adam. He was, however, not of the heroic stature, but rather below the middle size, according to Mr. Richardson, who mentions him as having narrowly escaped from being short and thick. He was vigorous and active, and delighted in the exercise of the sword, in which he is related to have been eminently skilful. His weapon was, I believe, not the rapier, but the back-sword, of which he recommends the use in his book on education.

His eyes are said never to have been bright: but, if he was a dextrous fencer, they must have been once quick.

His domestic habits, so far as they are known, were those of a severe student. He drank little strong drink of any kind, and fed without excess in quantity, and in his earlier years without delicacy of choice. In his youth he studied late at night; but afterwards changed his hours, and rested in bed from nine to four in the summer, and five in the winter. The course of his day was best known after he was blind. When he first rose, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied till twelve; then took some exercise for an hour; then dined, then played on the organ, and sang, or heard another sing; then studied to six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then supped, and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, went to bed.

So is his life described: but this even tenour appears attainable only in colleges. He that lives in the world will sometimes have the succession of his practice broken and confused. Visitors, of whom Milton is represented to have had great numbers, will come and stay unseasonably; business, of which every man has some, must be done when others will do it.

When he did not care to rise early, he had something read to him by his bed side; perhaps at this time his daughters were employed. He composed much in the morning, and dictated in the day, sitting obliquely in an elbow chair, with his leg thrown over the arm.

Fortune appears not to have had much of his care. In the civil wars he lent his personal estate to the parliament; but when, after the contest was decided, he solicited repayment, he met not only with neglect, but "sharp rebuke;" and, having tired both himself and his friends, was given up to poverty and hopeless indignation, till he showed how able he was to do greater service. He was then made Latin secretary, with two hundred pounds a year; and had a thousand pounds for his Defence of the People. His widow, who, after his death, retired to Namptwich in Cheshire, and died about 1729, is said to have reported that he lost two thousand pounds by intrusting it to a scrivener; and that, in the general depredation upon the church, he had grasped an estate of about sixty pounds a year belonging to Westminster Abbey, which, like other sharers of the plunder of rebellion, he was afterwards obliged to return. Two thousand pounds, which he had placed in the Excise-office, were also lost. There is yet no reason to believe that he was ever reduced to indigence. His wants being few, were competently supplied. He sold his library before his death, and left his family fifteen hundred pounds, on which his widow laid hold, and only gave one hundred to each of his daughters.

His literature was unquestionably great. He read all the languages which are considered either as learned or polite; Hebrew with its two dialects, Greek, Latin, Italian, French and Spanish. In Latin his skill was such as places him in the first rank of writers and critics; and he appears to have cultivated Italian with uncommon diligence. The books in which his daughter, who used to read to him, represented him as most delighting, after Homer, which he could almost repeat, were Ovid's Metamorphoses and Euripides. His Euripides is, by Mr. Cradock's kindness, now in my hands: the margin is sometimes noted; but I have found nothing remarkable.

Of the English poets he set most value upon Spenser, Shakspear and Cowley. Spenser was apparently his favourite; Shakspear he may easily be supposed to like, with every other skilful reader; but I should not have expected that Cowley, whose ideas of excellence were so different from his own, would have had much of his approbation. His character of Dryden, who sometimes visited him, was, that he was a good rhymist, but no poet.

His theological opinions are said to have been first Calvinistical; and afterwards, perhaps when he began to hate the presbyterians, to have tended towards Arminianism. In the mixed questions of theology and government, he never thinks that he can recede far enough from popery or prelacy: but what Baudius says of Erasmus seems applicable to him, magis habuit quod fugeret, quam quod sequeretur. He had determined rather what to condemn, than what to approve. He has not associated himself with any denomination of protestants: we know rather what he was not, than what he was. He was not of the church of Rome; he was not of the church of England.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the

mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example. Milton, who appears to have had full conviction of the truth of Christianity, and to have regarded the holy scriptures with the profoundest veneration, to have been untainted by any heretical peculiarity of opinion, and to have lived in a confirmed belief of the immediate and occasional agency of Providence, yet grew old without any visible worship. In the distribution of his hours, there was no hour of prayer, either solitary or with his household; omitting public prayers, he omitted all.

Of this omission the reason has been sought upon a supposition which ought never to be made, that men live with their own approbation, and justify their conduct to themselves. Prayer certainly was not thought superfluous by him, who represents our first parents as praying acceptably in the state of innocence, and efficaciously after their fall. That he lived without prayer can hardly be affirmed; his studies and meditations were an habitual prayer. The neglect of it in his family was probably a fault for which he condemned himself, and which he intended to correct, but that death, as too often happens, intercepted his reformation.

His political notions were those of an acrimonious and surly republican, for which it is not known that he gave any better reason than that a popular government was the most frugal; for the trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth. It is surely very shallow policy that supposes money to be the chief good; and even this, without considering that the support and expense of a court is, for the most part, only a particular kind of traffic, for which money is circulated without any national impoverishment.

Milton's republicanism was, I am afraid, founded in an envious hatred of greatness, and a sullen desire of independence; in petulance impatient of control, and pride disdainful of superiority. He hated monarchs in the state, and prelates in the church; for he hated all whom he was required to obey. It is to be suspected, that his predominant desire was to destroy rather than establish, and that he felt not so much the love of liberty as repugnance to authority.

It has been observed, that they who most loudly clamour for liberty do not most liberally grant it. What we know of Milton's character, in domestic relations, is, that he was severe and arbitrary. His family consisted of women; and there appears in his books something like a Turkish contempt of females, as subordinate and inferior beings. That his own daughters might not break the ranks, he suffered them to be depressed by a mean and penurious education. He thought women made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion.

OF his family some account may be expected. His sister first married to Mr. Philips, afterwards married to Mr. Agar, a friend of her first husband, who succeeded him in the Crown-office. She had by her first husband, Edward and John, the two nephews whom Milton educated; and, by her second two daughters.

His brother, sir Christopher, had two daughters, Mary and Catherine[s]; and a son Thomas, who succeeded Agar in the Crown-office, and left a daughter living in 1749, in Grosvenor-street.

[s] Both these persons were living at Holloway about the year 1734, and at that time possessed such a degree of health and strength as enabled them on Sundays and prayer-days to walk a mile up a steep hill to Highgate chapel. One of them was ninety-two at the time of her death. Their parentage was known to few, and their names were corrupted into Melton. By the Crown-office mentioned in the two last paragraphs, we are to understand the Crown-office of the Court of Chancery. *H.*

Milton had children only by his first wife; Anne, Mary, and Deborah. Anne, though deformed, married a master-builder, and died of her first child. Mary died single. Deborah married Abraham Clark, a weaver in Spital fields, and lived seventy-six years, to August 1727. This is the daughter of whom public mention has been made. She could repeat the first lines of Homer, the Metamorphoses, and some of Euripides, by having often read them. Yet here incredulity is ready to make a stand. Many repetitions are necessary to fix in the memory lines not understood; and why should Milton wish or want to hear them so often? These lines were at the beginning of the poems. Of a book written in a language not understood, the beginning raises no more attention than the end; and as those that understand it know commonly the beginning best, its rehearsal will seldom be necessary. It is not likely that Milton required any passage to be so much repeated as that his daughter could learn it; nor likely that he desired the initial lines to be read at all; nor that the daughter, weary of the drudgery of pronouncing unideal sounds, would voluntarily commit them to memory.

To this gentlewoman Addison made a present, and promised some establishment, but died soon after. Queen Caroline sent her fifty guineas. She had seven sons and three daughters; but none of them had any children, except her son Caleb and her daughter Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George in the East Indies, and had two sons, of whom nothing is now known. Elizabeth married Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spital-fields; and had seven children, who all died. She kept a petty grocer's or chandler's shop, first at Holloway, and afterwards in Cock-lane, near Shoreditch church. She knew little of her grand-father, and that little was not good. She told of his harshness to his daughters, and his refusal to have them taught to write; and, in opposition to other accounts, represented him as delicate, though temperate, in his diet.

In 1750, April 5, Comus was played for her benefit. She had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. The profits of the night were only one hundred and thirty pounds, though Dr. Newton brought a large contribution; and twenty pounds were given by Tonson, a man who is to be praised as often as he is named. Of this sum one hundred pounds were placed in the stocks, after some debate between her and her husband in whose name it should be entered; and the rest augmented their little stock, with which they removed to Islington. This was the greatest benefaction that Paradise Lost ever procured the author's descendants; and to this he who has now attempted to relate his Life had the honour of contributing a Prologue [6].

In the examination of Milton's poetical works, I shall pay so much regard to time as to begin with his juvenile productions. For his early pieces he seems to have had a degree of fondness not very laudable; what he has once written he resolves to preserve, and gives to the public an unfinished poem, which he broke off because he was nothing satisfied with what he had done, supposing his readers less nice than himself. These preludes to his future labours are in Italian, Latin, and English. Of the Italian I cannot pretend to speak as a critic; but I have heard

[6] Printed in the first volume of this collection. N.

them commended by a man well qualified to decide their merit. The Latin pieces are lusciously elegant; but the delight which they afford is rather by the exquisite imitation of the ancient writers, by the purity of the diction, and the harmony of the numbers, than by any power of invention, or vigour of sentiment. They are not all of equal value; the elegies excel the odes; and some of the exercises on Gunpowder Treason might have been spared.

The English poems, though they make no promises of Paradise Lost [7], have this evidence of genius, that they have a cast original and unborrowed. But their peculiarity is not excellence; if they differ from the verses of others, they differ for the worse; for they are too often distinguished by repulsive harshness; the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing; the rhymes and epithets seem to be laboriously sought, and violently applied.

That in the early parts of his life he wrote with much care appears from his manuscripts, happily preserved at Cambridge, in which many of his smaller works are found as they were first written, with the subsequent corrections. Such reliques show how excellence is acquired; what we hope ever to do with ease, we must learn first to do with diligence.

Those who admire the beauties of this great poet sometimes force their own judgment into false approbation of his little pieces, and prevail upon themselves to think that admirable which is only singular. All that short compositions can commonly attain is neatness and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace; he overlooked the milder excellence of suavity and softness; he was a lion that had no skill in dandling the kid.

One of the poems on which much praise has been bestowed is Lycidas; of which the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing. What beauty there is we must therefore seek in the sentiments and images. It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs and fauns with cloven heel. Where there is leisure for fiction, there is little grief.

In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral; easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting; whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. When Cowley tells of Hervey, that they studied together, it is easy to suppose how much he must miss the companion of his labours, and the partner of his discoveries; but what image of tenderness can be excited by these lines?

> We drove a field, and both together heard
> What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,
> Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

We know that they never drove a field, and that they had no flocks to batten, and though it be allowed that the representation may be allegorical, the true meaning

[7] With the exception of Comus, in which, Dr. Johnson afterwards says, may very plainly be discovered the dawn or twilight of Paradise Lost. C.

is so uncertain and remote, that it is never sought, because it cannot be known when it is found.

Among the flocks, and copses, and flowers, appear the heathen deities: Jove and Phœbus, Neptune and Æolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies. Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping; and how one god asks another god what has become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell. He who thus grieves will excite no sympathy; he who thus praises will confer no honour.

This poem has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with such irreverend combinations. The shepherd likewise is now a feeder of sheep, and afterwards an ecclesiastical pastor, a superintendant of a Christian flock. Such equivocations are always unskilful; but here they are indecent, and at least approach to impiety, of which, however, I believe the writer not to have been conscious.

Such is the power of reputation justly acquired, that its blaze drives away the eye from nice examination. Surely no man could have fancied that he read Lycidas with pleasure, had he not known the author.

Of the two pieces, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, I believe, opinion is uniform; every man that reads them, reads them with pleasure. The author's design is not, what Theobald has remarked, merely to show how objects derive their colours from the mind, by representing the operation of the same things upon the gay and the melancholy temper, or upon the same man as he is differently disposed; but rather how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified.

The cheerful man hears the lark in the morning; the pensive man hears the nightingale in the evening. The cheerful man sees the cock strut, and hears the horn and hounds echo in the wood; then walks, not unseen, to observe the glory of the rising Sun, or listen to the singing milk-maid, and view the labours of the ploughman and the mower; then casts his eyes about him over scenes of smiling plenty, and looks up to the distant tower, the residence of some fair inhabitant; thus he pursues real gaiety through a day of labour or of play, and delights himself at night with the fanciful narratives of superstitious ignorance.

The pensive man, at one time, walks unseen to muse at midnight; and at another hears the sullen curfew. If the weather drives him home, he sits in a room lighted only by glowing embers; or by a lonely lamp outwatches the north star, to discover the habitation of separate souls, and varies the shades of meditation, by contemplating the magnificent or pathetic scenes of tragic and epic poetry. When the morning comes, a morning gloomy with rain and wind, he walks into the dark trackless woods, falls asleep by some murmuring water, and with melancholy enthusiasm expects some dream of prognostication, or some music played by aërial performers.

Both Mirth and Melancholy are solitary, silent inhabitants of the breast, that neither receive nor transmit communication; no mention is therefore made of a philosophical friend, or a pleasant companion. The seriousness does not arise from any participation of calamity, nor the gaiety from the pleasures of the bottle.

The man of cheerfulness, having exhausted the country, tries what towered cities will afford, and mingles with scenes of splendour, gay assemblies, and nuptial festivities; but he mingles a mere spectator, as, when the learned comedies of Jonson, or the wild dramas of Shakspear, are exhibited, he attends the theatre.

The pensive man never loses himself in crowds, but walks the cloister, or frequents the cathedral. Milton probably had not yet forsaken the church.

Both his characters delight in music; but he seems to think that cheerful notes would have obtained from Pluto a complete dismission of Euridice, of whom solemn sounds only procured a conditional release.

For the old age of Cheerfulness he makes no provision; but Melancholy he conducts with great dignity to the close of life. His Cheerfulness is without levity, and his Pensiveness without asperity.

Through these two poems the images are properly selected and nicely distinguished; but the colours of the diction seem not sufficiently discriminated. I know not whether the characters are kept sufficiently apart. No mirth can, indeed, be found in his melancholy; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth. They are two noble efforts of his imagination [8].

The greatest of his juvenile performances is the Mask of Comus, in which may very plainly be discovered the dawn or twilight of Paradise Lost. Milton appears to have formed very early that system of diction, and mode of verse, which his maturer judgment approved, and from which he never endeavoured nor desired to deviate.

Nor does Comus afford only a specimen of his language; it exhibits likewise his power of description and his vigour of sentiment, employed in the praise and defence of virtue. A work more truly poetical is rarely found; allusions, images, and descriptive epithets, embellish almost every period with lavish decoration. As a series of lines, therefore, it may be considered as worthy of all the admiration with which the votaries have received it.

As a drama it is deficient. The action is not probable. A mask, in those parts where supernatural intervention is admitted, must indeed be given up to all the freaks of imagination; but, so far as the action is merely human, it ought to be reasonable, which can hardly be said of the conduct of the two brothers; who, when their sister sinks with fatigue in a pathless wilderness, wander both away together in search of berries too far to find their way back, and leave a helpless lady to all the sadness and danger of solitude. This, however, is a defect overbalanced by its convenience.

What deserves more reprehension is, that the prologue spoken in the wild wood by the attendant Spirit, is addressed to the audience; a mode of communication so contrary to the nature of dramatic representation, that no precedents can support it.

The discourse of the Spirit is too long; an objection that may be made to almost

[8] Mr. Warton intimates (and there can be little doubt of the truth of his conjecture) that Milton borrowed many of the images in these two fine poems from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, a book published in 1621, and at sundry times since, abounding in learning, curious information, and pleasantry. Mr. Warton says, that Milton appears to have been an attentive reader thereof; and to this assertion I add, of my own knowledge, that it was a book that Dr. Johnson frequently resorted to, as many others have done, for amusement after the fatigue of study. *H.*

all the following speeches; they have not the spriteliness of a dialogue animated by reciprocal contention, but seem rather declamations deliberately composed, and formally repeated, on a moral question. The auditor therefore listens as to a lecture, without passion, without anxiety.

The song of Comus has airiness and jollity; but, what may recommend Milton's morals as well as his poetry, the invitations to pleasure are so general, that they excite no distinct images of corrupt enjoyment, and take no dangerous hold on the fancy.

The following soliloquies of Comus and the Lady are elegant, but tedious. The song must owe much to the voice if it ever can delight. At last the Brothers enter with too much tranquillity; and, when they have feared lest their sister should be in danger, and hoped that she is not in danger, the Elder makes a speech in praise of chastity, and the Younger finds how fine it is to be a philosopher.

Then descends the Spirit in form of a shepherd; and the Brother, instead of being in haste to ask his help, praises his singing, and inquires his business in that place. It is remarkable, that at this interview the brother is taken with a short fit of rhyming. The Spirit relates that the Lady is in the power of Comus; the Brother moralizes again; and the Spirit makes a long narration, of no use because it is false, and therefore unsuitable to a good being.

In all these parts the language is poetical, and the sentiments are generous; but there is something wanting to allure attention.

The dispute between the Lady and Comus is the most animated and affecting scene of the drama, and wants nothing but a brisker reciprocation of objections and replies to invite attention and detain it.

The songs are vigorous and full of imagery; but they are harsh in their diction, and not very musical in their numbers.

Throughout the whole the figures are too bold, and the language too luxuriant, for dialogue. It is a drama in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive.

The Sonnets were written in different parts of Milton's life, upon different occasions. They deserve not any particular criticism; for of the best it can only be said, that they are not bad; and perhaps only the eighth and the twenty-first are truly entitled to this slender commendation. The fabric of a sonnet, however adapted to the Italian language, has never succeeded in ours, which, having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed.

Those little pieces may be dispatched without much anxiety; a greater work calls for greater care. I am now to examine Paradise Lost; a poem, which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance, the second, among the productions of the human mind.

By the general consent of critics the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, must animate

by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation: morality must teach him the exact bounds, and different shades, of vice and virtue; from policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined; and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Bossu is of opinion, that the poet's first work is to find a moral, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton; the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous; "to vindicate the ways of God to man;" to show the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the divine law.

To convey this moral, there must be a fable, a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity and surprise expectation. In this part of his work, Milton must be confessed to have equalled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded, and those that were to follow it: he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety, that every part appears to be necessary; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of Heaven and of Earth; rebellion against the supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace.

Great events can be hastened or retarded only by persons of elevated dignity. Before the greatness displayed in Milton's poem, all other greatness shrinks away. The weakest of his agents are the highest and noblest of human beings, the original parents of mankind; with whose actions the elements consented; on whose rectitude, or deviation of will, depended the state of terrestrial nature, and the condition of all the future inhabitants of the globe.

Of the other agents in the poem, the chief are such as it is irreverence to name on slight occasions. The rest were lower powers:

> ——— of which the least could wield
> Those elements, and arm him with the force
> Of all their regions;

powers, which only the control of Omnipotence restrains from laying creation waste, and filling the vast expanse of space with ruin and confusion. To display the motives and actions of beings thus superior, so far as human reason can examine them, or human imagination represent them, is the task which this mighty poet has undertaken and performed.

In the examination of epic poems much speculation is commonly employed upon the characters. The characters in the Paradise Lost, which admit of examination, are those of angels and of man; of angels good and evil; of man in his innocent and sinful state.

Among the angels, the virtue of Raphael is mild and placid, of easy condescension and free communication; that of Michael is regal and lofty, and, as may seem, attentive to the dignity of his own nature. Abdiel and Gabriel appear occasionally, and act as every incident requires; the solitary fidelity of Abdiel is very amiably painted.

Of the evil angels the characters are more diversified. To Satan, as Addison observes, such sentiments are given as suit "the most exalted and most depraved being." Milton has been censured by Clarke [9] for the impiety which sometimes breaks from Satan's mouth; for there are thoughts, as he justly remarks, which no observation of character can justify, because no good man would willingly permit them to pass, however transiently, through his own mind. To make Satan speak as a rebel, without any such expressions as might taint the reader's imagination, was indeed one of the great difficulties in Milton's undertaking; and I cannot but think that he has extricated himself with great happiness. There is in Satan's speeches little that can give pain to a pious ear. The language of rebellion cannot be the same with that of obedience. The malignity of Satan foams in haughtiness and obstinacy; but his expressions are commonly general, and no otherwise offensive than as they are wicked.

The other chiefs of the celestial rebellion are very judiciously discriminated in the first and second books; and the ferocious character of Moloch appears, both in the battle and the council, with exact consistency.

To Adam and to Eve are given, during their innocence, such sentiments as innocence can generate and utter. Their love is pure benevolence and mutual veneration; their repasts are without luxury, and their diligence without toil. Their addresses to their Maker have little more than the voice of admiration and gratitude. Fruition left them nothing to ask; and innocence left them nothing to fear.

But with guilt enter distrust and discord, mutual accusation, and stubborn self-defence; they regard each other with alienated minds, and dread their Creator as the avenger of their transgression. At last they seek shelter in his mercy, soften to repentance, and melt in supplication. Both before and after the Fall, the superiority of Adam is diligently sustained.

Of the probable and the marvellous, two parts of a vulgar epic poem, which immerge the critic in deep consideration, the Paradise Lost requires little to be said. It contains the history of a miracle, of Creation and Redemption; it displays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being; the probable therefore is marvellous, and the marvellous is probable. The substance of the narrative is truth; and, as truth allows no choice, it is, like necessity, superior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to every thing human, some slight exceptions may be made; but the main fabric is immovably supported.

It is justly remarked by Addison, that this poem has, by the nature of its subject, the

[9] Author of the Essay on Study. *Dr. J.*

advantage above all others, that it is universally and perpetually interesting. All mankind will, through all ages, bear the same relation to Adam and to Eve, and must partake of that good and evil which extend to themselves.

Of the machinery, so called from Θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς, by which is meant the occasional interposition of supernatural power, another fertile topic of critical remarks, here is no room to speak, because every thing is done under the immediate and visible direction of Heaven; but the rule is so far observed, that no part of the action could have been accomplished by any other means.

Of episodes, I think there are only two, contained in Raphael's relation of the war in Heaven, and Michael's prophetic account of the changes to happen in this world. Both are closely connected with the great action; one was necessary to Adam as a warning, the other as a consolation.

To the completeness or integrity of the design nothing can be objected; it has distinctly and clearly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem, of the same length, from which so little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long description of a shield. The short digressions at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books, might doubtless be spared; but superfluities so beautiful who would take away? or who does not wish that the author of the Iliad had gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself? Perhaps no passages are more frequently or more attentively read than these extrinsic paragraphs; and, since the end of poetry is pleasure, that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleased.

The questions, whether the action of the poem be strictly one, whether the poem can be properly termed heroic, and who is the hero, are raised by such readers as draw their principles of judgment rather from books than from reason. Milton, though he entituled Paradise Lost only a poem, yet calls it himself heroic song. Dryden petulantly and indecently denies the heroism of Adam, because he was overcome: but there is no reason why the hero should not be unfortunate, except established practice, since success and virtue do not go necessarily together. Cato is the hero of Lucan; but Lucan's authority will not be suffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if success be necessary, Adam's deceiver was at last crushed; and Adam was restored to his Maker's favour, and therefore may securely resume his human rank.

After the scheme and fabric of the poem, must be considered its component parts, the sentiments and the diction.

The sentiments, as expressive of manners, or appropriated to characters, are, for the greater part, unexceptionably just.

Splendid passages, containing lessons of morality, or precepts of prudence, occur seldom. Such is the original formation of this poem, that, as it admits no human manners till the Fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct. Its end is to raise the thoughts above sublunary cares or pleasures. Yet the praise of that fortitude, with which Abdiel maintained his singularity of virtue against the scorn of multitudes, may be accommodated to all times; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curiosity after the planetary motions, with the answer returned by Adam, may be confidently opposed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occasionally called forth in the progress, are such as could

only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active, to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited curiosity. The heat of Milton's mind may be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.

He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness[10]. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others; the powers of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful; he therefore chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings, to trace the counsels of Hell, or accompany the choirs of Heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds, he must sometimes revisit Earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility.

Whatever be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and descriptions of the scenes or operations of nature do not seem to be always copied from original form, nor to have the freshness, raciness, and energy, of immediate observation. He saw nature, as Dryden expresses it, "through the spectacles of books;" and on most occasions calls learning to his assistance. The garden of Eden brings to his mind the vale of Enna, where Proserpine was gathering flowers. Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like Argo between the Cyanean rocks; or Ulysses between the two Sicilian whirlpools, when he shunned Charybdis on the larboard. The mythological allusions have been justly censured, as not being always used with notice of their vanity; but they contribute variety to the narration, and produce an alternate exercise of the memory and the fancy.

His similies are less numerous, and more various, than those of his predecessors. But he does not confine himself within the limits of rigorous comparison: his great excellence is amplitude; and he expands the adventitious image beyond the dimensions which the occasion required. Thus, comparing the shield of Satan to the orb of the Moon, he crowds the imagination with the discovery of the telescope, and all the wonders which the telescope discovers.

Of his moral sentiments it is hardly praise to affirm, that they excel those of all

[10] Algarotti terms it *gigantesca sublimità Miltoniana.* Dr. J.

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other poets; for this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the sacred writings. The antient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskilful teachers of virtue; their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

From Italian writers it appears, that the advantages of even Christian knowledge may be possessed in vain. Ariosto's pravity is generally known; and, though the Deliverance of Jerusalem may be considered as a sacred subject, the poet has been very sparing of moral instruction.

In Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety.

Of human beings there are but two; but those two are the parents of mankind, venerable before their fall for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and submission. In the first state their affection is tender without weakness, and their piety sublime without presumption. When they have sinned, they show how discord begins in mutual frailty, and how it ought to cease in mutual forbearance; how confidence of the divine favour is forfeited by sin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed, in our present misery, it be possible to conceive it; but the sentiments and worship proper to a fallen and offending being, we have all to learn, as we have all to practise.

The poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors in their first state conversed with angels; even when folly and sin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation the port of mean suitors; and they rise again to reverential regard, when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human passions did not enter the world before the Fall, there is in the Paradise Lost little opportunity for the pathetic; but what little there is has not been lost. That passion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguish arising from the consciousness of transgression, and the horrours attending the sense of the divine displeasure, are very justly described and forcibly impressed. But the passions are moved only on one occasion; sublimity is the general and prevailing quality of this poem; sublimity variously modified, sometimes descriptive, sometimes argumentative.

The defects and faults of Paradise Lost, for faults and defects every work of man must have, it is the business of impartial criticism to discover. As, in displaying the excellence of Milton, I have not made long quotations, because of selecting beauties there had been no end, I shall in the same general manner mention that which seems to deserve censure: for what Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages, which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish in some degree the honour of our country?

The generality of my scheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies; which Bentley, perhaps better skilled in grammar than in poetry, has often found, though he sometimes made them, and which he imputed to the obtrusions of a reviser, whom the author's blindness obliged him to employ; a supposition rash

and groundless, if he thought it true; and vile and pernicious, if, as is said, he in private allowed it to be false.

The plan of Paradise Lost has this inconvenience, that it comprises neither human actions nor human manners [11]. The man and woman who act and suffer are in a state which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no transaction in which he can be engaged; beholds no condition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himself; he has, therefore, little natural curiosity or sympathy.

We all, indeed, feel the effects of Adam's disobedience; we all sin like Adam, and like him must all bewail our offences; we have restless and insidious enemies in the fallen angels: and in the blessed spirits we have guardians and friends; in the redemption of mankind we hope to be included; and in the description of Heaven and Hell we are surely interested, as we are all to reside hereafter either in the regions of horrour or of bliss.

But these truths are too important to be new; they have been taught to our infancy; they have mingled with our solitary thoughts and familiar conversations, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life. Being therefore not new, they raise no unaccustomed emotion in the mind; what we knew before, we cannot learn; what is not unexpected, cannot surprise.

Of the ideas suggested by these awful scenes, from some we recede with reverence, except when stated hours require their association; and from others we shrink with horrour, or admit them only as salutary inflictions, as counterpoises to our interests and passions. Such images rather obstruct the career of fancy than incite it.

Pleasure and terrour are indeed the genuine sources of poetry; but poetical pleasure must be such as human imagination can at least conceive; and poetical terrour such as human strength and fortitude may combat. The good and evil of eternity are too ponderous for the wings of wit; the mind sinks under them in passive helplessness, content with calm belief and humble adoration.

Known truths, however, may take a different appearance, and be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images. This Milton has undertaken, and performed with pregnancy and vigour of mind peculiar to himself. Whoever considers the few radical positions which the Scriptures afforded him, will wonder by what energetic operation he expanded them to such extent, and ramified them to so much variety, restrained as he was by religious reverence from licentiousness of fiction.

Here is a full display of the united force of study and genius; of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to digest, and fancy to combine them: Milton was able to select from nature, or from story, from ancient fable, or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by study, and exalted by imagination.

It has been therefore said, without an indecent hyperbole, by one of his ecnomiasts, that in reading Paradise Lost we read a book of universal knowledge.

But original deficience cannot be supplied. The want of human interest is al-

[11] But, says Dr. Warton, it has throughout a reference to human life and actions. *C.*

ways felt. Paradise Lost is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harrassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions.

Another inconvenience of Milton's design is, that it requires the description of what cannot be described, the agency of spirits. He saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not show angels acting but by instruments of action; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This, being necessary, was therefore defensible; and he should have secured the consistency of his system, by keeping immateriality out of sight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts. But he has unhappily perplexed his poetry with his philosophy. His infernal and celestial powers are sometimes pure spirit, and sometimes animated body. When Satan walks with his lance upon the burning marl, he has a body; when, in his passage between Hell and the new world, he is in danger of sinking in the vacuity, and is supported by a gust of rising vapours, he has a body; when he animates the toad, he seems to be mere spirit, that can penetrate matter at pleasure; when he starts up in his own shape, he has at least a determined form; and, when he is brought before Gabriel, he has a spear and a shield, which he had the power of hiding in the toad, though the arms of the contending angels are evidently material.

The vulgar inhabitants of Pandæmonium, being incorporeal spirits, are at large, though without number, in a limited space: yet, in the battle, when they were overwhelmed by mountains, their armour hurt them, "crushed in upon their substance, now grown gross by sinning." This likewise happened to the uncorrupted angels, who were overthrown the "sooner for their arms, for unarmed they might easily as spirits have evaded by contraction or remove." Even as spirits they are hardly spiritual; for "contraction" and "remove" are images of matter; but if they could have escaped without their armour, they might have escaped from it, and left only the empty cover to be battered. Uriel when he rides on a sunbeam, is material; Satan is material when he is afraid of the prowess of Adam.

The confusion of spirit and matter, which pervades the whole narration of the war of Heaven, fills it with incongruity; and the book in which it is related is, I believe, the favourite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increased.

After the operation of immaterial agents which cannot be explained, may be considered that of allegorical persons which have no real existence. To exalt causes into agents, to invest abstract ideas with form, and animate them with activity, has always been the right of poetry. But such airy beings are, for the most part, suffered only to do their natural office, and retire. Thus Fame tells a tale, and Victory hovers over a general, or perches on a standard; but Fame and Victory can do no more. To give them any real employment, or ascribe to them any material agency, is to make them allegorical no longer, but to shock the mind by ascribing effects to non-entity. In the Prometheus of Æschylus, we see Violence and Strength, and in the Alcestis of Euripides, we see Death, brought upon the stage, all as active persons of the drama; but no precedents can justify absurdity.

Milton's allegory of Sin and Death is undoubtedly faulty. Sin is indeed the

mother of Death, and may be allowed to be the portress of Hell; but when they stop the journey of Satan, a journey described as real, and when Death offers him battle, the allegory is broken. That Sin and Death should have shown the way to Hell, might have been allowed; but they cannot facilitate the passage by building a bridge, because the difficulty of Satan's passage is described as real and sensible, and the bridge ought to be only figurative. The Hell assigned to the rebellious spirits is described as not less local than the residence of man. It is placed in some distant part of space, separated from the regions of harmony and order by a chaotic waste and an unoccupied vacuity; but Sin and Death worked up a *mole of aggravated soil*, cemented with *asphaltus;* a work too bulky for ideal architects.

This unskilful allegory appears to me one of the greatest faults of the poem; and to this there was no temptation but the author's opinion of its beauty.

To the conduct of the narrative some objections may be made. Satan is with great expectation brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and is suffered to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in Heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report "rife in Heaven" before his departure.

To find sentiments for the state of innocence was very difficult; and something of anticipation perhaps is now and then discovered. Adam's discourse of dreams seems not to be the speculation of a new-created being. I know not whether his answer to the angel's reproof for curiosity does not want something of propriety; it is the speech of a man acquainted with many other men. Some philosophical notions, especially when the philosophy is false, might have been better omitted. The angel, in a comparison, speaks of timorous deer, before deer were yet timorous, and before Adam could understand the comparison.

Dryden remarks, that Milton has some flats among his elevations. This is only to say, that all the parts are not equal. In every work, one part must be for the sake of others: a palace must have passages; a poem must have transitions. It is no more to be required that wit should always be blazing, than that the Sun should always stand at noon. In a great work there is a vicissitude of luminous and opaque parts, as there is in the world a succession of day and night. Milton, when he has expatiated in the sky, may be allowed sometimes to revisit Earth; for what other author ever soared so high, or sustained his flight so long?

Milton, being well versed in the Italian poets, appears to have borrowed often from them; and, as every man catches something from his companions, his desire of imitating Ariosto's levity has disgraced his work with the Paradise of Fools; a fiction not in itself ill-imagined, but too ludicrous for its place.

His play on words, in which he delights too often; his equivocations, which Bentley endeavours to defend by the example of the ancients; his unnecessary and ungraceful use of terms of art, it is not necessary to mention, because they are easily remarked, and generally censured; and at last bear so little proportion to the whole, that they scarcely deserve the attention of a critic.

Such are the faults of that wonderful performance, Paradise Lost; which he who can put in balance with its beauties, must be considered not as nice but as dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility.

Of Paradise Regained, the general judgment seems now to be right, that it is in

many parts elegant, and every where instructive. It was not to be supposed that the writer of Paradise Lost could ever write without great effusions of fancy, and exalted precepts of wisdom. The basis of Paradise Regained is narrow; a dialogue without action can never please like an union of the narrative and dramatic powers. Had this poem been written not by Milton, but by some imitator, it would have claimed and received universal praise.

If Paradise Regained has been too much depreciated, Sampson Agonistes has in requital been too much admired. It could only be by long prejudice, and the bigotry of learning, that Milton could prefer the ancient tragedies, with their encumbrance of a chorus, to the exhibitions of the French and English stages; and it is only by a blind confidence in the reputation of Milton, that a drama can be praised in which the intermediate parts have neither cause nor consequence, neither hasten nor retard the catastrophe.

In this tragedy are however many particular beauties, many just sentiments and striking lines; but it wants that power of attracting the attention which a well-connected plan produces.

Milton would not have excelled in dramatic writing; he knew human nature only in the gross, and had never studied the shades of character, nor the combinations of concurring, or the perplexity of contending passions. He had read much, and knew what books could teach, but had mingled little in the world, and was deficient in the knowledge which experience must confer.

Through all his greater works there prevails an uniform peculiarity of diction, a mode and cast of expression which bears little resemblance to that of any former writer; and which is so far removed from common use, that an unlearned reader, when he first opens his book, finds himself surprised by a new language.

This novelty has been, by those who can find nothing wrong in Milton, imputed to his laborious endeavours after words suitable to the grandeur of his ideas. "Our language," says Addison, "sunk under him." But the truth is, that, both in prose and verse, he had formed his style by a perverse and pedantic principle. He was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom. This in all his prose is discovered and condemned; for there judgment operates freely, neither softened by the beauty, nor awed by the dignity of his thoughts: but such is the power of his poetry, that his call is obeyed without resistance, the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration.

Milton's style was not modified by his subject; what is shown with greater extent in Paradise Lost, may be found in Comus. One source of his peculiarity was his familiarity with the Tuscan poets; the disposition of his words is, I think, frequently Italian; perhaps sometimes combined with other tongues. Of him, at last may be said what Jonson says of Spenser, that "he wrote no language," but has formed what Butler calls a Babylonish dialect, in itself harsh and barbarous, but made by exalted genius and extensive learning the vehicle of so much instruction and so much pleasure, that, like other lovers, we find grace in its deformity.

Whatever be the faults of his diction, he cannot want the praise of copiousness and variety: he was master of his language in its full extent; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence, that from his book alone the art of English poetry might be learned.

After his diction, something must be said of his versification. The measure, he says, is the English heroic verse without rhyme. Of this mode he had many examples among the Italians, and some in his own country. The earl of Surrey is said to have translated one of Virgil's books without rhyme: and, beside our tragedies, a few short poems had appeared in blank verse, particularly one tending to reconcile the nation to Raleigh's wild attempt upon Guiana, and probably written by Raleigh himself. These petty performances cannot be supposed to have much influenced Milton, who more probably took his hint from Trissino's Italia Liberata; and, finding blank verse easier than rhyme, was desirous of persuading himself that it is better.

"Rhyme," he says, and says truly," is no necessary adjunct of true poetry." But, perhaps, of poetry, as a mental operation, metre or music is no necessary adjunct: it is however by the music of metre that poetry has been discriminated in all languages; and, in languages melodiously constructed with a due proportion of long and short syllables, metre is sufficient. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another; where metre is scanty and imperfect, some help is necessary. The music of the English heroic lines strikes the ear so faintly, that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together; this co-operation can be only obtained by the preservation of every verse unmingled with another as a distinct system of sounds; and this distinctness is obtained and preserved by the artifice of rhyme. The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few skilful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin. "Blank verse," said an ingenious critic, "seems to be verse only to the eye."

Poetry may subsist without rhyme, but English poetry will not often please; nor can rhyme ever be safely spared but where the subject is able to support itself. Blank verse makes some approach to that which is called the lapidary style; has neither the easiness of prose, nor the melody of numbers, and therefore tires by long continuance. Of the Italian writers without rhyme, whom Milton alledges as precedents, not one is popular; what reason could urge in its defence has been confuted by the ear.

But, whatever be the advantages of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is; yet, like other heroes, he is to be admired rather than imitated. He that thinks himself capable of astonishing may write blank verse; but those that hope only to please must condescend to rhyme.

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and therefore owes reverence to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance; he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predeces-

sors, but he did not seek them. From his cotemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch; he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

AN

INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN

OF

PARADISE LOST.

BY MR. TODD.

"THE petty circumstances, by which great minds are led to the first conception of great designs, are so various and volatile, that nothing can be more difficult to discover: Fancy in particular is of a nature so airy, that the traces of her step are hardly to be discerned; ideas are so fugitive, that if poets, in their life time, were questioned concerning the manner in which the seeds of considerable productions first arose in their mind, they might not always be able to answer the inquiry; can it then be possible to succeed in such an inquiry concerning a mighty genius, who has been consigned more than a century to the tomb, especially when in the records of his life, we can find no positive evidence on the point in question? However trifling the chances it may afford of success, the investigation is assuredly worthy our pursuit; for, as an accomplished critic has said, in speaking of another poet, with his usual felicity of discernment and expression, 'the inquiry cannot be void of entertainment whilst Milton is our constant theme: whatever may be the fortune of the chace, we are sure it will lead us through pleasant prospects and a fine country.'" Hayley's Conjectures on the Origin of Paradise Lost.

THE earliest observation respecting the Origin of Paradise Lost appears to have been made by Voltaire, in the year 1727. He was then studying in England; and had become so well acquainted with our language as to publish an English essay on epic poetry; in which are the following words:

"Milton, as he was travelling through Italy in his youth, saw at Florence a comedy called Adamo, written by one Andreini, a player, and dedicated to Mary de Medicis, queen of France. The subject of the play was the fall of man; the actors, God, the Devils, the Angels, Adam, Eve, the Serpent, Death, and the seven mortal Sins: that topic, so improper for a drama, but so suitable to the absurd genius of the Italian stage (as it was at that time), was handled in a manner entirely conformable to the extravagance of the design. The scene opens with a Chorus of Angels; and a Cherubim thus speaks for the rest:[1] 'Let the rainbow be the fiddlestick of the fiddle of the heavens! let the planets

[1] A la lira del Ciel Iri sia l'arco,
Corde le sfere sien, note le stelle,
Sien le pause e i sospir Paure novelle,
E 'l tempo i tempi à misurar non parco!
Choro d' Angeli, &c. Adamo, ed. 1617.

The better judgment of the author, Mr. Walker observes, determined him to omit this chorus in a subsequent edition of his drama: accordingly it does not appear in that of Perugia, 1641. See the Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy, 1799, p. 169.

be the notes of our music! let time beat carefully the measure, and the winds make the sharps,' &c. Thus the play begins, and every scene rises above the last in profusion of impertinence!

"Milton pierced through the absurdity of that performance to the hidden majesty of the subject, which, being altogether unfit for the stage, yet might be (for the genius of Milton, and his only) the foundation of an epic poem.

"He took from that ridiculous trifle the first hint of the noblest work, which human imagination has ever attempted, and which he executed more than twenty years after."

That Milton had certainly read the sacred drama of Andreini, is the opinion both of Dr. Joseph Warton and of Mr. Hayley. Another elegant critic has observed, that Voltaire may have related a tradition perhaps current in England at the time it was visited by him; "a period at which, it may be presumed, some of the contemporaries of Milton were living, for he was then only about fifty years dead. Milton, with the candour which is usually united with true genius, probably acknowledged to his friends his obligations to the Italian dramatist, and the floating tradition met the ardent inquiries of the French poet[2]." It may be worth mentioning here, that Dante, according to the account of some Italian critics[3], took the hint of his Inferno from a nocturnal representation of Hell, exhibited in 1304, on the river Arno at Florence[4]; and that Tasso is said to have conceived the idea of writing his Aminta at the representation, in 1567, of Lo Sfortunato of Agostino Argenti in Ferrara.

From the Adamo of Andreini a poetical extract, as well as the summary of the arguments of each act and scene, were given by Dr. Warton, in an appendix to the second volume of his Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, 1782. Mr. Hayley has cited other specimens of the poetry in this "spirited, though irregular and fantastic, composition;" from which Milton's fancy is supposed to have caught fire. The reader will find a few quotations also, from this rare and curious drama, in the Notes on Paradise Lost. But, if the Adamo be examined with the utmost nicety, Milton will be found no servile copyist: he will be found, as in numberless instances of his extensive, his curious, and careful reading, to have improved the slightest hints into the finest descriptions. Milton indeed, with the skill and grace of an Apelles or a Phidias, has often animated the rude sketch and the shapeless block. I mean not to detract from the Italian drama[5]; but let it here be remarked once for all, in Milton's own

[2] Hist. Mem. on Ital. Tragedy, p. 170.
[3] Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, vol. iii. p. 241.
[4] Hist. Mem. ut supr.
[5] From the remarks of prince Giacomo Giustiniani, (the accomplished governour of Perugia) on the Adamo, which were transmitted to Mr. Walker, and by Mr. Walker obligingly communicated to me, it appears that the critics of Italy consider Milton not a little indebted to their countryman. I will cite the opinion of the liberal and elegant Tiraboschi: Certo benche L'Adamo dell'Andreini sia in confronto del Paradiso Perduto ciò che è il Poema di Ennio in confronto a quel di Virgilio, nonclimeno non può negarsi che le idee gigantesche, delle quali l' autore Inglese ha abbellito il suo Poema, di Satana, che entra nel Paradiso terrestre, e arde d'invidia al vedere la felicita dell' Uomo, del congresso de Demonj, della battaglia degli Angioli contra Lucifero, e più altre sommiglianti immagini veggonsi nell' Adamo adombrate per modo, che a me sembra molto credibile, che anche il Milton dalle immondezze, se così è lecito dire, dell' Andreini raccogliesse l'oro, di cui adorno il suo Poema. Per altro L'Adamo dell'Andreini, benche abbia alcuni tratti di pessimo gusto, ne hà altri ancora, che si posson proporre come modello di eccellente poesia.

words, that "borrowing, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted plagiarie[6]." Let the bitterest enemies of Milton prove, if they can, whether the author of this ingenuous remark may be exhibited in such a light; rather let them acknowledge that, in fully comparing him with those authors who have written on similar subjects, he must ever be considered as

——————— above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent.

The drama of Andreini was so little known when Dr. Birch was writing the life of Milton, that Warburton, in a letter to that learned biographer, preserved in the British Museum, ridicules the relation of Voltaire. "It is said that it appeared by a MS. in Trin. Coll. Camb. that Milton intended an opera of the Paradise Lost. Voltaire, on the credit of this circumstance, amongst a heap of impertinency, pretends boldly that he took the hint from a comedy he saw at Florence, called Adamo. Others imagined too he conceived the idea in Italy; now I will give you good proof that all this is a vision. In one of his political pamphlets, written early by him, I forget which, he tells the world he had conceived a notion of an epic poem on the story of Adam or Arthur. What then will you say must we do with this circumstance of the Trin. Coll. MS.? I believe I can explain that matter. When the parliament got uppermost, they suppressed the playhouses; on which sir John Denham, I think, and others, contrived to get operas performed. This took with the people, and was much in their taste; and religious ones being the favourites of that sanctified people, was, I believe, what inclined Milton at that time (and neither before nor after) to make an opera of it."—Even at a much later period, the very existence of the Adamo was denied; for Mr. Mickle, an ardent admirer of Milton, and the very able translator of the Lusiad, calls it "a comedy which nobody ever saw[7];" and observes, "that even some Italian literati declared that no such author [as Andreini] was know in Italy." Dr Johnson also, in his Life of Milton, calls Voltaire's relation "a wild, unauthorised story."

That Milton had conceived, in his younger days, as Dr. Warburton has observed, the notion of an epic poem on the story of Arthur, is evident from his own words in the Mansus, v. 80, &c. and the Epitaphium Damonis, v. 155, &c. Where see the notes, vol. vi. p. 357, and p. 373. Mr. Hayley, with his usual acuteness and elegance of language, remarks that "it seems very probable that Milton, in his collection of Italian books, had brought the Adamo of Andreini to England; and that the perusal of an author, wild indeed, and abounding in grotesque extravagance; yet now and then shining with pure and united rays of fancy and devotion, first gave a new bias to the imagination of the English poet, or, to use the expressive phrase of Voltaire, first revealed to him the hidden majesty of the subject. The apostate angels of Andreini, though sometimes hideously and absurdly disgusting, yet occasionally sparkle with such fire as might awaken the emulation of Milton."

The English reader is indebted to Mr. Hayley for the following analysis of the arguments of each act and scene in the Adamo.

[6] Eiconoclastes, Prose-Works, edit. 1698, fol. vol. ii. p. 509.
[7] Dissertation prefixed to the Translation of the Lusiad, 2d edit. Ox. p. ccii.

"THE CHARACTERS.

"God the Father.
Chorus of Seraphim, Cherubim, and Angels.
The archangel Michael.
Adam.
Eve.
A Cherub, the guardian of Adam.
Lucifer.
Satan.
Beelzebub.
The seven mortal Sins.
The World.
The Flesh.
Famine.
Labour.
Despair.
Death.
Vain Glory.
Serpent.
Volano, an infernal messenger.
Chorus of Phantoms.
Chorus of fiery, airy, aquatic, and infernal Spirits."

Act I. Scene 1. "Chorus of Angels, singing the glory of God.—After their hymn, which serves as a prologue, God the Father, Angels, Adam and Eve.—God calls to Lucifer, and bids him survey with confusion the wonders of his power.—He creates Adam and Eve—their delight and gratitude.

Scene 2. "Lucifer, arising from Hell—he expresses his enmity against God, the good Angels, and Man.

Scene 3. "Lucifer, Satan, and Beelzebub.—Lucifer excites his associates to the destruction of Man, and calls other demons from the abyss to conspire for that purpose.

Scenes 4, 5, and 6. "Lucifer, summoning seven distinct Spirits, commissions them to act under the character of the seven mortal Sins, with the following names:

Melecano	———	Pride.
Lurcone	———	Envy.
Ruspicano	———	Anger.
Arfarat	———	Avarice.
Maltea	———	Sloth.
Dulciato	———	Luxury.
Guliar	———	Gluttony.

Act II. Scene I. "The Angels, to the number of fifteen, separately sing the grandeur of God, and his munificence to Man.

Scene 2. "Adam and Eve, with Lurcone and Guliar watching unseen.—Adam and Eve express their devotion to God so fervently, that the evil spirits, though invisible, are put to flight by their prayer.

Scene 3. "The Serpent, Satan, Spirits.—The Serpent or Lucifer, announces his design of circumventing Woman.

Scene 4. "The Serpent, Spirits, and Volano.—Volano arrives from Hell, and declares that the confederate powers of the abyss designed to send a goddess from the deep, entitled Vain Glory, to vanquish Man.

Scene 5. "Vain Glory, drawn by a giant, Volano, the Serpent, Satan, and Spirits.—The Serpent welcomes Vain Glory as his confederate, then hides himself in the tree to watch and tempt Eve.

Scene 6. "The Serpent and Vain Glory at first concealed; the Serpent discovers himself to Eve, tempts and seduces her.—Vain Glory closes the Act with expressions of triumph.

Act III. Scene 1. "Adam and Eve.—After a dialogue of tenderness she produces the fruit.—Adam expresses horrour, but at last yields to her temptation.—When both have tasted the fruit, they are overwhelmed with remorse and terrour: they fly to conceal themselves.

Scene 2. "Volano proclaims the Fall of Man, and invites the powers of darkness to rejoice, and pay their homage to the prince of Hell.

Scene 3. "Volano, Satan, chorus of Spirits, with ensigns of victory.—Expression of their joy.

Scene 4. "Serpent, Vain Glory, Satan, and Spirits.—The Serpent commands Canoro, a musical spirit, to sing his triumph, which is celebrated with songs and dances in the 4th and 5th scenes; the latter closes with expressions of horrour from the triumphant demons, on the approach of God.

Scene 6. "God the Father, Angels, Adam and Eve.—God summons and rebukes the sinners, then leaves them, after pronouncing his malediction.

Scene 7. "An Angel, Adam and Eve.—The angel gives them rough skins for clothing, and exhorts them to penitence.

Scene 8. "The Archangel Michael, Adam and Eve.—Michael drives them from Paradise with a scourge of fire. Angels close the Act with a chorus, exciting the offenders to hope in repentance.

Act IV. Scene 1. "Volano, chorus of fiery, airy, earthly, and aquatic Spirits.—They express their obedience to Lucifer.

Scene 2. "Lucifer rises, and utters his abhorrence of the light; the demons console him—he questions them on the meaning of God's words and conduct towards Man—He spurns their conjectures, and announces the incarnation, then proceeds to new machinations against Man.

Scene 3. "Infernal Cyclops, summoned by Lucifer, make a new world at his command.—He then commissions three demons against Man, under the characters of the World, the Flesh and Death.

Scene 4. "Adam alone.—He laments his fate, and at last feels his sufferings aggravated, in beholding Eve flying in terrour from the hostile animals.

Scene 5. "Adam and Eve.—She excites her companion to suicide.

Scene 6. "Famine, Thirst, Lassitude, Despair, Adam and Eve.—Famine explains her own nature, and that of her associates.

Scene 7. "Death, Adam and Eve.—Death reproaches Eve with the horrours she has occasioned—Adam closes the Act by exhorting Eve to take refuge in the mountains.

Act V. Scene 1. "The Flesh, in the shape of a woman; and Adam.—He resists her temptation.

Scene 2. "Lucifer, the Flesh, and Adam.—Lucifer pretends to be a man, and the elder brother of Adam.

Scene 3. "A Cherub, Adam, the Flesh, and Lucifer.—The cherub secretly warns Adam against his foes; and at last defends him with manifest power.

Scene 4. "The World, in the shape of a man, exulting in his own finery.

Scene 5. "Eve and the World.—He calls forth a rich palace from the ground, and tempts Eve with splendour.

Scene 6. "Chorus of Nymphs, Eve, the World, and Adam.—He exhorts Eve to resist these allurements—the World calls the demons from Hell to enchain his victims—Eve prays for mercy: Adam encourages her.

Scene 7. "Lucifer, Death, chorus of Demons.—They prepare to seize Adam and Eve.

Scene 8. "The Archangel Michael, with a chorus of good Angels.—After a spirited altercation, Michael subdues and triumphs over Lucifer.

Scene 9. "Adam, Eve, chorus of Angels.—They rejoice in the victory of Michael: he animates the offenders with a promise of favour from God, and future residence in Heaven: they express their hope and gratitude.—The angels close the drama, by singing the praise of the Redeemer."

When the reader compares the allegorical characters in this drama with those in Milton's sketches on similar subjects, intended once for tragedies, he will again see reason to admit that the Adamo had made considerable impression, either in representation or by perusal, on the mind of the English poet. See the Appendix, at the end of Paradise Lost, in the third volume of this edition.

Of Andreini, who has been contemptuously called a stroller, Mr. Hayley has vindicated the fame. "He had some tincture of classical learning, and considerable piety. He occasionally imitates Virgil, and quotes the Fathers." In one of the passages, cited from his Adamo by Mr. Hayley, Mr. Walker observes[8] that the course of a river is described with a richness of fancy, and a "dance of words," that prove Andreini to have been endowed with no common poetic powers. Of the Adamo there have been four editions, those of Milan in 1613, and 1617, printed in quarto; that of Perugia in 1641, printed in duodecimo; and that of Modena in 1685, printed in the same form. The edition of 1641 is considered the most rare. The description to which Mr. Walker alludes, is beautifully amplified in that edition; and has been given in the Appendix to the Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy, 1799, p. xliv. Andreini was the son of the celebrated actress, Isabella Andreini [9]. His various productions, says Mr. Hayley, "amount

[8] Hist. Memoir on Ital. Tragedy, p. 160.

[9] Giovanni Battista Andreini, Fiorentino, o piuttosto Pistojese, fu figlio dela celebre Comica Isabella Andreini (della quale si veda il Bayle, e il Mazzuchelli,) e nacque nel 1578. Dopo essere

to the number of thirty; and form a singular medley of comedies and devout poems." The writer of the article Andreini (Isabelle) in the Nouveau Dict. Hist. à Caen, 1786, adds, to the account of her son's theatrical pieces, On a encore d'Andreini trois Traités en faveur de la Comédie & des Comédiens, publiés à Paris en 1625; ils sont fort rares.

II. The next remark respecting the Origin of Paradise Lost is that of Dr. Pearce, who, in the Preface to his Review of the Text of the twelve books, &c. published in 1733, says, "It is probable that Milton took the first hint of the poem from an Italian tragedy, called Il Paradiso Perso; for I am informed that there is such an one extant, printed many years before Milton entered upon his design." Mr. Hayley, in a very extensive research, has been able to discover no such performance. Nor have my inquiries been more successful.

III. We are next informed, in the Preface to the poetical works of the Rev. J. Sterling, printed at Dublin in 1734, that "The great Milton is said to have ingenuously confessed that he owed his immortal work of Paradise Lost to Mr. Fletcher's Locustæ." The person here mentioned is Phineas Fletcher, better known by his poem, entitled the Purple Island; and the Locustæ is a spirited Latin poem, writen against the Jesuits[1], and published at Cambridge, while Milton was a student there, in 1627; as was also the same author's Locusts, or Apollyonists, an English poem, consisting of five cantos. That Milton had read both the Latin and English poem of Fletcher, I make no doubt. And I have accordingly offered, to the reader's observation, some passages from both in the Notes on his poetical works, with which Milton appears to have been pleased. But Milton's obligations to Fletcher are too confined to admit so extensive an acknowledgment, as that which is contained in Mr. Sterling's Preface; and indeed the authority of the anecdote has not been given. Mr. Sterling has translated with great spirit the speech of Lucifer to his Angels in the Locustæ, vel Pietas Jesuitica. See his poems, p. 43. As Fletcher's Latin poem is little known, it may be here proper to select, from this speech, the lines which seem to have influenced the imagination of Milton, and perhaps to have given rise to the preceding anecdote.

Nos contrà immemori per tuta silentia somno
Sternimur interea, et, mediâ jam luce supini
Stertentes, festam trahimus, pia turba, quietem.
Quòd si animos sine honore acti sine fine laboris
Pœnitet, et proni imperii regnique labantis
Nil miseret, positis flagris, odiisque remissis,
Oramus veniam, et dextras præbemus inermes.
Fors ille audacis facti, et justæ immemor iræ,
Placatus, facilisque manus et fœdera junget.
Fors solito lapsos (peccati oblitus) honori

acquistato molto credito sulle Scene Italiane porrossi in Francia, ove si meritò la stima di Luigi XIII. Visse per lo meno sino al 1652. From the remarks mentioned in the note[3], p. 318.—It is not impossible, that Milton might have seen and conversed with Andreini, when he visited France and Italy.

[1] The Jesuits were called Locusts, in the theological language of this period. See Sundrie Sermons by bishop Lake, fol. 1629, p. 205. "There is a kind of metaphoricall Locusts and Caterpillers, Locusts that came out of the bottomlesse pit; I meane Popish Priests and Iesuits; the Catterpillars of the Commonweale, Proiectors and Inuentors of new tricks how to exhaust the purses of the subiects, couering private ends with publicke pretences."

Restituet, cœlum nobis solióque relinquet,
At me nulla dies animi, cœptique prioris,
Dissimilem arguerit: quin nunc rescindere cœlum.
Et conjurato victricem milite pacem
Rumpere, ferventique juvat miscere tumultu.
Quò tanti cecidere animi? Quò pristina virtus
Cessit, in æternam quâ mecum irrumpere lucem
Tentâstis, trepidúmque armis perfringere cœlum?
Nunc verò indecores felicia ponitis arma,
Et toties victo imbelles conceditis hosti.
Per vos, per domitas cœlesti fulmine vires,
Indomitúmque odium, projecta resumite tela;
Dum fas, dum breve tempus adest, accendite pugnas,
Restaurate acies, fractúmque reponite Martem.
Ni facitis, mox soli, et (quod magis urit) inulti,
Æternùm (heu) vacuo flammis cruciabimur antro.
Ille quidem nullâ, heu, nullâ violabilis arte,
Securum sine fine tenet, sine milite regnum;
A nullo patitur, nullo violatur ab hoste:
Compatitur tamen, inque suis violabile membris
Corpus habet: nunc ô totis consurgite telis,
Quà patet ad vulnus nudum sine tegmine corpus,
Imprimite ultrices, penitúsque recondite, flammas.
Accelerat funesta dies, jam limine tempus
Insistit, cùm nexa ipso cum vertice membra
Naturam induerint cœlestem, ubi gloria votum
Atque animum splendor superent, ubi gaudia damno
Crescant, deliciaéque modum, finémque recusent.
At nos supplicio æterno, Stygiísque catenis
Compressi, flammis et vivo sulphure tecti,
Perpetuas duro solvemus carcere pœnas.
Hic anima, extremos jam tum perpessa dolores,
Majores semper metuit, queritúrque remotam,
Quam toto admisit præsentem pectore, mortem,
Oráque cæruleas perreptans flamma medullas
Torquet anhela siti, fibrásque atque ilia lambit.
Mors vivit, moritúrque inter mala mille superstes
Vita, vicésque ipsâ cum morte, et nomina mutat.
Cùm verò nullum moriendi conscia finem
Mens reputat, cùm mille annis mille addidit annos,
Præteritúmque nihil venturo detrahit ævum,
Mox etiam stellas, etiam superaddit arenas;
Pœna tamen damno crescit, per flagra, per ignes,
Per quicquid miserum est, præceps ruit, anxia lentam
Provocat infelix mortem; si fortè relabi
Possit, et in nihilum rursus dispersa resolvi.
Æquemus meritis pœnas, atque ultima passis
Plura tamen magnis exactor debeat ausis;
Tartareis mala speluncis, vindictáque cœlo
Deficiat; nunquam, nunquam crudelis inultos,
Immeritosve, Erebus capiet: meruisse nefandum
Supplicium medios inter solabitur ignes,
Et, licèt immensos, factis superâsse dolores.
Nunc agite, ô Proceres, omnésque effundite technas,
Consulite, imperióque alacres succurrite lapso.

Dixerat, insequitur fremitus, trepidantiáque inter
Agmina submissæ franguntur murmure voces.
Qualis, ubi Oceano mox præcipitandus Ibero
Immineat Phœbus, flavíque ad litora Chami
Conveniant, glomerántque per auras agmina muscæ,
Fit sonitus; longo crescentes ordine turbæ
Buccinulis voces acuunt, socióque vocantes,
Vndas nube premunt; strepitu vicinia rauco
Completur, resonántque accensis litora bombis.

The simile, which here follows this speech, resembles, in some degree, that of Milton in his poem on the fifth of November. See In Quint. Nov. ver. 176, &c. See also Par. Lost, B. i. 768. To which we might add the assembly of devils, summoned before Lucifer in the old French morality of The Assumption, 1527.

Ung grand tas de dyables plus drus
Que voucherons en l' air molans—

Milton's Latin poem is dated at the age of seventeen, namely in 1625. Fletcher's was published in 1627. The subjects of both are certainly similar. See the first Note on In Quint. Nov. vol. vi. p. 302. Fletcher, whose diction and imagery are often extremely beautiful, was educated at Eton, whence he was sent to King's College, Cambridge, in 1600; became B. A. in 1604, and M. A. in 1608.; was afterwards beneficed at Hilgay in Norfolk, and died in 1649.

IV. Hitherto what had been mentioned as hints, to which the active mind of Milton might not be insensible, had been mentioned without betraying a wish to tear the laurels from the brow of the great poet. Not such was the intelligence conveyed to the public by the malicious Lauder. He, unfortunate man, scrupled not to disgrace the considerable learning which he possessed, and to forfeit all pretensions to probity, by an audacious endeavour to prove that Milton was "the worst and greatest of all plagiaries." He acquired, indeed, a temporary credit, and engaged a powerful advocate in his cause, by the speciousness of his charge. But he "played most foully for it." He corrupted the text of those poets, whom he produced as evidences against the originality of Milton, by interpolating [a] several verses either of his own fabrication, or from the Latin translation of Paradise Lost by William Hog. His enmity to Milton first discovered itself, on Dr. Newton's publishing his proposals for printing a new edition of the Paradise Lost with Notes of various Authors; which appeared in 1749. He affirmed that "he could prove," says Dr. Newton, (giving an account of his interview with Lauder,) "that Milton had borrowed the substance of whole books together, and that there was scarcely a single thought or sentiment in his poem which he had not stolen from some author or other, notwithstanding his vain pretence to things unattempted yet in prose or rhime. And then, in confirmation of his charge he recited a long roll of Scotch, German, and Dutch poets, and affirmed that he had brought the books along with him which were his vouchers; and appealed particularly to Ramsay, a Scotch divine, and to Masenius, a German Jesuit: but, upon producing his authors, he could not find Masenius; he had dropped the book somewhere or other

[a] These interpolations are given in the Appendix to this edition, No. II.

in the way, and expressed much surprise and concern for the loss of it; Ramsay he left with me, and my opinion of Milton's imitations of that author I have given in a note on B. ix. 513. I knew very well that Milton was an universal scholar, as famous for his great reading as for the extent of his genius; and I thought it not improbable, that Mr. Lauder, having the good fortune to meet with these German and Dutch poems, might have traced out there some of his imitations and illusions, which had escaped the researches of others: and it was my advice to him then, and as often as I had opportunities of seeing him afterwards, that if he had really made such notable discoveries as he boasted, he would do well to communicate them to the public; an ingenious countryman of his had published an Essay upon Milton's Imitations of the Ancients, and he would equally deserve the thanks of the learned world by writing an Essay upon Milton's imitations of the moderns; but at the same time I recommended to him a little more modesty and decency, and urged all the arguments I could to persuade him to treat Milton's name with more respect, and not to write of him with the same acrimony and rancour with which he spoke of him; it would weaken his cause instead of strengthening it, and would hurt himself more than Milton in the opinion of all candid readers. He began with publishing some specimens of his work in the Gentleman's Magazine: and I was sorry to find that he had no better regarded my advice in his manner of writing; for his papers were much in the same strain and spirit as his conversation; his assertions strong, and his proofs weak. However, to do him justice, several of the quotations which he had made from Adamus Exul, a tragedy of the famous Hugo Grotius, I thought so exactly parallel to several passages in the Paradise Lost, that I readily adopted them, and inserted them without scruple in my Notes; esteeming it no reproach to Milton, but rather a commendation of his taste and judgment, to have gathered so many of the choicest flowers in the gardens of others, and to have transplanted them with improvements into his own. At length, after I had published my first edition of the Paradise Lost, came forth Mr. Lauder's Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns; but except the quotations from Grotius, which I had already inserted in my first edition, I found in Mr. Lauder's authors not above half a dozen passages, which I thought worth transferring into my second edition; not but he had produced more passages somewhat resembling others in Milton; but when a similitude of thought or expression, of sentiment or description, occurs in Scripture and we will say in Staphorstius, in Virgil and perhaps in Alexander Ross, in Ariosto and perhaps in Taubmannus, I should rather conclude that Milton had borrowed from the former whom he is certainly known to have read, than from the latter whom it is very uncertain whether he had ever read or not. We know that he had often drawn, and delighted to draw, from the pure fountain; and why then should we believe that he chose rather to drink of the stream after it was polluted by the trash and filth of others? We know that he had thoroughly studied, and was perfectly acquainted with, the graces and beauties of the great originals; and why then should we think that he was only the servile copier of perhaps a bad copy, which perhaps he had never seen?"

If Lauder had traced the marks of imitation in Milton with truth and candour; if he had modestly noted images or sentiments apparently transferred from other

writers, yet still perhaps fortuitous coincidences; he would have gratified rational curiosity. But he was intent on blackening the fame of Milton. He published, besides his Essay, Delectus Auctorum Sacrorum Miltono Facem Prælucentium[3]," in two volumes; of which the first contained Andrææ Ramsæi Poemata Sacra[4], & Hugonis Grotii Adamus Exul, Tragœdia[5]: the second, Jacobi Masenii Sarcotidos Libri tres[6],"—Odorici Valmaranæ Dæmonomachiæ Liber unus[7], Casparis Barlæi Paradisus[8], & Frederici Taubmanni Bellum Angelicum: Libri tres[9]." But, as Mr. Hayley finely observes, Milton "by the force and opulence of his own fancy was exempted from the inclination, and the necessity, of borrowing and retailing the ideas of other poets; but, rich as he was in his own proper fund, he chose to be perfectly acquainted not only with the wealth, but even with the poverty of others." Indeed I may venture to strengthen this observation by Milton's own words, in which he seems to promise the production of some great poetical work. "Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him towards the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be rais'd from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of some rhyming parasite; nor to be obtain'd by the invocation of dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with the hallow'd fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases; to this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs[1]." Mr. Hayley therefore may be justified in his opinion, that Milton read, in different languages, authors of every class; "and I doubt not," he adds, "but he had perused every poem collected by Lauder, though some of them hardly afford ground enough for a conjecture, that he remembered any passage they contain, in the course of his nobler composition."

V. We are next presented with the following information of a learned and ingenious traveller, well known to the literary world by his eminent services in the cause of Christianity. "During my short stay at Dusseldorf, I became acquainted with a baron de Harold, an Irishman, who is colonel of the regiment of Koningsfeld, &c.—But my reason for mentioning the baron, was to inform you, that he is now employed in translating, into English verse, a Latin poem, entitled

[3] In 1752, and 1753.

[4] From the Edinburg. edit. of 1633.

[5] From the edition of the Hague, 1601.

[6] From the edition of Cologne, 1644. The fourth and fifth books are printed in Barbou's edition of the Sarcotis, printed at Paris, in 1781: to which are prefixed two Letters Aux RR. PP. Jesuites Autuers des Memoires de Trevoux, Où l'on compare le Paradis Perdu de Milton avec le Poème intitulé Sarcotis du R. P. Jacques Masenius, Jésuite Allemand. The liberal writer of the article, Masenius, in the Nouveau Dict. Hist. à Caen, 1785, considers the pretended obligations of Milton to Masenius too trifling to be mentioned.

[7] From the Vienna edit. 1627. See Dr. Newton's note on Par. Lost. B. v. 689.

[8] This is a translation from the Paradise of Catsius, originally written in Dutch. It is an epithalamium on the nuptials of Adam and Eve: and Mr. Hayley pronounces it to be spirited and graceful. Many of Catsius's Dutch poems were translated into Latin verse à Caspare Barlæo, et Cornelio Boyo, and first published in their new dress at Dordrecht in 1643.

[9] This poem, consisting of two books, and a fragment of a third, Mr. Hayley says, was originally printed in 1604.

[1] Of Reformation, &c. B. ii. Prose-Works, vol. I. p. 223, edit. 1699. This was first published in 1641.

The Christiad, written by Robert Clarke, a Carthusian monk, of the convent of Nieuport, near Ostend; from which he asserts that our great poet has borrowed largely. The poem, which is on the Passion of Christ, in seventeen books, contains, indeed, many ideas and descriptions, strikingly similar to those of Milton in his Paradise Lost. But, unless the baron can produce an edition previous to that which he possesses, which was printed at Bruges in 1678, it will be difficult to convict Milton of plagiarism in this instance; for Johnson, if I recollect rightly, informs us, that Elwood saw a complete copy of the Paradise Lost at Milton's house, at Chalfont, in 1665; that Milton sold the copy in 1667, and that the third edition was printed in 1678, when it is probable that many copies had passed over to the continent, and contributed to increase the reputation which his name had gained abroad; and therefore we have a right to suppose, that Clarke, and not Milton, was the copyist: the poem, however, appears to have much merit. The baron has finished ten or eleven books, with what fidelity I know not, but certainly with much animation. Milton has often been accused of plagiarism, it is to be feared sometimes with truth; for though bishop Douglas, with great acuteness, detected Lauder's interpolations in the works of different writers, which were designed to disparage Milton's reputation, he by no means undertook to prove, that Milton's claim to originality might not, in other instances, be impeached; and Lauder, though persuaded by Dr. Johnson to give up, in a hasty fit of shame, his whole Essay as an imposition, afterwards, in part, recanted his recantation, and attempted, with some success, to prove the charge of forgery against Milton. But it is time to put an end to this digression designed to vindicate Milton, as every Englishman must wish to do, where he can be vindicated without injury to truth.[2]"

To the latter part of this remark it will be proper to subjoin the words of bishop Douglas. "Grown desperate by his disappointment, this very man, [Lauder,] whom but a little before we have seen as abject in the confession of his forgeries as he had been bold in the contrivance of them, with an inconsistence, equalled only by his impudence, renewed his attack upon the author of the Paradise Lost; and in a pamphlet [3], published for that purpose, acquainted the world, that the true reason which had excited him to contrive his forgery was, because Milton had attacked the character of Charles the first, by interpolating Pamela's prayer from the Arcadia, in an edition of the Eicon Basiliké; hoping, no doubt, by this curious key to his conduct, to be received into favour, if not by the friends of truth, at least by the idolaters of the royal martyr: the zeal of this wild partyman against Milton having at the same time extended itself against his biographer, the very learned Dr. Birch, for no other reason but because he was so candid as to express his disbelief of a tradition unsupported by evidence."

I have been unable to discover whether there is any edition of Clarke's book, prior to that which is mentioned.

[2] Letters during the course of a tour through Germany in 1791 and 1792, by Robert Gray, M. A. published in 1794, pp. 19—21.

[3] Entitled, King Charles I. vindicated from the charge of plagiarism, brought against him by Milton, and Milton himself convicted of forgery, and a gross imposition on the public. Not content with this title, he begins the two first pages with all the consequence of a keeper of wild beasts, when he exhibits a more celebrated monster than usual; "The Grand Impostor detected!"

VI. We are now to be again gratified with the very curious researches, and ingenious deductions of Mr. Hayley. Having observed it to be highly probable, that Andreini turned the thoughts of Milton from Alfred to Adam, as the subject of a dramatic composition, he thinks it possible that an Italian writer, less known than Andreini, first threw into the mind of Milton the idea of converting Adam into an epic personage. "I have now before me," he proceeds, "a literary curiosity, which my accomplished friend, Mr. Walker, to whom the literature of Ireland has many obligations, very kindly sent me, on his return from an excursion to Italy, where it happened to strike a traveller, whose mind is peculiarly awakened to elegant pursuits. The book I am speaking of is intitled La Scena Tragica d'Adamo ed Eva, Estratta dalli primi tre capi della Sacra Genesi, e ridotta a significato Morale da Troilo Lancetta, Benacense. Venetia 1644. This little work is dedicated to Maria Gonzaga, dutchess of Mantua, and is nothing more than a drama in prose, of the ancient form, entitled a morality, on the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The author does not mention Andreini, nor has he any mixture of verse in his composition; but, in his address to the reader, he has the following very remarkable passage: after suggesting that the Mosaic history of Adam and Eve is purely allegorical, and designed as an incentive to virtue, he says,

Una notte sognai, che Moisè mi porse gratiosa espositione, e misterioso significato con parole tali apunto:

Dio fà parte all' Huom di se stesso con l' intervento della ragione, e dispone con infallibile sentenza, che signoreggiando in lui la medesma sopra le sensuali voglie, preservato il pomo del proprio core dalli appetiti disordinati, per guiderdone di giusta obbedienza li trasforma il mondo in Paradiso.—Di questo s'io parlassi, al sicuro formarei heroico poema convenevole a semidei.

'One night I dreamt that Moses explained to me the mystery, almost in these words:

'God reveals himself to Man, by the intervention of reason, and thus infallibly ordains that reason, while she supports her sovereignty over the sensual inclinations in Man, and preserves the apple of his heart from licentious appetites, in reward of his just obedience transforms the world into Paradise.—Of this were I to speak, assuredly I might form an heroic poem worthy of demi-gods.'

"It strikes me as possible that these last words, assigned to Moses in his vision by Troilo Lancetta, might operate on the mind of Milton like the question of Ellwood, and prove, in his prolific fancy, a kind of rich graft on the idea he derived from Andreini, and the germ of his greatest production.

"A sceptical critic, inclined to discountenance this conjecture, might indeed observe, it is more probable that Milton never saw a little volume not published until after his return from Italy, and written by an author so obscure, that his name does not occur in Tiraboschi's elaborate history of Italian literature; nor in the patient Italian chronicler of poets, Quadrio, though he bestows a chapter on early dramatic compositions in prose. But the mind that has once started a conjecture of this nature, must be weak indeed, if it cannot produce new shadows of argument in aid of a favourite hypothesis. Let me therefore be allowed to advance, as a presumptive proof of Milton's having seen the work of Lancetta, that he makes a similar use of Moses, and introduces him to speak a prologue in the sketch of his various plans for an allegorical drama. It is indeed possible that Milton might never see the performances either of Lancetta or Andreini; yet conjecture has ground enough to conclude very fairly, that he was acquainted with both; for

Andreini wrote a long allegorical drama on Paradise, and we know that the fancy of Milton first began to play with the subject according to that peculiar form of composition. Lancetta treated it also in the shape of a dramatic allegory; but said, at the same time, under the character of Moses, that the subject might form an incomparable epic poem; and Milton, quitting his own hasty sketches of allegorical dramas, accomplished a work which answers to that intimation[4]."

The following analysis of this drama has been made by Mr. Hayley:

Act I. Scene 1. "God commemorates his creation of the heavens, the earth, and the water—determines to make man—gives him vital spirit, and admonishes him to revere his Maker, and live innocent.

Scene 2. "Raphael, Michael, Gabriel, and Angels. Raphael praises the works of God—the other angels follow his example, particularly in regard to Man.

Scene 3. "God and Adam. God gives Paradise to Adam to hold as a fief—forbids him to touch the apple—Adam promises obedience.

Scene 4. "Adam acknowledges the beneficence of God, and retires to repose in the shade.

Act II. Scene 1. "God and Adam. God resolves to form a companion for Adam, and does so while Adam is sleeping—he then awakes Adam, and, presenting to him his new associate, blesses them both; then leaves them, recommending obedience to his commands.

Scene 2. "Adam and Eve. Adam receives Eve as his wife—praises her, and entreats her to join with him in revering and obeying God—she promises submission to his will, and entreats his instruction—he tells her the prohibition, and enlarges on the beauties of Paradise—on his speaking of flocks, she desires to see them, and he departs to show her the various animals.

Scene 3. "Lucifer, Belial, Satan. Lucifer laments his expulsion from Heaven; and meditates revenge against Man—the other demons relate the cause of their expulsion, and stimulate Lucifer to the revenge he meditates—he resolves to employ the Serpent.

Scene 4. "The Serpent, Eve, Lucifer. The Serpent questions Eve—derides her fear and obedience—tempts her to taste the apple—she expresses her eagerness to do so—the Serpent exults in the prospect of her perdition—Lucifer (who seems to remain as a separate person from the Serpent) expresses also his exultation, and steps aside to listen to a dialogue between Adam and Eve.

Scene 5. "Eve, Adam. Eve declares her resolution to taste the apple, and present it to her husband—she tastes it, and expresses unusual hope and animation—she says the serpent has not deceived her—she feels no sign of death, and presents the fruit to her husband—he reproves her—she persists in pressing him to eat—he complies—declares the fruit sweet, but begins to tremble at his own nakedness—he repents, and expresses his remorse and terrour—he proposes a form a covering of leaves—they retire to hide themselves in foliage.

[4] Conjectures on the Origin of Paradise Lost, at the end of the Life of Milton, 2d edit. 1796, p. 364, &c.

Act III. Scene 1. "Lucifer, Belial, Satan. Lucifer exults in his success, and the other Demons applaud him.

Scene 2. "Raphael, Michael, Gabriel. These good spirits lament the fall, and retire with awe on the appearance of God.

Scene 3. God, Eve, Adam. God calls on Adam—he appears and laments his nakedness—God interrogates him concerning the tree—he confesses his offence, and accuses Eve—she blames the Serpent—God pronounces his malediction and sends them from his presence.

Scene 4. "Raphael, Eve, and Adam. Raphael bids them depart from Paradise—Adam laments his destiny—Raphael persists in driving them rather harshly from the garden—Adam begs that his innocent children may not suffer for the fault of their mother—Raphael replies, that not only his children, but all his race must suffer, and continues to drive them from the garden—Adam obeys—Eve laments, but soon comforts Adam—he at length departs, animating himself with the idea, that to an intrepid heart every region is a home.

Scene 5. "A Cherub, moralizing on the creation and fall of Adam, concludes the third and last Act."

Mr. Walker, in his Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy, has enlarged this analysis with some specimens of the author's style and manner, together with a fac simile[5] of the quaint table, exhibiting the morale esposatione of the work. From the same ingenious and entertaining volume we learn that, "as Lancetta denominates himself Benacense, it is presumed he was a native of that part of the riviera of Salò, on the lago di Garda, which is called Tosolano, and whose inhabitants are styled Benacenses, from Benacus, the ancient name of the lake. He was, he modestly declares, neither a poet nor an orator,—poeta non son' io, ne oratore,—but I am willing to believe he was a good man, and that it was rather his virtues than his talents which recommended him to the accomplished family of Gonzaga, of which he seems to have been a protégé. Such is the deep obscurity in which this author is buried, that the most sedulous inquiry has not led to the discovery of any authentic notices concerning him. His drama is slightly mentioned by Allacci, who supposes it to be his only production[6]."

Mr. Hayley adds, to his remarks on the dramas of Andreini and Lancetta, that Milton was probably familiar with an Italian poem, little known in England, and formed expressly on the conflict of the apostate spirits; the Angeleida del Sig. Erasmo di Valvasone, Venet. 1590. Dr. Warton was of the same opinion. See the note on Par. Lost. B. v. 689. And Mr. Hayley has cited the verses, in which the Italian poet assigns to the infernal powers the invention of artillery. With this poem, I think, the mind of Milton could not but be affected. It begins:

Io canterò del ciel l' antica guerra,
Per cui sola il principio, et l' uso nacque,
Onde tra il seme human non pur in terra,
Ma souente si pugna anchor sù l' acque:
Carcere eterno nel abisso serra
Quel che ne fù l' authore, & vinto giacque:
Ei vincitori in parte eccelsa, & alma
Godon trionfo eterno, eterna palma.

[5] Hist. Mem. Appendix, p. xlviii—lvi.

[6] Hist. Mem. p. 172.

Valvasone's description of the triumphant angels in B. iii. is particularly interesting. The poem concludes with an animated sonnet to the Archangel Michael, preceded by the four following lines:

Così disse Michele, & dà le pure
Ciglia di Dio refulse un chiaro lampo,
Che gli die segno del diuino assenso,
E tutto il Ciel fù pien di gaudio immenso.

All' Arcangelo Michele.

Eccelso Heroe, Campion inuitto, & Santo
De l' imperio diuin, per cui pigliasti
L' alta contesa, e 'l reo Dragon cacciasti
Da l' auree stelle debellato, & franto;
Et hor non men giù ne l' eterno pianto,
Onde ei risorger mal s' attenta, i vasti
Orgogli suoi reprimi, & gli contrasti,
A nostro schermo con continuo vanto;
Questi miei noui accenti, onde traluce
La gran tua gloria, e 'l mio deuoto affetto,
Accogli tu fin da l' empirea luce:
Sieno in vece di preghi, & al cospetto
Gli porta pio del sempiterno Duce,
Che di sua gratia adempia il mio difetto.

Mr. Hayley seems to think also, that Milton may be sometimes traced in the Strage de gli Innocenti of Marino. The late Mr. Bowle appears to have entertained a similar notion. See also Mr. Warton's note In Mansum, ver. 11. A few passages are accordingly cited, from this poem, in the Notes on Paradise Lost. It was first published at Venice in 1633; and consists of four books: 1. Sospetto d'Herode: 2. Consiglio de Satrapi: 3. Essecutione della Strage: 4. Il Limbo. Milton has been thought indebted likewise to Crashaw[7], the translator of the first of these books. I will select a few passages, therefore, from this version, which seem to have afforded some countenance to the opinion. Sospetto d'Herode, stanza, 5. Description of Satan. Crashaw's Poems, edit. 1648, p. 59.

His eyes, the sullen dens of death and night,
Startle the dull ayre with a dismal red:
Such his fell glances as the fatall light
Of staring comets, that looke kingdomes dead.——
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatious wings;
Which, like two bosom'd sailes, embrace the dimme
Aire, with a dismall shade; but all in vaine;
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chaine."

Part of his speech: st. 28.

And should we Powers of Heaven, Spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I, and clombe the North,
Where never wing of Angell yet made way.
What though I mist my blow? yet I strooke high;
And, to dare something, is some victory.——

7 Biogr. Brit. edit. Kippis, vol. iv, p. 431.

31.

Ah wretch! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,
Where dawning hope no beame of comfort showes?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys,
Renders thee double to thy present woes;
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meete the mischiefe that upon thee growes.
If Hell must mourne, Heaven sure shall sympathize:
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

32.

And yet whose force feare I? have I so lost
Myselfe? my strength too with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, Heaven, Earth; whate'er dost boast
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence:
Come thy Creator too; what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths.
Heaven saw us struggle once; as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.

33.

Thus spoke the impatient prince, and made a pause:
His foule hags raised their heads, and clapt their hands;
And all the powers of Hell, in full applause,
Flourisht their snakes, and tost their flaming brands.
We, said the horrid sisters, wait thy lawes,
The obsequious handmaids of thy high commands:
Be it thy part, Hell's mighty Lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands; ours to obey.

34.

What thy Alecto, what these hands, can doe,
Thou mads't bold proofe upon the brow of Heaven;
Nor should'st thou hate in pride, because that now
To these thy sooty kingdomes thou art driven.
Let Heaven's Lord chide above, lowder than thou,
In language of his thunder; thou art even
With him below: here thou art Lord alone
Boundlesse and absolute: Hell is thine owne.

That Crashaw and Milton should concur in similar sentiments and expressions, when Marino dictates to both, can be a matter of little surprise. But, when we compare the passages in Milton which may be considered as harmonizing with these in Crashaw, we shall not hesitate to declare that, in bold and glowing phraseology, as well as in beautiful and expressive numbers, the palm, due to the improvement of the original, belongs to the former. Nor shall we forget the hints from Æschylus and Dante, which Milton finely interweaves in the character of his Prince of darkness. Milton, no doubt, had read Crashaw's translation; as he had read the translations also of Ariosto and Tasso by Harington and Fairfax; to various

passages in which he has, in like manner, added new graces resulting from his own imagination and judgment. There are also a few resemblances in Crashaw's poetry to passages in Milton, which I have noticed in their respective places. Crashaw, I may add, is entitled to the merit of suggesting the combination and form of several happy phrases to Pope. Of a poet, thus distinguished, I take this opportunity to subjoin a few particulars from the unpublished manuscript of his fellow-collegian, Dr. John Bargrave. "When I went first of my 4 times to Rome, there were there 4 revolters to the Roman Church that had binn fellowes of Peterhouse in Cambridge with myselfe. The name of one of them was Mr. R. Crashaw, whoe was of the Seguita (as their tearme is), that is, an attendant, or one of the followers of Cardinall Palotta, for which he had a salary of crownes by the month, (as the custome is,) but no dyet. Mr. Crashaw infinitely commended his Cardinall, but complayned extreamly of the wickedness of those of his retinue, of which he, having his Cardinall's care, complayned to him; vpon which the Italians fell so farr owt with him, that the Cardinall, to secure his life, was faine to putt him from his service; and, procuring him some smale imploy at the Lady's of Loretto, whither he went in pilgrimage in summer time, and ourheating him selfe dyed in few weeks after he came thither; and it was doubtfull whether he were not poysoned [8]."—

Mr. Hayley notices the existence also of the following pieces relating to Milton's subject:

I. Adamo Caduto, tragedia sacra, di Serafino della Salandria. Cozenzo, 1647. 8vo.

II. La Battagalia Celeste tra Michele e Lucifero, di Antonio Alfani, Palermitano. Palermo, 1568. 4to.

III. Del Adamo di Giovanni Soranzo, Genova, 1604. 12mo.

They had however, escaped the researches of Mr. Hayley. Signor Signorelli, the learned and elegant correspondent of Mr. Walker on subjects connected with his Memoir on Italian Tragedy [9], published in 1799, had not then seen them. Whether Milton had perused them, must therefore be a matter of future inquiry. Mr. Walker, to whom the reader is indebted for the curious Note on the dialogue between Satan and Michael, Par. Lost, B. vi. 292, &c. observes that all the commentators pass over the obligations of Milton to the Gerusalemme Distrutta of Marino. From the seventh canto, which is all that is printed [1], and which is subjoined to two small editions of the Strage de gli Innocenti in his possession, Mr. Walker has made a few extracts; and I have cited those relating to the compassionate countenance of Christ, and to the glorious description of God, in the Notes on B. iii. 140, 380. See also the note on B. xi. 406.

Mr. Hayley further notices the probable attention of Milton to Tasso's [2] Le Set-

After the restoration of Charles II. Dr. Bargrave became prebendary of Canterbury, to the library of which cathedral he gave many books and other curiosities. See a further account of this MS. in the note on Christina, queen of Sweden, in Todd's Milton, Vol. VI. p. 270.

[9] See the Hist. Mem. Appendix, p. 33.

[1] Ibid. p. 36.

[2] Dr. Warton mentions only the edition of Viterbo, in 1607. There had been an earlier edition thus entitled, I due primi Giorni del Mondo Creato, Poesia sacra. Venet. 1600, 4to. And a later, Le sette Giornate, &c. Ult. impress. ricorretta. Venet. 1637.

te Giornate del Mondo Creato. See likewise Dr. Warton's note on Par. Lost, B. v. 689. Tasso, like Milton, follows indeed almost the very words of Scripture in relating the commands of God on the several days of the Creation. The poem is in blank verse. I submit to the reader the following pious address:

Dimmi, qual opra allhora, ò qual riposo
Fosse ne la Diuina, e Sacra Mente
In quel d' eternita felice stato.
E 'n qual ignota parte, e'n quale idea
Era l' essempio tuo, Celeste Fabro,
Quando facesti à te la Reggia, e 'l Tempio.
Tu, che 'l sai, tu 'l riuela: e chiare, e conte
Signor, per me fà l' opre, i modi, e l'arti.
Signor, tu se' la mano, io son la cetra,
La qual mossa da te, con dolci tempre
Di soaue armonia, risuona; e molce
D' adamantino smalto i duri affetti.
Signor, tu se' lo spirto io rocà tromba,
Son per me stesso à la tua gloria; e langue,
Se non m' inspiri tu, la voce, e 'l suono.

In the preceding verses Milton's address to the Holy Spirit, "Instruct me, for thou know'st," is perhaps observable. They close also with a similar sentiment to his invocation of the same assistance in his Paradise Regained, B. i. 11.

Thou spirit, ———————— inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute.

VII. The latest observation respecting the origin of Paradise Lost, which has been submitted to the public, is contained in Mr. Dunster's Considerations on Milton's early Reading, and the prima stamina of Paradise Lost, 1800. The object of these Considerations is to prove that Milton became, at a very early period of his life, enamoured of Joshua Sylvester's translation of the French poet, Du Bartas. Lauder had asserted long since that Milton was indebted to Sylvester's translation for "numberless fine thoughts besides his low trick of playing upon words and his frequent use of technical terms. From him," he adds, "Milton has borrowed many elegant phrases, and single words, which were thought to be peculiar to him, or rather coined by him; such as palpable darkness, and a thousand others." Lauder has also said, that Philips, Milton's nephew, "every where, in his Theatrum Poetarum, either wholly passes over in silence such authors as Milton was most obliged to, or, if he chances to mention them, does it in the most slight and superficial manner imaginable, Du Bartas alone excepted." But Sylvester is also highly commended, in this work, for his translation. Mr. Hayley well observes, in apology, for other omissions of Philips, "which are too frequent to be considered as accidental, that he probably chose not to enumerate various poems relating to Angels, to Adam and to Paradise, lest ignorance and malice should absurdly consider the mere existance of such poetry as a derogation from the glory of Milton."

Lauder adds, that there is "a commentary on this work, called A Summary of Du Bartas, a book full of prodigious learning, and many curious observations on all arts and sciences; from whence Milton has derived a multiplicity of fine hints,

scattered up and down his poem, especially in philosophy and theology." This book was printed in folio, in 1621; and is recommended, in the title page, "as fitt for the learned to refresh their memories, and for younger students to abbreviate and further theire studies." From this pretended garden of sweets I can collect no nosegay. It cannot indeed be supposed that Milton, when he wrote the Paradise Lost, was so imperfectly acquainted with the purer sources of knowledge, as to be indebted to such a volume.

That Milton, however, had read the translation of Du Bartas, has been admitted by his warmest admirers, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Bowle, Mr. Warton and Mr. Headley. A slight remark, which the editor of these volumes long since ventured to make, in the Gentleman's Magazine [3], respecting Milton's acquaintance with the poetry of Sylvester attracted the notice of the author of the Considerations, &c. just mentioned; and appears to have stimulated his desire to know more of the forgotten bard. Mr. Dunster, therefore, having procured an edition of Sylvester's Du Bartas, drew up his ingenious volume; and, with no less elegance of language than liberality of opinion, pointed out the taste and judgement of Milton in availing himself of particular passages in that book. With honourable affection for the fame of Milton, he observes that "nothing can be further from my intention than to insinuate that Milton was a plagiarist, or servile imitator; but I conceive that, having read these sacred poems of very high merit, at the immediate age when his own mind was just beginning to teem with poetry, he retained numberless thoughts, passages, and expressions therein, so deeply in his mind, that they hung inherently on his imagination, and became, as it were, naturalized there. Hence many of them were afterwards insensibly transfused into his own compositions." Sylvester's Du Bartas was also a popular book when Milton began to write poetry; it was published in the very street in which Milton's father then lived; Sylvester was certainly, as was probably Humphry Lownes [4], the printer of the book, puritanically inclined; Milton's family professing the same religious opinions, would powerfully recommend to the young student the perusal of this work: by such inferences, added to the preceding remark, the reader is led to acknowledge the successful manner in which Mr. Dunster has accomplished his design; namely, to shew Milton's "early acquaintance with, and predilection for, Sylvester's Du Bartas." I am persuaded, however, that Milton must have sometimes closed the volume with extreme disgust; and that he then sought gratification in the strains of his kindred poets, of Spenser and of Shakspeare; or of those whose style was not barbarous like Sylvester's, the enticing Drummond, the learned and affecting Drayton, and several other bards of that period; as may be gathered from expressions even in his earliest performances [5]. But, to resume Mr. Dunster's observation respecting the

[3] See November 1796, p. 900. See also Mr. Dunster's Considerations, &c. p. 3. I take this opportunity of adding that Dr. Farmer's remark occurs in a note on the "married calm of states," in Troilus and Cressida. See Steevens's Shakspeare, edit. 1793. Vol. XI. p. 254.

[4] I may observe that the folio edition of Spenser's Faery Queen, and of his other poems, in 1611, came from the press of Humphrey Lownes; the date at the end of the Faery Queen is, however, 1612.

In 1611 also Humphry Lownes printed the second edition of the little volume, from which shall presently have occasion to make an extract or two, entitled Stafford's Niobe: or his Age of Teares. A Treatise no lesse profitable and comfortable than the Times damnable, &c. 12mo.

[5] See the notes on his translations of the 114th and 136th Psalms.

Origin of Paradise Lost: Sylvester's Du Bartas "contains indeed, more material prima stamina of the Paradise Lost, than, as I believe, any other book whatever: and my hypothesis is, that it positively laid the first stone of that monumentum ære perennius. That Arthur, for a time, predominated in Milton's mind over his, at length preferred, sacred subject, was probably owing to the advice of Manso, and the track of reading into which he had then got. How far the Adamo of Andreini, or the Scena Tragica d'Adamo et Eva of Lancetta, as pointed out by Mr. Hayley; or any of the Italian poems on such subjects, noticed by Mr. Walker; contributed to revive his predilection for sacred poesy, it is beside my purpose to inquire. If he was materially caught by any of these, it served, I conceive, only to renew a primary impression made on his mind by Sylvester's Du Bartas; although the Italian dramas might induce him then to meditate his divine poem in a dramatic form. It is, indeed, justly observed by Mr. Warton, on the very fine passage, ver. 33, of the Vacation Exercise, written when Milton was only nineteen, 'that it contains strong indications of a young mind anticipating the subject of Paradise Lost.'—Cowley found himself to be a poet, or, as he himself tells us, 'was made one,' by the delight he took in Spenser's Fairy Queen, 'which was wont to lay in his mother's apartment;' and which he had read all over, before he was twelve years old. That Dryden was, in some degree, similarly indebted to Cowley, we may collect from his denominating him 'the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley.' Pope, at a little more than eight years of age, was initiated in poetry by the perusal of Ogilby's Homer and Sandys's Ovid; and to the latter he has himself intimated obligations, where he declares, in his Notes to the Iliad, 'that English poetry owes much of its present beauty to the translations of Sandys.' The rudimenta poetica of our great poet I suppose similarly to have been Sylvester's Du Bartas; which, I conceive, not only elicited the first sparks of poetic fire from the pubescent genius of Milton, but induced him, from that time, to devote himself principally to sacred poesy, and to select Urania for his immediate Muse,

——————— magno perculsus amore."

While I agree with Mr. Munster, that Milton has adopted several thoughts and expressions from Sylvester, I hope I may be permitted to observe that, although the poem of Du Bartas treats largely of the creation of the world and the fall of man, the origin of Paradise Lost may not perhaps be absolutely attributed to that work. "Smit with the love of sacred song," Milton, I apprehend, might be influenced, in his "long choosing and beginning late," by other effusions of sacred poesy, in the language which he loved, and in the epic form, on several subjects; besides those of Dante, of Tasso, and of the Italian poets already mentioned. In the following list the Muses of Spain and Portugal also will be found to have chosen congenial themes:

I. Discorso in versi della Creazione del Mondo sino alla Venuta di Gesù Cristo, per Antonio Cornazono. 4to. 1472.

II. Della Creatione del Mondo, Poema Sacro. del Sig. Gasparo Mvrtola. Giorne sette, Canti sedici. 12mo. Venet. 1608.

III. Epamerone, overo l' opera de sei Giorni, Poema di Don Felice Passero. 12mo. Venet. 1609.

IV. Creacion del Mundo, Poema Espagnol, por el Doctor Alonzo de Azevedo. 8vo. en Roma, 1615.

V. Da Creação et Compolicão do Homem, Cantos tres por Luis de Camoens, em Verso Portugues. 4to. em Lisboa 1615. Rimas 2da. Parte.—Paris, 12mo. 1759.

The first of these poems is noticed by Baretti in his Italian Library, p. 58; who also mentions an epic poem, first printed in Sicily, and since at Milan, of which he had forgot the dates, entitled, "L' Adamo del Campailla. It is a philosophical poem, much admired by the followers of the Cartesian system, who were very numerous when the author wrote it." Ib. p. 66. Baretti also mentions another epic poem "Le sei Giornate, di Sebastiano Erizzo. The six Days, that is, the Creation performed in six days, &c." Ib. p. 64. But this is a mistake. Le sei Giornate of Erizzo is neither a poem, nor at all connected with the history of the Creation. It is a series of novels: Le sei giornate, nelle quali sotto diuersi fortunati & infelici auenimenti, da sei giouani raccontati, si contengono ammaestramenti nobili & utili di morale Filosofia [6].

The second of the before-mentioned poems is in my possession; and I have given some account of it in the notes on B. iv. 753, and B. v. 689, of Paradise Lost.

The three next are mentioned by Mr. Bowle, together with the preceding poem; as also with the Adamos of Andreni, Soranzo, and Serafino della Salandra, and with the Angeleida of Valvasone; in his manuscript notes [7] on Lauder's Essay. He has added a reference to the following work, which might not be unknown to Milton,

VI. Il Caso di Lucifero, di Amico Aguiflo. Crescimbeni, 4. 126.

To which may be subjoined another poem that might have attracted the great poet's notice, as it is pronounced by Baretti to be little inferior to Dante himself.

VII. Il Quadriregio, sopra i regni d' Amore, di Satanasso, dei vizi, e delle virtu, di Mons. F. Frezzi Vescovo di Foligno. fol. Perug. 1481.

I may venture also to point out

VIII. La Vita & Passione di Christo, &c. composta per Antonio Cornozano, in terza rima. Venet. 1518. 12mo.

In which the second chapter of the first book is entitled De la creatione del mondo.

IX. La Humanita del Figlivolo di Dio, in ottaua rima, per Theofilo Folengo, Mantoano. Venegia. 1533. 4to.

In ten books: in the second of which Adam and Eve are particularly noticed. Dr. Burney has considered the sacred drama of Il Gran Natale di Christo by the elder Cicognini, as subservient to Milton's plan. See the note on Par. Lost, B. x. 249. There is also a poem of P. Antonio Glielmo [8], Milton's contemporary, entitled Il Diluvio del Mondo; and there are the Mondo Desolato of the "shepherd-boy," G. D. Peri, (the author also of the epic poem, Fiesole Distrutta,)

[6] Proemio. p. 1.—This work of Sebastian Erizzo was printed at Venice in quarto, by Giouan Varisco &c. in 1567

[7] Now the property of Richard Gough, Esq. to whom I am much indebted for the use of the book.

[8] He died in 1644. See Elogii d' Huomini Letterati, scritti da Lorenzo Crasso, parte seq. Venet. 1666. p. 287.

and the Giudicio Estremo of Toldo Costantini; both published [9] before Milton perhaps had determined the subject of his song. The writer of the article Pona (François) in the Nouveau Dict. Hist. à Caen, edit. 1786, says that Pona published L'Adamo, poema, 1664. The Adamo by this writer, (of which I am possessed) is not however a poem, although abounding with poetical expressions, but a history, in three books, of the creation and of our first parents. I have made extracts from it in the notes on Par. Lost, B. ix. 704, 897, &c. Pona was an author not a little admired in Italy: he died in 1652. Loredano, in a letter to him, says L'ingegno di V. S. è un giardino di Paradiso, ove non nascono che fiori immortali. Tale hò riconosciuto l' angelico [1]. Loredano himself has also written an Italian Life of Adam; which is mentioned in the notes on Par. Lost, B. ix. 529, 1009. It is probable that Pona and Loredano were acquainted with Milton: that they were among those discerning persons, who, "in the private academies of Italy, whither," the poet tells us, "he was favoured to resort [2]," fostered his blooming genius by their approbation and encouragement. Loredano was the founder of the Accademia degli Incogniti. His house at Venice was the constant resort of learned men. Gaddi, an Italian friend whom Milton names, and who has celebrated the foundation of the academy [3], would hardly fail to introduce the young Englishman to the founder of it, if by no other means he had become known to him.

Italy, then, may perhaps be thought to have confirmed, if not to have excited, the design of Milton to sing "Man's disobedience, and the mortal taste of the forbidden fruit."

Mr. Bowle, in his catalogue of poets who have treated Milton's subject before him, mentions Alcimus Avitus, archbishop of Vienna, who wrote a poem, in Latin hexameters, De Origine Mundi. Phillips, in his account of this author [4] adds the name of Claudius Marius Victor, a rhetorician of Marseilles, who wrote upon Genesis in hexameters also; which are said to be extant. Pantaleon Candidus, a German poet, has a copy of verses, I find, in his Loci communes theologici, &c. Basil. 1570, p. 24—27, entitled Lapsus Adæ; and in a nuptial hymn, in the same volume, p. 110, he has painted the creation of Eve in lines not unworthy the attention of Milton.

Ergo, novum molitus opus, pater ipse profundum
Instillat somnum, cui jam in tellure jacenti
Eximit insertam lato sub pectore costam,
Expleus carne locum, sed enim pulcherrima visu
Fœmina, quæ donis superaret quicquid in orbe est,
Exoritur; qualis primo cùm Lucifer ortu
Evehit auricomum gemmatâ luce nitorem.
Nec mora surgenti è somnis, lucémque tuenti,
Matronam insignem Genitor vultúque decoram
Obtulit ante oculos Adæ: miratur honorem
Egregium, et toto fulgentem pectore formam;

[9] The former in 1637; and I believe there is an earlier edition: the latter in 1648.
[1] Lettres de Loredano, edit. Bruxelles, 1708. p. 88.
[2] See the preface to his Church Government, B. II. and his Epitaph. Damon. v. 133, &c.
[3] See Jacobi Gaddii Adlocutiones, et Elegia, &c. Florentiæ, 1636. 4to. p. 38.
[4] Theat. Poet. edit. 1675. Ancient Poets, p. 12.

Agnoscitque suo sumptum de corpore corpus,
Et sic incipiens læto tandem ore profatur:
  Aspicio, accipióque libens tua maxima rerum
Munera largitor, nostris ex ossibus ossa.
Formata in teneros humani corporis artus
Offers, egregiáque thori me compare donas, &c.

I must not omit to mention an English poem, relating to the state of innocence, entitled The Glasse of Time in the two first Ages, divinely handled by Thomas Peyton, of Lincolne's Inne, Gent. 4to. Lond. 1623; and to observe also that part of Du Bartas had been translated into verse, and published, before the first edition of Sylvester's, "by William Lisle of Wilburgham, Esquier for the King's body," namely, in 1596 and 1598, and again in 1625. See the note on Milton's cxivth Psalm, ver. 11. Lisle's compound epithets, in his translation, are very numerous, and sometimes extremely beautiful. Sylvester has often merit also of this kind: but it is my duty to observe, that Sylvester is not always original; his shining phrases may be frequently traced in contemporary or preceding poets. In the notes on Milton's poetical works, I have sometimes had occasion to exhibit the expressions of Sylvester in this point of view. In justice, however, to this laborious writer, I shall here close my remarks with a detached specimen of his poetry; to which, if Milton has been indebted, the temptation of the Serpent in Paradise Lost affords such a contrast, that the reader will be at no loss how to appreciate the improvement.

Eve, second honour of this vniverse!
Is 't true (I pray) that jealous God, perverse,
Forbids (quoth he) both you, and all your race,
All the fair fruits these siluer brooks embrace;
So oft bequeath'd you, and by you possest,
And day and night by your own labour drest?
  With th' air of these sweet words, the wily snake
A poysoned air inspired (as it spake)
In Eve's frail brest; who thus replies: "O! knowe
Whate'er thou be, (but thy kind care doth showe
A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs
In this earth's-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,
Except alone that goodly fruit diuine,
Which in the midst of this green ground doth shine;
But all-good God (alas! I wot not why)
Forbad us touch that tree, on pain to dy."—
She ceast; already brooding in her heart
A curious wish that will her weal subvert.
  "As a false louer, that thick snares hath laid
T' intrap the honour of a fair young maid,
When she (though little) listning ear affords
To his sweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feels some asswaging of his freezing flame,
And sooths himself with hope to gain his game;
And, rapt with joy, vpon this point persists,
That parleing city never long resists:
Even so the Serpent that doth counterfet
A guilefull call t' allure vs to his net,

Perceiuing Eve his flattering glose digest
He prosecutes; and, jocund doth not rest,
Till he haue try'd foot, hand, and head, and all,
Vpon the breach of this new-batter'd wall.
"No, fair," (quoth he) "beleeue not that the care
God hath, mankinde from spoyling death to spare,
Makes him forbid you (on so strict condition)
his purest, fairest, rarest fruit's fruition:
A double fear, an envie, and a hate,
His iealous heart for euer cruciate;
Sith the suspected vertue of this tree
Shall soon disperse the cloud of idiocy,
Which dims your eyes; and, further, make you seem
(Excelling vs) even equall Gods to him.
O World's rare glory! reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach, I say; why dost thou stop or stand?
Begin thy bliss, and do not fear the threat
Of an vncertain God-head, onely great
Though self-aw'd zeal: put on the glistering pall
Of immortality: do not forestall
(As envious stepdames) thy posteritie
The soverain honour of Divinitie."

SYLVESTER'S DU BARTAS, Edit. 1621. pp. 192, 193.

As Milton has been supposed to have been much obliged to other poets in describing the unsubdued spirit of Satan, especially where he says,

Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven:

I am tempted to make an extract or two from Stafford's Niobe, a prose-work already mentioned[8], in which Satan speaks the following words; not dissimilar to passages in Fletcher and Crashaw, which have been cited, on the same subject.

"They say forsooth, that pride was the cause of my fall; and that I dwell where there is nothing but weeping, howling, and gnashing of teeth; of which that falsehood was the authour, I will make you plainelie perceiue. True it is, sir, that I (storming at the name of supremacie) sought to depose my Creatour; which the watchful, all-seeing eye of Prouidence finding, degraded me of my angelicall dignitie, dispossessed me of all pleasures; and the Seraphin and Cherubin, Throni, Dominationes, Virtutes, Potestates, Principatus, Arch-angeli, Angeli, and all the celestiall Hierarchyes, with a shout of applause sung my departure out of Heauen: my Alleluia was turned into an Ehu; and too soone I found, that I was corruptibilis ab alio, though not in alio; and that he, that gaue me my being, could againe take it from mee. Now for as much as I was once an angell of light, it was the will of Wisedome to confine me to darknes and to create mee prince thereof: that so I, who could not obey in Heauen, might commaund in Hell. And, beliene mee, sir, I had rather controule within my dark diocese, than to reinhabite coelum empyrium, and there liue in subjection, vnder check." Edit. 1611, pp. 16—18 part the second. Stafford calls Satan the "grim visag'd Goblin," ibid. p. 85. And, in the first part of the book, he describes the devil as having "committed incest with his daughter, the World." p. 3. He also attributes the gunpowder plot to the devil, "with his unhallowed senate of popes, the inuentors and fautours of this vnheard-of attempt in Hell." p. 149.

I have thus brought together opinions, delivered at different periods respecting the origin of Paradise Lost; and have humbly endeavoured to trace, in part, the reading of the great poet, subservient to his plan. More successful discoveries

[8] See the note p. 336.

will probably arise from the pursuits of those, who are devoted to patient and liberal investigation. Videlicet hoc illud est præcipuè studiorum genus, quod vigiliis augescat; ut cui subinde ceu fluminibus ex decursu, sic accedit ex lectione minutatim quo fiat uberius[6]. To such persons may be recommended the masterly observations of him, who was once so far imposed upon as to believe Lauder an honest man, and Milton a plagiary: but who expressed, when "Douglas and Truth appeared,[7]" the strongest indignation against the envious impostor[8]: for they are observations resulting from a wish not to depreciate, but zealously to praise, the Paradise Lost. "Among the inquiries, to which this ardour of criticism has naturally given occasion, none is more obscure in itself, or more worthy of rational curiosity, than a retrospect of the progress of this mighty genius in the construction of his work; a view of the fabric gradually rising, perhaps, from small beginnings, till its foundation rests in the center, and its turrets sparkle in the skies; to trace back the structure, through all its varieties, to the simplicity of its first plan; to find what was first projected, whence the scheme was taken, how it was improved, by what assistance it was executed, and from what stores the materials were collected; whether its founder dug them from the quarries of Nature, or demolished other buildings to embellish his own[9]." I may venture to add that, in such inquiries, patience will be invigorated rather than dispirited; and every new discovery will teach us more and more to admire the genius, the erudition, and the memory of the inimitable Milton.

[6] Politian. Miscellaneorum Præf.

[7] The Progress of Envy, an excellent poem occasioned by Lauder's attack on the character of Milton. See Lloyd's Poems, last line of Progress of Envy.

[8] So bishop Douglas told the affectionate biographer of Dr. Johnson. See Boswell's Life of Johnson, Vol. I. p. 197, Edit. 1799.

[9] See Boswell's Life of Johnson, Vol. I. p. 199.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

MILTON.

IN PARADISUM AMISSAM SUMMI POETÆ, JOHANNIS MILTONI [1].

Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines, continet iste liber.
Inti ma panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractúsque maris, cœlúmque profundum,
Sulphureúmque Erebi, flammivomúmque specus:
Quæque colunt terras, pontúmque, et Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?
Et tamen hæc hodiè terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ proculit arma!
Quæ canit, et quantâ prælia dira tubâ!
Cœlestes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in æthereis tollit se Lucifer armis!
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaële minor!
Quantis, et quàm funestis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ.
At simul in cœlis Messiæ insignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armáque digna Deo,
Horrendúmque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
Admistis flammis insonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pœnas fugiunt; et, ceu foret Orcus asylum,
Infernis certant condere se tenebris,
Cedite, Romani scriptores; cedite, Graii;
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit annus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantùm cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M.D[2].

ON PARADISE LOST.

When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song;
(So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spight)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

[1] This poem by Dr. Barrow, and the next by Milton's friend Andrew Marvel, have been usually published in the editions of *Paradise Lost*, since the edition of 1674, to which they are both prefixed. *TODD.*

[2] Of Dr. Samuel Barrow, the author of these verses, no account has been given by the editors of Milton. Toland only calls him a doctor of physic. Perhaps he was the physician to the army of general Monk. *TODD.*

Yet as I read, still growing less severe,
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;
Through that wild field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he'd perplex the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.
Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And, by ill imitating, would excell)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majesty, which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horrour on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird, nam'd from that Paradise you sing,
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells,
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our bushy points appear;
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And, while I meant to praise thee, must commend.
Thy verse created, like thy theme, sublime,
In number weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVELL.

TO MR. JOHN MILTON, ON HIS POEM ENTITLED PARADISE LOST[3].

O thou! the wonder of the present age,
An age immers'd in luxury and vice;
A race of triflers; who can relish nought
But the gay issue of an idle brain:
How couldst thou hope to please this tinsel race?—
Though blind, yet, with the penetrating eye
Of intellectual light, thou dost survey
The labyrinth perplex'd of Heaven's decrees;
And with a quill, pluck'd from an angel's wing[4],
Dipt in the fount that laves the eternal throne,
Trace the dark paths of Providence Divine,
"And justify the ways of God to man."

F. C. 1680.

There poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go:
To make a third, she join'd the former two[5].

DRYDEN.

FROM AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks
Unfetter'd, in majestic numbers, walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
Nor Earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upward springs, and, towering high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes Heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets the Almighty Thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole intention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terrour and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, with thunder, scare
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire:
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scene of Paradise;
What tongue, that words of rapture, can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!

ADDISON.

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[3] These verses by F. C. are prefixed to Milton's poetical works in the edition of the English poets, 1779. They had before appeared in Fawkes and Woty's Poetical Calendar, 1763, vol. viii. 69. But we are not told who F. C. was. As I have not yet met with these verses in any other publication, I may be permitted to offer a conjecture that Francis Cradock, a member of the Rota-Club to which Milton belonged, might be the author of them. See Wood's Ath. Ox. vol. ii. 531. *TODD.*

[4] The expressions, in this line, occur in one of Constable's Sonnets.

The pen wherewith thow dost so heauenly singe
Made of a quill pluckt from an angell's winge.

So, in Davies's Bien Venu, 1606.

But poet's pens pluckt from archangels' wings.

[5] This celebrated epigram on Milton appears under the well-engraved head of the poet by R. White, prefixed to the folio edition of Paradise Lost in 1688. It has been thus published in many succeeding editions of the same poem. Dryden, I should add, is a subscriber to the edition of 1688. *TODD.*

ADDRESS TO GREAT BRITAIN.

——————————For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius, universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; as Heaven sublime!

THOMSON'S SUMMER.

ODE TO THE MUSE.

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying, flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elysian train,
The soul of Milton shall I gain,
To win thee back with some celestial strain?

O powerful strain! O sacred soul!
His numbers every sense control:
And now again my bosom burns;
The Muse, the Muse herself, returns!

AKENSIDE.

Our stedfast bard, to his own genius true,
Still bade his Muse, 'fit audience find, though "few."
Scorning the judgement of a trifling age,
To choicer spirits he bequeath'd his page.
He too was scorn'd; and, to Britannia's shame,
She scarce for half an age knew Milton's name.
But now, his fame by every trumpet blown,
We, on his deathless trophies raise our own.
Nor art nor nature did his genius bound;
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, he survey'd around;
All things his eye, through wit's bright empire thrown,
Beheld; and made, what it beheld, his own.
Such Milton was: 'tis ours to bring him forth;
And yours to vindicate neglected worth.
Such Heaven-taught numbers should be more than read,
More wide the manna through the nation spread.
Like some bless'd spirit he to night descends.
Mankind he visits, and their steps befriends;
Through mazy errour's dark perplexing wood,
Points out the path of true and real good;
Warns erring youth, and guards the spotless maid
From spell of magic vice, by reason's aid.—

DR. DALTON'S PROLOGUE TO COMUS, 1738.

Ye patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flattering rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise!
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close Malevolence, or public Rage;
Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell,
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled Spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
Ambitious, catches at his towering name:
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown,—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threatening o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring Muse her morning dreams inspire;
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native charms,
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

Dr. Johnson's Prologue to the Mask of Comus, acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, April 5, 1750, for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter.

Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy;
The secrets of the abyss to spy,
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.

GRAY'S PROGRESS OF POESY.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

High on some cliff, to Heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where tangled round the jealous steep
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head
An Eden, like his own, lies spread;
I view that oak the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,

Nigh sphere'd in Heaven, its native strains could hear,
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain:——Such bliss to one alone
Of all the sons of soul was known;
And Heaven and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'ertaum'd the inspiring bowers,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

COLLINS.

ODE TO MEMORY.

Rise, hallow'd Milton! rise, and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day;
How, when "depress'd by age, beset with wrongs;"
When "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues:"
When Darkness, brooding on thy sight,
Exil'd the sov'reign lamp of light:
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse;
What friends were thine, save Memory and the Muse?
Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
Caught from the stores of ancient Truth:
Hence all thy busy eye could pleas'd explore,
When Rapture led thee to the Latian shore;
Each scene, that Tiber's bank supplied;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly;
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
Were still thine own: thy ample mind
Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd,
And thence "the nightly visitant," that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace;
That whilom shot from Nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand Perfection's gorgeous vest.

MASON.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS WARTON'S ADDRESS TO THE PRESENT QUEEN ON HER MARRIAGE.

Lo! this the land, whence Milton's Muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from Heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amarantine grove.

FROM THE DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT IN THE SAME AUTHOR'S PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead through flowery paths of joy;
But let the sacred Genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spencer saw,
When through bewildering Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
The unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All Heaven in tumult, and the seraphim
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Apart, and on a sacred hill retir'd,
Beyond all mortal inspiration fir'd,
The mighty Milton sits:—An host around
Of listening angels guard the holy ground;
Amaz'd they see a human form aspire
To grasp with daring hand a seraph's lyre
Inly irradiate with celestial beams,
Attempt those high, those soul-subduing themes,
(Which humbler denizens of Heaven decline,)
And celebrate, with sanctity divine,
The starry field from warring angels won,
And God triumphant in his Victor son.
Nor less the wonder, and the sweet delight,
His milder scenes and softer notes excite,
When, at his bidding, Eden's blooming grove
Breathes the rich sweets of innocence and love.
With such pure joy as our forefather knew
When Raphael, Heavenly guest, first met his view,
And our glad sire, within his blissful bower,
Drank the pure converse of the etherial Power,
Round the best bard his raptur'd audience throng,
And feel their souls imparadis'd in song.

HAYLEY'S ESSAY ON EPIC POETRY, EPIST. III.

Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard:
To carry Nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
Thus Genius rose and set at order'd times,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
Ennobling every region that he chose;
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness pass'd,
Emerg'd all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then show far off their shining plumes again.

COWPER'S TABLE TALK.

Philosophy, baptis'd
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and, viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives him his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches: Piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna. And such thine, in whom
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale! for deep discernment prais'd,
And sound integrity, not more than fam'd
For sanctity of manners undefil'd.

COWPER'S AUTHOR'S TASK, B. III.

And thou, with age oppress'd, beset with wrongs,
And "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues.
In darkness and with dangers compass'd round,"
What stars of joy thy night of anguish crown'd?
What breath of vernal airs, or sound of rill,
Or haunt by Siloa's brook or Sion's hill,
Or light of cherubim, the empyreal throne,
The effulgent car, and inexpressive One?
Alas, not thine the foretaste of thy praise;
A dull oblivion wrapt thy mighty lays.
A while thy glory sunk, in dread repose;
Then, with fresh vigour, like a giant rose,
And strode sublime, and pass'd, with generous rage,
The feeble minions of a puny age.

FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ. DUBLIN, 1793.

See! where the British Homer leads
The Epic choir of modern days;
Blind as the Grecian bard, he speeds
To realms unknown to pagans lays:
He sings no mortal war:—his strains
Describe no hero's amorous pains;
He chants the birth-day of the World,
The conflict of angelic powers,
The joys of Eden's peaceful bowers,
When fled the infernal host, to thundering Chaos hurl'd.

Yet, as this deathless song he breath'd,
He bath'd it with Affliction's tear;
And to posterity bequeath'd
The cherish'd hope to Nature dear.
No grateful praise his labours cheer'd,
No beam beneficent appear'd
To penetrate the chilling gloom;—
Ah! what avails that Britain now
With sculptur'd laurel decks his brow,
And hangs the votive verse on his unconscious tomb!

FROM POEMS AND PLAYS BY MRS. WEST, 1799.

THE VERSE.

The measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin: rhyme being no necessary adjunct, or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works: as have also long since our best English tragedies: as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another; not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients, both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it is rather to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered, to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

POEMS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now falling into Hell described here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall; Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report in Heaven; for, that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings out spread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the heighth of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,

Rais'd impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power,
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath! for now 'the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes.
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate;
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all: but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.
"If thou beest he; but O, how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest [prov'd
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who from the terrour of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall: since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven."
So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.
"O prince, O chief of many throned powers,
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual king,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see, and sue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?"
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied,
"Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see, the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit

Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heaven receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair."
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
With fixed anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head; but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and, enrag'd, might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy, shown
On Man by him seduc'd; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd
In billows, leave i'the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuell'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate:
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost arch-angel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven: this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovran, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells. Hail horrours, hail
Infernal world, and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"
So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd, "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth."
He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach

Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris, and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T' adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf,
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n."
They heard, and were abas'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake;
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires,
Till, as a signal given, the up-lifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain.
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the Earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous cloud stood yet aloof.
The chief were those, who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God.
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God.
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next, Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé to th' Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who, from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth; those male,
These feminine: for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Not founded on the brittle strength of bones

Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians call'd
Astarte, queen of Heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king;
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox;
Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might:
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue; held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents: Titan, Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of bold Olympus, rul'd the middle air,
Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land: or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down-cast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to 'ave found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat:
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,

Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanc'd in view they stand; a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield;
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose; he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the Sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the Moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain:
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

"O myriads of immortal spirits, O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know and know our own:
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption; thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
For who can think submission? War then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolv'd."

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickax arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands

Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those,
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength and art, are easily out-done
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wonderous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately heighth: and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect; his hand was known
In Heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme king
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos the Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged heralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium; the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
Attended: all access was throng'd: the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head, the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this

time to be created. Their doubt, who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence: and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven, and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd.
"Powers and dominions, deities of Heaven;
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader; next, free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence, none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and, by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak."
He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, sceptre'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength; and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake.
"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horrour shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumm not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On th' other side up-rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.
"I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulse'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrours, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrepited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees, and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger; and perhaps, thus far remov'd,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour; or, inur'd, not feel;
Or, chang'd at length, and to the place con-
In temper and in nature, will receive [form'd
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horrour will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting; since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."
Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reason's garb,
Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.
"Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd Hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,

Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and were; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them, and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake,
"Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doom'd
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under the inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt; but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslav'd, but custody severe
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we must in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset; either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass

Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
"Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which, from the lowest deep,
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for, on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies."
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
"O progeny of Heaven, empyreal thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial sovranty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty, or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go therefore, mighty powers,
Terrour of Heaven, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd;
And, so refus'd, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once, was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on Earth which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element

Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening-beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That, day and night, for his destruction wait.
The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,
And God-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery seraphim enclos'd
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
Towards the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him, perplex'd where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhoean rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar,
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns fiere, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terrour guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, the adventurous bands
With shuddering horrour pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale

They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death; which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
Mean while, the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three-folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven."
To whom the goblin full of wrath replied.
"Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horrour seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."
So spake the grisly terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both."
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then thus to her Satan return'd.
"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interpos'dst, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art thus double-form'd; and why

In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee."
To whom thus the portress of Hell-gate replied.
"Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee; dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth: till, on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All the host of Heaven; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout,
Through all the empyrean; down they fell
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep! and in the general fall
I also; at which time, this powerful key
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy! I fled and cried out *Death!*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*
I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems,
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and, swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrours vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist."
She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
"Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of; know,
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unsounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wondering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the pourlieus of Heaven, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd,
Lest Heaven, surcharg'd with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this or aught
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd; and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.
"The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heaven, and heavenly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrours and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey

But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares [drops
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury staid,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon, through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies;
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon! Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: "Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, the etherial King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness, and your sway,
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night:
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge."
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incompos'd,

Answer'd. "I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though over-thrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go, and speed;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."
He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and, through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus, betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continued reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God, and good angels, guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port through shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendant world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the Moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind, clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice: Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die unless some can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the angels to adore him: They obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,

Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits [eye,
High thron'd above all height, bent down his
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on Earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

"Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created world,
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free; and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel:
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious: in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake:

"O, Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heaven and Earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should man finally be lost, should man,
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine; shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence."
To whom the great Creator thus replied.
"O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire, Conscience; whom if they will hear,
Light after light, well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting god-head, and, so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He, with his whole posterity, must die,
Die he or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?"
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heaven: on man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
"Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die: yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While, by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave:
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,
Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied.

"O thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wonderous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,
Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, princedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they, arraign'd, shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me."
No sooner had the almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd. [took,
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.
Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitst
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and, through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heaven of Heavens and all the powers therein
By thee created; and by thee threw down
The aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on Man: him, through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom

So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of Men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, enclos'd
From Chaos, and the inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chinese drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none,
None yet, but stare hereafter from the Earth
Up hither like aëreal vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life;
All who have their reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here;
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Senaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he, who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he, who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;
And they, who to be sure of Paradise,
Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd
And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And flutter'd into rags; then relicques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these, upwhirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
His travell'd steps: far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on Earth
By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, "This is the gate of Heaven."
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from Earth, sailing arriv'd,
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land, to God so dear;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro

Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,
The spirit malign, but much more envy seiz'd,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He staid not to inquire: above them all
The golden Sun, in splendour likest Heaven,
Allur'd his eye; thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude,) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
So wonderously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on Earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that, which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
The arch-chymic Sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the Sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore,
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
The arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.
"Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wonderous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom

All these his works so wonderous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim
Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways."
So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone, [Earth:
By his permissive will, through Heaven and
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the Sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd.
"Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in Heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this etherial quintessence of Heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines; [light
That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid [Moon
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades, his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath, [cess,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hop'd suc-
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel;
Nor staid, till on Niphates' top he lights.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve, sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O for that warning voice, which he, who saw
Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in Heaven aloud,

Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:
Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself; horrour and doubt distract [stir
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom
The Hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair,
That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixed sad;
Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.
"O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King:
Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burthen then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
Now dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay [recant
What feign'd submission swore? Ease would
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know." [face
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,

As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and over-head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,
Who came their bane: though with them better pleas'd
Than Asmodëus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On the other side: which when the arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd; and, in contempt,
At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lew'd hirelings climb.

Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human sense expos'd,
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he cans'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy errour under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers: thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves

Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame: dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair,
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of the Earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gamboll'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the Sun,
Declin'd, was hasting now with prone career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

"O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, Earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven
Ill fenc'd for Heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense: yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence

Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor."
So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn,
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close, then rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.
"Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left,
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."
To whom thus Eve replied. "O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to Him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cryd'st aloud, 'Return fair Eve,
Whom flys't thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half:' With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half-embracing leaning
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty, and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.
"Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of Heaven by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting Sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
The unarmed youth of Heaven, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.
"Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find."
To whom the wing'd warrior thus return'd.
"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sitst,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."
So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volúbil Earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve. "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
"My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

Glistering with dew: fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied.

"Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the Earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total Darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life,
In Nature, and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Bird, beast, insect, or worm, dust enter none,
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;
And heavenly quires the hymenean sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus, at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, Earth, and Heaven,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous Lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep
Blest pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek [on,
No happier state, and know to know no more.
Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy
come
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the cherubim,
Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.
"Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the
north;
Our circuit meets full west." As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in
charge.
"Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no
nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?)
escap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the Moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they
found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stept those two fair angels, half amaz'd
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.
"Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and, transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?"
"Know ye not then," said Satan, fill'd with
scorn,
"Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain."
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with
scorn.
"Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heaven upright and
pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come, for thou, be sure, shall give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm."
So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. "If I must contend," said he,
"Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost." "Thy fear," said Zephon bold,
"Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak."
The fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they
nigh [guards
The western point, where those half-rounding
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriël, from the front thus call'd aloud.
"O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours."
He scarce had ended, when those two ap-
proach'd, [found,
And brief related whom they brought, where
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds pre-
scrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those.
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous
brow. [wise,
"Gabriel! thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his
pain? [Hell,
Who would not, finding way, break loose from
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself,
no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to
change

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bounds us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm."
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied.
"O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'scape his punishment!
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled; or thou than they
Less hardy to endure; courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."
To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern.
"Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried:
I, therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To settle here on Earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight."
To whom the warrior-angel soon replied.
"To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledg'd Power supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledst! If from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd."
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.
"Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub! but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of Heaven star-pav'd."
While thus he spake, the angelic squadron [bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horrour plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth with balanc'd air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend.
"Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but given: what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day-labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he, on his side,
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. "Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full-orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heaven wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heaven
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd; and
And 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man? Is knowledge so despis'd?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?'
This said, he paus'd not, but with venturous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horrour chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:
But he thus, overjoy'd; 'O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men; since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess, not to Earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.'
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O, how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.
"Best image of myself, and dearer half,

The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store."
So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was
But silently a gentle tear let fall [cheer'd;
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who, scarce up-risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence [verse,
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.
"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wonderous fair; Thyself how wonderous
Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens [then!
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.
On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the World's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye [pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!"
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flowers; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far [check
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heaven's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
His marriage with the seventimes-wedded maid.
"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on Earth [gulf,
Satan, from Hell 'scap'd through the darksome
Hath rais'd in Paradise; and how disturb'd
This night the human pair; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To respite his day-labour with repast,

Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd."
So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light [quires,
Flew through the midst of Heaven; the angelic
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road; till, at the gate
Of Heaven arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sovran Architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands and regions in the Moon:
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till, within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his
With regal ornament; the middle pair [breast
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in Heaven; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fil'd [bands
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the
Of angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honour rise; [bound.
For on some message high they guess'd him
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.

Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
"Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And, what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare."
To whom thus Eve. "Adam, Earth's hallow'd mould, [store,
Of God inspir'd! small store will serve, where
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our angel-guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heaven."
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change:
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.
Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet
His God-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes when their rich retinue long

Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature bowing low,
Thus said. "Native of Heaven, for other place
None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain;
Since, by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us
Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline."
Whom thus the angelic virtue answer'd mild.
"Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spirits of Heaven,
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bower
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd,
With flowerets deck'd, and fragrant smells; but Eve,
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove, [veil
Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven; no
She needed, virtue proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve. [womb
"Hail, Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table."—Rais'd of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here [hold;
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. "Heavenly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
Allperfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The Earth to yield; unsavoury food perhaps
To spiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all." [gives
To whom the angel. "Therefore what he
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate, [taste,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed: of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even [trees
Sups with the Ocean. Though in Heaven the
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burthen'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let the occasion pass
Given him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far; whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far
Exceeded human: and his wary speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he fram'd.
"Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?"
To whom the winged hierarch replied.
"O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degree
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flower

Spirits odórous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you, [men
To proper substance. Time may come, when
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and, wing'd, ascend
Ethereal, as we: or may, at choice,
Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more."

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied.
"O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference; whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the angel. "Son of Heaven and Earth,
Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee, be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to persevere
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself, and all the angelic host, that stand
In sight of God, enthron'd our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none: freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heaven to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss, into what woe!"

To whom our great progenitor. "Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructer, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Aëreal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st [move,
Hath pass'd in Heaven, some doubt within me
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heaven."

Thus Adam made request: and Raphaël,
After short pause assenting, thus began. [men,
"High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of
Sad task and hard: for how shall I relate
To human sense the invisible exploits
Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best; though what if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought?

"As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heavens now roll, where Earth now rests
Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future,) on such day
As Heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host
Of angels by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
Forthwith, from all the ends of Heaven, appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

"'Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great vice-gerent reign abide
United, as one individual soul,
For ever happy: him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place

Ordain'd without redemption, without end.'
"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions Harmony divine [ear
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own
Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd,
(For we have also our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need;)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With angels food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flowers repos'd, and with fresh flowerets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade [chang'd
Spring both, the face of brighest Heaven had
To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there
In darker veil,) and roseat dews dispos'd
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous Earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God) the angelic throng
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds; save those, who, in their course,
Melodious hymns about the sovran throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heaven; he of the first,
If not the first arch-angel, great in power,
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear [impair'd.
Through pride that sight, and thought himself
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:
"'Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep can close,
Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips
Of Heaven's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.'
"So spake the false arch-angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into the unwary breast
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disencumber'd Heaven,
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven;
His countenance, as the morning-star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host.
Mean while the Eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising; saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said.
"'Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battle, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence; lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.'
"To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,
Lightening divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. 'Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Given me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven."

"So spake the Son; but Satan, with his powers,
Far was advanc'd on winged speed; an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came; and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted,) which not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending, so commanded, to consult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears:
"'Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd
All power, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight-march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best,
With what may be devis'd of honours new,
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!
Too much to one! but double how endur'd,
To one, and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heaven possess'd before
By none; and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendour less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our lord,
And look for adoration, to the abuse
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.'
"Thus far his bold discourse without controul
Had audience: when among the seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
"'O argument blasphémous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
That to his only Son, by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful king? unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made [Heaven
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is; how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou [count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten son? by whom,
As by his word, the Mighty Father made [Heaven
All things, even thee; and all the spirits of
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Essential powers; nor by his reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made; since he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
The incensed Father, and the incensed Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.'
"So spake the fervent angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash: whereat rejoic'd
The apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied.
'That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who saw
When this creation was? remember'st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd
By our own quickening power, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heaven, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own: our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt the almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to the anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'
"He said; and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host: nor less for that
The flaming seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.
"'O alienate from God, O spirit accurs'd,
Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread

Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall:
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.'

"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sus-
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught; [tain'd
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends MESSIAH his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: he, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horrour and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: MESSIAH returns with triumph to his Father.

"ALL night the dreadless angel, unpursued,
Through Heaven's wide champain held his way; till Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where Light and Darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour [well
To veil the Heaven, though darkness there might
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heaven, arrayed in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n yet one
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

"'Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care [worlds
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible; lead forth my armed saints,
By thousands and by millions, rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious: them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault; and, to the brow of Heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.'

"So spake the Sovran Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign,
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the powers militant
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate [join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill, [divides
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream,
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summoned over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract [wide,
Of Heaven they march'd, and many a province
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last,
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable

Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the Envier of his state, the proud [vain
Aspirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and
In the mid way: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father: but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a God,
The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd
With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

"'O Heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realty [Should
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he, who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.'

"So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defied.

"'Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd, [reach'd
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd, at the terrour of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could, without end,
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be, who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.'

"Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answered. 'Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st
From flight, seditious angel! to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay [tongue,
Of this right hand provok'd since first that
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert; who, while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between,
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know,
At first I thought that liberty and Heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring spirits, train'd up in feast and song!
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend, [prove,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall

"To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied.
'Apostate! still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd; [while
Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect: mean
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge [shield,
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on Earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and
Presage of victory, and fierce desire [shout,
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound [Heaven
The arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought

On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent,
From his strong hold of Heaven, high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host; in strength each armed hand
A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warriour single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in Heaven, the arch-foe subdued
Or captive drag'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

"'Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now proved false! But think not here
To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee out
From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell;
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.'

"So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary. 'Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou should'st hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? err not, that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell
Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.'

"They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horrour: from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if, Nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both with next to almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor staid,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and, as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

"Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defied,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound

Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphêmous; but anon
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel, and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight, [mail.
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wonderous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from Heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy; yet to glory aspires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

"And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery-foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd, and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience; till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise the inviolable saints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd. [ven

"Now Night her course began, and, over Hea-
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field
Michaël and his angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on the other part,
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd; and, void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

"'O now in danger tried, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence! but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small, as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.'

"He sat; and in the assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake.

"'Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
All patience. He, who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.'

"Whereto with look compos'd Satan replied.
'Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heaven adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which, into hollow engines, long and round,
Thick ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands

Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.'
"He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
The invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be the inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible: yet, haply, of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing stood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
The originals of nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, unespied.
"Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appear'd,
Up rose the victor-angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon band'd; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion: back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried.
"'Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.'
"So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward mov'd embattled: when behold!
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginery, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:
"'Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however witness Heaven!
Heaven, witness thou anon! while we discharge
Freely our part: ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear!'
"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd,)
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we, suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long; for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heaven appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That, whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, angel on arch-angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd, they might
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despic'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.
"'O friends! why come not on these victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell, seem'd
As they would dance; yet for a dance they
Somewhat extravagant and wild: perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.'
"To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood;

Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home;
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.'
"So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory: Eternal Might
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd!)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale,)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands: amaze,
Be sure, and terrour, seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines' triple row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire;
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread;
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
The assessor of his throne, he thus began.
"Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son, in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity I am;
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence! two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains, as with weapons, arm'd; which makes
Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heaven and Hell thy power above compare;
And, this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things; to be Heir, and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might;
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all Heaven's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah, his anointed king.'
"He said, and on his son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the filial godhead answering spake.
"O Father, O Supreme of heavenly thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best; thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son; I always thee,
As is most just: this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou, in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever; and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrours, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebell'd;
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and the undying worm;
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from the impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'
"So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glory where he sat;

And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heaven. Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of Paternal Deity, [drawn,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wonderous; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beril, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three bolted thunder stor'd;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came; far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen:
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide; but by his own
First seen: them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head imbodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;
At his command the uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; Heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and, aspiring to his height,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake.

"'Stand still in bright array, ye saints; here stand,
Ye angels arm'd; this day from battle rest:
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done,
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only, and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will,
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves; they all,
Or I alone against them; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe,'

"So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His countenance too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night, under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them rul'd; and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant [check'd
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrours, and with furies, to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horrour backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind: headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

"Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout

Encumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire[clos'd;
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heaven rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes,
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign: He, celebrated, rode [courts
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

"Thus measuring things in Heaven by things on Earth,
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which befel, and war in Heaven
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that, with him
Bereav'd of happiness, thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his ascension into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering: with like safety guided down
Return me to my native element:
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphaël,
The affable arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example, to beware
Apostacy, by what befel in Heaven
To those apostates; lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange; things, to their thought
So unimaginable, as hate in Heaven,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss,
With such confusion: but the evil, soon
Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprang; impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of Heaven and Earth conspicuous first began;
When, and whereof created; for what cause;
What within Eden, or without, was done
Before his memory: as one whose drought
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest.

"Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter! by favour sent
Down from the empyréan, to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment

Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd
Gently, for our instruction, to impart [cern'd
Things above earthly thought, which yet con-
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known,
How first began this Heaven which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid Earth? what cause
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd; if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets ask
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of evening and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence; and Sleep, listening to thee, will watch;
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought:
And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild.
"This also thy request, with caution ask'd,
Obtain; though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing; such commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond, abstain
To ask; nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Enough is left besides to search and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

"Know then, that, after Lucifer from Heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among,)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his saints, the Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

"'At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid [thought
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due, and solemn rites:
But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost; and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here; till, by degrees of merit rais'd,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried; [Earth,
And Earth be chang'd to Heaven, and Heaven to
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit lax, ye powers of Heaven;
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!
My overshadowing spirit and might with thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heaven and Earth;
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I, uncircumscrib'd myself, retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.'

"So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
And the habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create; instead
Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

"So sang the hierarchies: mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub, and seraph, potentates, and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armoury of God; where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasureable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds

And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
"'Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,'
Said then the omnific Word; 'your discord end!'
Nor staid; but, on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure;
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O World!'
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd the abyss: but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.
"'Let there be light,' said God; and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the deep; and from her native east
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night,
He nam'd. Thus was the first day even and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heaven and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.
"Again, God said, 'Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters;' and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd; lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heaven he nam'd the Firmament: so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.
"The Earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle; but, with warm
Prolific humour softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture; when God said,
'Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven
Into one place, and let dry land appear.'
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd,
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry:
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpets (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard; so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing! nor withstood them rock or hill;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent errour wandering, found their way,
And on the washy oose deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, Earth; and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, he call'd Seas:
And saw that it was good; and said, 'Let the Earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth.'
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers: that Earth now
Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the Earth a dewy mist
Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field; which, ere it was in the Earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem: God saw that it was good:
So even and morn recorded the third day.
Again the Almighty spake, "'Let there be lights
High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide

The day from night; and let them be for signs
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heaven,
To give light on the Earth;' and it was so. [use
And God made two great lights, great for their
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heaven
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the Sun
A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the
Globose, and every magnitude of stars, [Moon
And sow'd with stars the Heaven, thick as a
Of light by far the greater part he took, [field:
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light; firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run [gray
His longitude through Heaven's high road; the
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the
But opposite in levell'd west was set, [Moon,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on Heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

"And God said, 'Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the Earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven.'
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds;
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them,
'Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas, [saying,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill:
And let the fowl be multiplied, on the Earth.'
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals [bay,
Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales,
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance,
Show to the Sun their waw'd coats dropt with gold;
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge [sublime,
They summ'd their pens; and, soaring the air
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unremember'd plumes: [song
From branch to branch the smaller birds with
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bath'd
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aëreal sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemnis'd the fifth day.

"The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin; when God said,
'Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the Earth, [straight
Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and
Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free [bounds,
His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole [ounce,
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground

Bore up his bristling head: scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd rose,
His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These, as a line, their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,
Wonderous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future; in small room large heart enclos'd;
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
"Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course: Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore [chief
And worship God Supreme, who made him
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.
"'Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.' [Man,
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee; but thy consort [said,
Female, for race; then bless'd mankind, and
'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth.'
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all the Earth
Variety without end; but of the tree, [yields,
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil, [diest;
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy appetite; lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
"Here finished he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode;
Thence to behold this new created world,
The addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the air
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st,)
The Heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
'Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung,
'Open, ye Heavens! your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung [ven,
The glorious train ascending: he through Hea-
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on Earth the
Evening arose in Eden, for the Sun [seventh
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father! for he also went
Invisible, yet staid, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,
Author and End of all things; and, from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh
As resting on that day from all his work, [day,
But not in silence holy kept: the harp
Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,

Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six days acts they sung:
'Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnified; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, Mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain;
Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another Heaven
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd!
Created in his image there to dwell
And worship him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright!'
"So sung they, and the empyrean rung
With hallelujahs: thus was sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning; that posterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know: if else thou seek'st
Aught not surpassing human measure, say."

PARADISE LOST;

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society: his first meeting and nuptials with Eve: his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully replied:
"What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable; now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of Heaven and Earth consisting; and compute
Their magnitudes; this Earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible, (for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal,) merely to officiate light
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot;
One day and night; in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated; while the sedentary Earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."
So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress:
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses: from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended; for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd,
Benevolent and facile thus replied.
"To ask or search, I blame thee not; for Heaven
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth,

Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
From man or angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or, if they list to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter; when they come to model Heaven
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances; how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives [run,
The benefit: consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth
Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines;
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receiv'd,
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries
Officious; but to thee, Earth's habitant.
And for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition; and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add [slow,
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not
Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden; distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Plac'd Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no vantage gain. What if the Sun
Be centre to the world; and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest; and what if seventh to these
The planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If Earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the Sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial Moon be as a star,
Enlightening her by day as she by night
This Earth? reciprocal if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light;
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in Nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert, and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not;
Whether the Sun, predominant in Heaven,
Rise on the Earth; or Earth rise on the Sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin;
Or she from west her silent course advance,
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along;
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above; him serve, and fear!
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac'd, let him dispose; joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee, and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree;
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven."

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied.
"How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of Heaven, angel serene!
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us; unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and no-
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove [tions vain.
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom: what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence:
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful; whence, haply, mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now, hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;

And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise;
Inviting thee to hear while I relate;
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven;
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek.
"Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee; and each word, each motion, forms;
Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set
On Man his equal love: say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work;
Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt;
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King; and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Ere sabbath-evening: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine."
So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire.
"For Man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward Heaven my wandering eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky; till, rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here?—
Not of myself;—by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.'—
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being, [divine,
And liv'd: one came, methought, of shape
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the Garden of Bliss, thy seat prepar'd.'
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers; that what I saw [tree,
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye
Tempting, stir'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
My wandering, had not he, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear'd me, and 'Whom thou sought'st I am,'
Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal; and this happy state

Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
'Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air; beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watery residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element, to draw the thinner air.'
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two; these cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God endued
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still;
And to the heavenly vision thus presum'd.
"'O, by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming; how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to Man? for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?'
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brightened, thus replied.
"'What call'st thou solitude? is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly: with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.'
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering: I, with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus replied.
"'Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given and received; but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight: wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd:
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.'

"Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
'A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam! and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?'
He ceas'd; I lowly answer'd. 'To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not so is Man,
But in degree; the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite;
And through all numbers absolute, though one:
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity defective; which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication; yet, so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deified:
I, by conversing, cannot these erect
From prone; nor in their ways complacence find.'
Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice divine.
"'Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd;
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself;
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute:
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone;
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee; for trial only brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'
"He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood:
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took

From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh: wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.
"'This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
Of all thy gifts! nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me: woman is her name; of man
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.'
"She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retir'd,
The more desirable; or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd:
I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn: all Heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening-star
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.
Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies [flowers,
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd; here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures: yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like Folly shows;
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and Nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd."
To whom the angel with contracted brow.
"Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident
Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For, what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight
Beyond all other; think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not: Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to Heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."
To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam replied.
"Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,

(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem,)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing: yet, still free,
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love, thou blam'st me not; for Love, thou say'st,
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their love
Express they? by looks only? or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"
To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,
Answer'd. "Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence; and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting Sun
Beyond the Earth's green cape and verdant isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love! but, first of all,
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command: take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware!
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel."
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. "Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore!
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!"
So parted they; the angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise; enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking; with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now; the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her: and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or angel guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast; permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd. I now must change
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt
And disobedience: on the part of Heaven
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery
Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument
Not less but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son;
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumbering; or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd; chief mastery to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd shields,

Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament; then marshall'd feast
Serv'd up in hall with sewers and seneschals;
The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem. Me, of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
Remains; sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depress'd; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.
The Sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round:
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the Earth; cautious of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the Sun, descried
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driven,
The space of seven continued nights he rode
With darkness thrice the equinoctial line
He circled; four times cross'd the car of night
From pole to pole traversing each colûre;
On the eighth return'd; and on the coast averse
From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life:
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan, involv'd in rising mist; then sought
Where to lie hid; sea he had search'd, and land,
From Eden over Pontus and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length,
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien; thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for, in the wily snake
Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding; which, in other beasts observ'd,
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.
"O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what were old?
For what god, after better, worse would build?
Terrestrial Heaven, danc'd round by other Heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone as seems,
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
Is centre, yet extends to all; so thou,
Centring, receiv'st from all those orbs: in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries: all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heaven
To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and, him destroyed,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he, Almighty styl'd, six nights and days
Continued making; and who knows how long
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than since I, in one night, freed
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
The angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he, to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at least
Are his created, or, to spite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original, [creed,
With heavenly spoils, our spoils: what he de-
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and Earth his seat,
Him lord pronounc'd; and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service angel-wings,
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthy charge: of these the vigilance
I dread; and, to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping; in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended

With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast; and, mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspir'd!
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils:
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker rais'd
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid."
So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on
His midnight-search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,
Fearless unfear'd he slept: in at his mouth
The Devil enter'd; and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing, soon inspir'd
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.
Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things, that breathe,
From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune, how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
The hands' despatch of two gardening so wide,
And Eve first to her husband thus began.
"Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present:
Let us divide our labours; thou, whe e choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I,
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
For, while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on; which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd?"
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
"Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear!
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might best fulfil the work which here
God hath assign'd us; nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food;
Love, not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but, if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder;
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need:
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus replied.
"Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth's Lord!
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel over-heard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?"

To whom with healing words Adam replied.
"Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!
For such thou art; from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
The attempt itself, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul; suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others aid.
I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Access in every virtue; in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd,
Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.
"If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued
Single with like defence, wherever met;
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin; only our foe,
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise prov'd false; find peace within, [event.
Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden, thus expos'd."
To whom thus Adam fervently replied.
"O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them: his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason, is free; and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect;
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surpris'd,
She dictate false; and mis-inform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve;
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; the other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But, if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all!
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."
So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied.
"With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only; that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."
Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand [light,
Soft she withdrew; and, like a wood-nymph
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gardening tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss!
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come;
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bower and field he sought where any tuft

Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet [find
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc'd; when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travérs'd
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admir'd, the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more;
She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the evil-one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But the bot Hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.
"Thoughts, whither have ye led me! what sweet
Compulsion thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love; nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
Foe not informidable! exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!
Not terrible, though terrour be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd;
The way which to her ruin now I tend."
So spake the enemy of mankind, enclos'd
In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
Address'd his way: not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
And lovely; never since of serpent-kind
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;
He with Olympias; this with her who bore
Scipio, the height of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
Of rusling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast; more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.
He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve, to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
"Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst who art sole wonder! much less arm
Thy looks, the Heaven of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should be seen
A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd
By angels numberless, thy daily train."
So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd:
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,

Not unamaz'd, she thus in answer spake.
"What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first, at least, of these I thought denied
To beasts; whom God, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate sound:
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due."
To whom the guileful tempter thus replied.
"Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!
Easy to me it is to tell thee all [be obey'd:
What thou command'st; and right thou shouldst
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food; nor aught but food discern'd
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till, on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
Than smell of sweetest fenel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
For, high from ground, the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spar'd not; for, such pleasure till that hour,
At feed or fountain, never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward powers; and speech
Wanted not long; though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heaven,
Or Earth, or Middle; all things fair and good:
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second! which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sovran of creatures, universal dame!"
So talk'd the spirited sly snake; and Eve,
Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus replied.
"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd:
But say, where grows the tree? from hence how
For many are the trees of God that grow [far?
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us; in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth."
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad.
"Empress, the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."
"Lead then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or [pool;
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.
"Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;
Wonderous indeed, if cause of such effects.
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves; our reason is our law."
To whom the tempter guilefully replied.
"Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in Earth or air?"
To whom thus Eve, yet sinless. "Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"
She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but with show of zeal and love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on; and, as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renown'd,
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute! to some great cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected; while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue;
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to height up grown,
The tempter, all impassion'd, thus began.
"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear; not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.

Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:
How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me,
Me, who have touch'd and tasted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass? and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God: not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers? He knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye shall be as gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,
Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
And what are gods, that Man may not become
As they, participating god-like food?
The gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind;
Them, nothing: if they all things, who enclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell [more
In heavenly breasts?—These, these, and many
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:
Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus'd.
"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd;
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
Gave eloquution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech, to speak thy praise:
Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste! but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown sure is not had; or, had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die!
How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational, till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent; and well might; for Eve,
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was godhead from her thought.
Greedily she engorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating death: satiate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.
"O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise! of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give.
For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,
Best guide: not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret: Heaven is high,
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps

And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then.—How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O! might I here
In solitude live savage; in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!—
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts; that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."
So counsell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe;
And, with what skill they had, together sew'd,
To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O, how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found the American, so girt
With feather'd cincture; naked else, and wild
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore; both in subjection now
To Sensual Appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovran Reason claim'd
Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.
"Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and staid
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then
Remain'd still happy; not as now, despoil'd
Of all our good; sham'd, naked, miserable!
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail."
To whom, soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus Eve.
"What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay;
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me."
To whom, then first incens'd, Adam replied.
"Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve! Express'd
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I;
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this, had been force;
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on; secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd, in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
That errour now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him, who, to worth in women overtrusting,
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian-angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved;

God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wonderous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man: to make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents according to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

Mean while the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise; and how
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heaven; for what can 'scape the [eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind [arm'd;
Of Man, with strength entire, and free will,
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd,
The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty;
And, manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste
The angelic guards ascend, mute, and sad,
For Man; for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven-gate, displeas'd
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.
About the new-arriv'd in multitudes
The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they towards the throne supreme,
Accountable, made haste, to make appear
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd; when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.
"Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail, and speed
On his bad errand; Man should be seduc'd,
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is; and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression,—death denounc'd that day?
Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr'd
All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or [Hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd
Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n."
So spake the Father; and, unfolding bright
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity: he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.
"Father Eternal, thine is to decree;
Mine, both in Heaven and Earth, to do thy will
Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son belov'd,
May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be; for so I undertook
Before thee; and, not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd; yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease. [none
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the serpent none belongs."
Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory. Him thrones, and powers,
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,
Accompanied to Heaven-gate; from whence

Eden, and all the coast, in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the Sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came the mild judge, and intercessor both,
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God,
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
"Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty ere while appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains?—Come forth!"
He came; and with him Eve, more loth, though first [pos'd;
To offend; discountenanc'd both, and discom-
Love was not in their looks, either to God,
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief.
"I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself." To whom
The gracious Judge without revile replied.
"My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoic'd; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"
To whom thus Adam sore beset replied.
"O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my judge; either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint: but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint;
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all [thou
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.—
This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat."
To whom the sovran Presence thus replied.
"Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such, as under government well seem'd;
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright."
So having said, he thus to Eve in few.
"Say woman, what is this which thou hast done?"
To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied.
"The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat."
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on the accus'd
Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer
The guilt on him, who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man, (since he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall.
"Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,
And dust shall eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."
So spake this oracle, then verified
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve, [ven,
Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from Hea-
Prince of the air; then, rising from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open show; and, with ascension bright,
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan, long usurp'd;
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Ev'n he, who now foretold his fatal bruise:
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.
"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule."
On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.
"Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat thereof:'
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."
So judg'd he Man, both judge and saviour sent; [day,
And the instant stroke of death, denounc'd that

Remov'd far off; then, pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume;
As when he wash'd his servants' feet; so now,
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd
In glory, as of old; to him appeas'd, [Man
All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Mean while, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening; who thus now to Death began.
"O son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
By his avengers; since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large,
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
With secret amity, things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along:
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But, lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious; let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from Hell to that new world,
Where Satan now prevails; a monument
Of merit high to all the infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt-attraction and instinct."
Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon.
"Go, whither Fate, and inclination strong,
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air;
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out Hell-gates, into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse; and with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crouded drove,
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagin'd way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach [on
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought
Over the foaming deep high-arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless world,
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea; and, over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourg'd with many a stroke the indignant waves. [art
Now had they brought the work by wonderous
Pontifical, a ridge of pendant rock,
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable! And now in little space
The confines met of empyrean Heaven,
And of this world; and, on the left hand, Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had descried,
To Paradise first tending; when, behold!
Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:
Disguis'd he came; but those his children dear
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by; and, changing shape,
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun
The present; fearing, guilty, what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and listening where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy

And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd;
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wonderous pontifice, unhop'd
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.
"O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies! which thou view'st as not thine own;
Thou art their author, and prime architect:
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy [looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet [felt
That I must after thee, with this thy son;
Such fatal consequence unites us three;
Hell could no longer hold us in our bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track:
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell-gates till now; thou us impower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay,
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng'd
Our foil in Heaven; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,
As battle hath adjudg'd; from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated;
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne."
Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad. [both;
"Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild
High proof ye now have given to be the race
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heaven's Almighty King,)
Amply have merited of me, of all
The infernal empire, that so near Heaven's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine, with this glorious work; and made one realm,
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore, while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice;
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the Earth
Dominion exercise and in the air,
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declar'd;
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear; go, and be strong!"

So saying he dismiss'd them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd [dim,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down
The causey to Hell-gate: on either side
Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those,
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to the inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium; city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd;
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
Retires; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis; and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search
Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne; which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen:
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: all amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beholden,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was the acclaim:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him; who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention, won.
"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now; return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native Heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done; what suffer'd; with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion; over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd,

To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride
The untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild;
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found
The new created world, which fame in Heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection! therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd
From his Creator; and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he, thereat
Offended, worth your laughter! hath given up
Both his beloved Man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm;
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain?—Ye have the account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up, and enter now into full bliss?"
So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout, and high applause,
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more;
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power
Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters head and tail,
Scorpion, and asp, and amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and elops drear,
And dipsas; (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa,) but still greatest he the midst,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
Engender'd in the Pythian vale or slime,
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain; they all
Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heaven-fall'n, in station stood or just array;
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief;
They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd
Of ugly serpents; horrour on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for, what they saw,
They felt themselves, now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield; down they as
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form [fast;
Catch'd, by contagion; like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;
Yet, parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;
But on they roll'd in heaps, and, up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceiv'd; they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugg'd as oft,
With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws,
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they plagu'd
And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd;
Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo,
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash their pride, and joy, for Man seduc'd.
However, some tradition they dispers'd
Among the Heathen, of their purchase got,
And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus; thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arriv'd; Sin, there in power before,
Once actual; now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death,
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began.
"Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death! [earn'd
What think'st thou of our empire now, though
With travel difficult, not better far [watch,
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd?"
Whom thus the Sin-born monster answered
"To me, who with eternal famine pine, [soon,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;
There best, where most with ravine I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse."
To whom the incestuous mother thus replied.
"Thou therefore on these herbs and fruits, and flowers,
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;

No homely morsels! and whatever thing
The sithe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd;
Till I, in Man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect;
And season him thy last and sweetest prey."
This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the saints among,
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice.
"See, with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created; and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; so doth the prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly; and, conniving, seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure; till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave, at last,
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heaven and Earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:
Till then, the curse pronounc'd on both precedes."
He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas, [ways,
Through multitude that sung: "Just are thy
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destin'd Restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heaven descend."—Such was their song;
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
As suited best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc Moon
Her office they prescribed; to the other five
Their planetary motions, and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
With terrour through the dark aëreal hall.
Some say he bid his angels turn ascanse
The poles of Earth, twice ten degrees and more,
From the Sun's axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe: some say, the Sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the tropic Crab: thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low Sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west; which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The Sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else, how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heaven, though slow, produc'd
Like change on sea and land; sideral blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent: now, from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn;
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus, add Afer black with thunderous clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of these, as fierce,
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
Death introduc'd, through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish: to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him; or, with countenance grim,
Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within;
And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.
"O miserable of happy! Is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd, of blessed? hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness!—Yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve:
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
Delightfully, *Increase and multiply;*
Now death to hear! for what can I increase,

Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam! but his thanks
Shall be the execration: so, besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound;
On me, as on their natural centre, light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust;
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd; unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms, whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and, though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient; and, reprov'd, retort,
'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:'
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive? [out
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! How glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of Man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
And sin? The body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise [end?
Wrath without end on Man, whom death must
Can he make deathless death? That were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held; as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite,
In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigour,
Satisfied never? That were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law:
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act;
Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward; which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me; and so last
To perpetuity:—Ay me! that fear [tion
Comes thundering back with dreadful revolu-
On my defenceless head; both Death and I
Are found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part single; in me all
Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would you bless [kind,
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all man-
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt; both mind and will depray'd
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? How can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain, [still
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath! fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden, heavier than the Earth to bear;
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desir'st,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future;
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O Conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrours hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
Through the still night; not now, as ere Man fell, [air
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black
Accompanied; with damps, and dreadful gloom;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terrour: on the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground; and oft
Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
The day of his offence. "Why comes not Death,"
Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Justice Divine not hasten to be just?
But Death comes not at call; Justice Divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song."—
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:

But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.
"Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show
Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee
I had persisted happy; had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,
Though by the Devil himself; him overweening
To over-reach; but, with the serpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguil'd; by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side; imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;
And understood not all was but a show,
Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister, from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent: on me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n;
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable! Both have sinn'd; but thou
Against God only; I against God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my crimes importune Heaven; that all
The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;
Me, me only, just object of his ire!"
She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immoveable, till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiseration: soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress;
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid:
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.
"Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas!
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited;
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me expos'd.
But rise;—let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere; but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burthen, in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounc'd, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow pac'd, evil;
A long day's dying to augment our pain
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd."
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.
"Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous; thence by just event
Found so unfortunate: nevertheless,
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end; though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
By Death at last; and miserable it is,
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet;
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire; which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread;
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free

From what we fear for both, let us make short,—
Let us seek Death;—or, he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves:
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That show no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"—
She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing swa y'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had rais'd; and thus to Eve replied.
"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent, than w hat thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee; and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd; doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death,
So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather, such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live: then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head; piteous amends! unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
Satan; who, in the serpent, hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed! which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves; and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope; and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard, and judg'd,
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when lo! to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth; soon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath, unbesought, provided; and his hands
Clath'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
Which now the sky, with various face, begins
To show us in this mountain; while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected may with matter sere foment;
Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds [shock,
Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their
Tine the slant lightning; whose thwart flame, driven down,
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine;
And sends a comfortable heat from far
Which might supply the Sun: such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do, than, to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy, shone?"
So spake our father penitent; nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they, forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent; and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd; with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

The Argument.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above

Prevenient grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable; which the spirit of prayer [flight
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heaven with speedier
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began. [sprung

"See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are
From thy implanted grace in Man; these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore, bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him; me, his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good, or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd though sad; till death, his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)
To better life shall yield him: where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me, as I with thee am one."

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
"All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,
As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food; as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd; with happiness,
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death: so death becomes
His final remedy; and, after life,
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest, [not hide
Through Heaven's wide bounds: from them I will
My judgments; how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw,
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd."

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers
Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high;
And took their seats: till from his throne supreme
The Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran will.

"O sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier! had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain,
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

"Michael, this my behest have thou in charge;
Take to thee from among the cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriours, lest the fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair;
From hallow'd ground the unholy; and denounce
To them, and to their progeny, from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
(For I behold them soften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their excess,) all terrour hide,
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch; and of a sword the flame
Wide-waving; all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life:
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey;
With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude."

He ceas'd; and the arch-angelic power prepar'd
For swift descent; with him the cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim: four faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while,
To re-salute the world with sacred light,
Leucothea wak'd; and with fresh dews embalm'd
The Earth; when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found

Strength added from above; new hope to spring
Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.
"Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heaven descends;
But, that from us aught should ascend to Heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Even to the seat of God. For since I sought
By prayer the offended Deity to appease;
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart;
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live; and all things live for Man."
To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek.
"Ill-worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor; who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us, now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless night; for see! the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth;
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content."
So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve; but Fate
Subscrib'd not: Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclips'd,
After short blush of morn: nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake.
"O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heaven, by these mute signs in Nature,
Forerunners of his purpose; or to warn [shows
Us, haply too secure, of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows? or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more?
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour? why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?"
He err'd not; for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch
In their bright stand there left his powers, to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam: who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.
"Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observ'd; for I descry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heavenly host; and, by his gait,
None of the meanest; some great potentate
Or of the thrones above; such majesty
Invests him coming! yet not terrible,
That I should fear; nor sociably mild,
As Raphaël, that I should much confide;
But solemn and sublime; whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."
He ended; and the arch-angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread; and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he, kingly, from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.
"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard; and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days
Given thee of grace; wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord, appeas'd, [claim;
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."
He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.
"O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day

That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd [thee
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world; to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd.
"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd
Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes! gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes! all places else
Inhospitable appear, and desolate;
Nor knowing us, nor known: and, if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it
Therefore to his great bidding I submit. [forth:
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance: here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence Divine; and to my sons relate,
'On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:'
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages; and thereon [ers:
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow-
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory; and far off his steps adore."
To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
"Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the Earth;
Not this rock only; his Omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise, or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations; and had hither come
From all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,
God is, as here; and will be found alike
Present; and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart; know, I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee, and to thy offspring: good with bad
Expect to hear; supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow; equally inur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes.—Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below; while thou to foresight wak'st;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd."
To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.
"Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me; and to the hand of Heaven
However chastening; to the evil turn [submit,
My obvious breast; arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain."—So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill,
Of Paradise the highest; from whose top
The hemisphere of Earth, in clearest ken,
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon, for different cause, the tempter set
Our second Adam, in the wilderness; [glory.
To show him all Earth's kingdoms, and their
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings; and thence
To Agra and Labor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan; or where the Russian Ksar
In Mosco; or the sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritim kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cuzco in Peru, the richer seat

Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforc'd to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranc'd;
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.
"Adam, now ope thine eyes; and first behold
The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee; who never touch'd
The excepted tree; nor with the snake conspir'd;
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds."
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds;
I' the midst an altar as the land-mark stood
Rustic, of grassy sod; thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest and best; then, sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rights perform'd:
His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The other's not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat he inly rag'd, and, as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life! he fell; and, deadly pale,
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried.
"O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?"
To whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, replied.
"These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; the unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd; and the other's faith, approv'd,
Lose no reward; though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore." To which our sire.
"Alas! both for the deed, and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"
To whom thus Michael. "Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on Man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance, than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die;
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the Earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men." Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;
A lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd; all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic-pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd.
"O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather, why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down;
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
The image of God in Man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt?"
"Their Maker's image," answer'd Michael, "then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
To serve ungovern'd Appetite; and took
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd;
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves."
"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?
"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe
The rule of *Not too much*; by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,

Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live; till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death mature:
This is Old Age; but then, thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then,
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life." To whom our ancestor.

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge;
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution." Michaël replied. [liv'st

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou
Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven:
And now prepare thee for another sight."

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some, were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp and organ; and, who mov'd
Their stops and chords, was seen; his volant touch,
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of Earth; thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth; or whether wash'd by stream
From underground;) the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be
Fusil or graven in metal. After these, [wrought
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended; by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
The men, though grave, ey'd them; and let their eyes
Rove without rein; till, in the amorous net
Fast caught, they lik'd; and each his liking chose;
And now of love they treat, till the evening-star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then, all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd:
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview, and fair event [flowers,
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon inclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd.

"True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest;
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends."

To whom thus Michael. "Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventers rare;
Unmindful of their Maker, though his spirit [name.
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy,
Erelong to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world erelong a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.

"O pity and shame, that they, who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenour of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin."

"From man's effeminate slackness it begins,"
Said the angel, "who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between;
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle rang'd
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood;
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or flocky flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguin'd field,
Deserted; others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend [fire;
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd heralds call
To council, in the city-gates; anon [min'd,
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon,
In factious opposition; till at last,

Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands;
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad: "O! what are these,
Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren; men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?"
To whom thus Michael. "These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd;
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory; and for glory done
Of triumph, to beatyl'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth;
And what most merits fame, in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints: him the Most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
Awaits the good; the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."
He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd;
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance;
Marrying or prostituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar'd
And testified against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals; and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison, under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off:
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height;
Smear'd round with pitch; and in the side a door
Contriv'd; and of provisions laid in large,
For man and beast: when lo, a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens and pairs; and enter'd in as taught
Their order: last the sire and his three sons,
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and, with black wings
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under Heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous; and continued, till the Earth
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! Thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd
By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last;
Though comfortless; as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.
"O visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future! so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens'd
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold, what shall befall
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel,
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd
Famine and anguish will at last consume,
Wandering that watery desert: I had hope
When violence was ceas'd, and war on Earth,
All would have then gone well; peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of Man;
But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,
And whether here the race of Man will end."
To whom thus Michael. "Those, whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey;

Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and
Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness and pride[sloth,
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose
And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of battle found no aid
Against invaders; therefore, cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the Earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be tried:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd;
Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended: fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish; and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observ'd
The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wonderous ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself, and household, from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he, with them of man and beast
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodg'd,
And shelter'd round; but all the cataracts
Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour
Rain, day and night; all fountains of the deep,
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds; till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang:
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now, what further shall ensue, behold."
He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear Sun on his wide watery glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep; who now had stopt
His sluices, as the Heaven his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,
Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove sent forth once and again to spy [light:
Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends, with all his train:
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoic'd; and thus his joy broke forth.
"O thou, who future things canst represent
As present, heavenly instructor! I revive
At this last sight; assur'd that Man shall live,
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect, and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget. [Heaven
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in
Distended, as the brow of God appeas'd?
Or serve they, as a flowery verge, to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve, and shower the Earth?"
To whom the arch-angel. "Dextrously thou
So[willingly doth God remit his ire, [aim'st;
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd;
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet, those removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood; nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beast; but, when he brings
Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course; till fire purge all things new,
Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed: then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed; so here the arch-angel paus'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.
"Thus thou hast seen one world begin, and end;
And Man, as from a second stock, proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
"This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, [feast,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd; and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart; who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the Earth;
Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his game)
With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord; as in despite of Heaven,
Or from Heaven, claiming second sovranty;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell:
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven;
And get themselves a name; lest, far dispers'd
In foreign lands, their memory be lost;
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heaven-towers; and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language; and, instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm: great laughter was in Heaven,
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,
And hear the din: thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work *Confusion* nam'd."
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd.
"O execrable son! so to aspire
Above his brethren; to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from God not given:
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance: wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither, to sustain
Himself and his rash army; where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"
To whom thus Michael. "Justly thou abhorr's
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires,
And upstart passions, catch the government
From reason; and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom: tyranny must be;
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty;
Their inward lost: witness the irreverent son
Of him who built the ark; who, for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse; till God at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship: O, that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown, [flood,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who 'scap'd the
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For gods! Yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
To call by vision, from his father's house,
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he will show him; and from him will raise
A mighty nation; and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest: he straight obeys;
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;

Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents [plain
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south;
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd;)
From Hermon east to the great western sea;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea; each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the Earth
Shall in his seed be blessed: by that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grand-child, leaves;
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown:
The grand-child, with twelve sons increas'd,
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd [departs
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth; a son, whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation; and, now grown,
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (these two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory, and spoil, back to their promis'd land.
But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murren die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky, [rolls;
And wheel on the Earth, devouring where it
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still, as ice
More harden'd after thaw; till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass,
As on dry land, between two crystal walls;
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore:
Such wonderous power God to his saint will lend,
Though present in his angel; who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire;
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues:
All night he will pursue; but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends [
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war: the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way;
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness; there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,
Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain
To civil justice; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice; informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terrour cease; he grants what they beseeght,
Instructed that to God is no access,
Without mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears; to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus, laws and rights
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle;
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant; over these
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing
The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night;
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his angel, to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his seed:—the rest
Were long to tell; how many battles fought;
How many kings destroy'd; and kingdoms won;
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heaven stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,

And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome!' so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac; and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."
Here Adam interpos'd. "O sent from Heaven,
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly, which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true-opening, and my heart much eas'd;
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would become
Of me and all mankind: but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest;
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth
So many and so various laws are given;
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?"
To whom thus Michael. "Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them, to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight: that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man;
Just for unjust; that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease: nor man the moral part
Perform; and, not performing, cannot live.
So law appears imperfect; and but given
With purpose to resign them, in full time,
Up to a better covenant; disciplin'd
From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit;
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace; from servile fear
To filial; works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary-serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Mean while they, in their earthly Canaan plac'd,
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies;
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations; and to kings foretold, of kings
The last; for of his reign shall be no end.
But first, a long succession must ensue;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him, as shall be register'd
Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll;
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion; Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years; then brings them back,
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, stablish'd as the days of Heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
They first re-edify; and for a while
In mean estate live moderate; till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow:
But first among the priests dissention springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself: at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star,
Unseen before in Heaven, proclaims him come;
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:
His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the Most High: he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens."
He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words; which these he breath'd.
"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched in vain;
Why our great Expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman: virgin mother, hail,
High in the love of Heaven; yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God Most High; so God with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain: say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel."
To whom thus Michael. "Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled, not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee, and in thy seed: nor can this be

But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death;
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high Justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life, and cursed death;
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption; and that his obedience,
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation; slain for bringing life:
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind with him there crucified,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction: so he dies,
But soon revives; Death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have died,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms;
And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems; a death, like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth, than certain times to appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his salvation; them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend
With victory triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heaven; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead;
To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heaven or Earth; for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the arch-angel Michaël; then paus'd,
As at the world's great period; and our sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied.

"O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done, and occasion'd; or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring;
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
Must re-ascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide
His people, who defend? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?"

"Be sure they will," said the angel; "but from Heaven
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them; and the law of faith,
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth; and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death; against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens'd,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors; for the Spirit,
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wonderous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power; though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike, and given
To all believers; and, from that pretense,
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force

On every conscience; laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's? for, on Earth,
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all, who in the worship persevere
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign;
Under her own weight groaning; till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
The woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord;
Last, in the clouds, from Heaven to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heavens, new Earth, ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."
He ended; and thus Adam last replied.
"How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fix'd? Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart;
Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill
Of knowledge what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God; to walk
As in his presence; ever to observe
His providence; and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small [weak
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And, to the faithful, death, the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."
To whom thus also the angel last replied.
"This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.—
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see! the guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round:
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;
Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come
(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
With cause for evils past; yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end."
He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before: but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.
"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep; and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore."
So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not: for now, too nigh
The arch-angel stood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

APPENDIX

TO

PARADISE LOST.

CONTAINING PLANS OF SIMILAR SUBJECTS, INTENDED FOR TRAGEDIES BY MILTON: FROM HIS OWN MS, IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a thin folio manuscript, marked, in the year 1799, when I was obligingly permitted by the master and fellows of that society to examine it, *Miscell.* R. iii. 4. It is handsomely bound; and to the inside of one of the covers is pasted a paper with this inscription: Membra hæc eruditissimi et pænè divine Poetæ olim miserè disjecta et passim sparsa, postea verò fortuitò inventa, et in unum denuo collecta à Carolo Mason ejusdem Collegii Socio, et inter Miscellanea reposita, deinceps eâ quâ decuit religione servari voluit Thomas Clarke[1], nuperrimmè hujusce Collegii, nunc verò Medii Templi Londini, Socius, 1736. These papers were found by Dr. Mason, above-mentioned, who was also Woodwardian professor at Cambridge, among other old and neglected manuscripts belonging to sir Henry Newton Puckering[2], a considerable benefactor to the library. They contain two draughts of a letter to a friend, who had importuned Milton to take orders; the following plans of Paradise Lost in the form of a tragedy, or mystery; the plans or subjects of several other intended tragedies, all in the poet's own hand; and entire copies of many of his smaller poems, in the same hand, except in a few instances, exhibiting his first thoughts and subsequent corrections. All these variations, Mr. Warton has observed, have been imperfectly and incorrectly printed by Dr. Birch. Various readings of this MS. have been also admitted into Dr. Newton's edition of all Milton's poetical works; as have such, which relate to the respective pieces, and which have been more minutely investigated, in Mr. Warton's two editions of Milton's smaller poems. Upon a careful examination of this manuscript, I have discovered a few peculiarities, or variations of expression, which have escaped the notice of those who have preceded me in describing this literary curiosity; and which will be found in their proper places. For I have added, at the end of each particular poem, as of Lycidas, Arcades, and Comus; and at the end of each series of poems, as of Sonnets, Odes, and Miscellanies; the several various readings respectively belonging to them. In this arrangement I hope to gratify the reader: who, after reading the finished poem, may then trace without interruption, (to use the language of Dr. Johnson respecting the imperfect rudiments of Paradise Lost,) the gradual growth and expansion of great works in their seminal state; and observe how they are sometimes suddenly advanced by accidental hints, and sometimes slowly improved by steady meditation. For this reason also I have placed the dramatic plans of Paradise Lost at the conclusion of the poet's sublimer "heroic song;" and have subjoined, to the tragedy of Samson Agonistes, the plans of Milton's other intended dramas.

Of the tragedy or mystery there are two plans.

THE PERSONS.	THE PERSONS.
Michael.	Moses.
Heavenly Love,	Divine Justice, Mercie, Wisdom, Heavenly Love.
Chorus of Angels.	
Lucifer.	Michael.
Adam, } with the serpent,	Hesperus, the evening-starre,
Eve, }	Lucifer.
Conscience.	Adam.
Death.	Eve.
Labour, }	Conscience.
Sicknesse, }	Labour, }
Discontent, } Mutes.	Sicknesse, }
Ignorance, }	Discontent, }
with others; }	Ignorance, } Mutes.
Faith.	Fear, }
Hope.	Death; }
Charity.	Faith.
	Hope.
	Charity.

Paradise Lost.

THE PERSONS.

Moses προλογίζει, recounting how he assumed his true bodie; that it corrupts not, because of his [abode] with God in the mount: declares the like of Enoch and Eliah; besides the puritie of the place, that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds, preserve it from corruption; whence exhorts to the sight of God; tells they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence by reason of their sin;

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[1] Afterwards master of the Rolls, and knight.

[2] Mr. Warton says that sir Henry "had so great an affection for this college, in which he had been educated, that in his eightieth year he desired to be readmitted: and, residing there a whole summer, presented to the new library, just then finished, his own collection of books, amounting to near four thousand volumes. He was son of sir Adam Newton, tutor to prince Henry; and many papers written by that prince, or relating to him, are involved in the collection. Sir Henry took the name of Puckering in remembrance of his uncle sir Thomas Puckering of Warwickshire, a learned and accomplished man, brother in law to sir Adam Newton, son of lord keeper Puckering, a companion of the studies of prince Henry. Many of the books were presents to the prince from authors or editors. In Dr. Duport's *Hore subsecivæ*, a poem is addressed to this preserver of Milton's manuscripts, *Ad D. Henricum* Puckeringum, *alias* Newtonum, *Equitum baronettum*. Cantabr. 1676. 8vo. pp. 222, 223. This sir Henry had a son, pupil to Dr. Duport at Trinity College, but who died before his father."

TODD.

Justice, Mercie, Wisdome, } debating what should become of Man, if he fall.

ACT II.

Heavenly Love.
Evening-Starre.
Chorus sing the marriage song, and describe Paradice.

ACT III.

Lucifer contriving Adam's ruine.
Chorus feares for Adam, and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.

ACT IV.

Adam, Eve, } fallen.
Conscience cites them to God's examination.
Chorus bewailes, and tells the good, Adam hath lost.

ACT V.

Adam and Eve driven out of Paradice : presented by an angel with
Labour, Grief, Hatred, Envie, Warre, Famine, Pestilence, Sicknesse, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear; } Mutes, to whom he gives thire names ; likewise Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c.
Death, entered into the world.
Faith, Hope, Charity, } comfort him, and instruct him.
Chorus briefly concludes.

The next sketch, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, seems to have attained more maturity ; and is entitled

Adam unparadiz'd.

The angel Gabriel, either descending or entring ; showing, since the globe was created, his frequency as much on Earth as in Heaven ; describes Paradise. Next, the Chorus, showing the reason of his comming to keep his watch after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God : and withall expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent and new creature, Man. The angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a prince of power, tracing Paradise with a more free office, passes by the station of the Chorus ; and, desired by them, relates what he knew of Man ; as the creation of Eve, with thire love and marriage.

After this, Lucifer appears after his overthrow, bemoans himself, seeks revenge upon Man. The Chorus prepare resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs ; whereat the Chorus sing of the battell and victorie in Heaven against him and his accomplices : as before, after the first act, was sung a hymn of the creation[3].

Heer again may appear Lucifer, relating and insulting in what he had don to the destruction of Man. Man next, and Eve, having by this time bin seduc't by the serpent, appears confusedly cover'd with leaves. Conscience, in a shape, accuses him. Justice cites him to the place, whither Jehovah called for him. In the mean while, the Chorus entertains the stage, and is informed, by some angel, [of] the manner of his fall[4].

Heer the Chorus bewails Adam's fall. Adam then and Eve returne, and accuse one another ; but especially Adam layes the blame to his wife ; is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears ; reasons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admonishes Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence[5].

The angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise ; but, before, causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a mask of all the evills of this life and world. He is humbl'd, relents, dispaires. At last appeares Mercy, comforts him, promises the Messiah ; then calls in Faith, Hope, and Charity ; instructs him. He repents ; gives God the glory, submitts to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes[6].

Compare this with the former draught[7].

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.[1]

The subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit.—The poem opens with John baptizing

[3] End of the second act.
[4] End of the third act.
[5] End of the fourth act.
[6] End of the fifth act.
[7] The reader may compare the allegorical characters, and their offices, in this and the preceding draught, with those in the Italian drama by Andreini :

Phillips, the nephew of Milton, has told us, that Paradise Lost was first designed for a tragedy, and that in the fourth book of the poem "there are ten verses, which, several years before the poem was begun, were shown to me, and some others, as designed for the very beginning of the said tragedy." Life, &c. 1694, p. xxxv. These verses are the opening of Satan's celebrated address to the Sun. "O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd, &c." *TODD.*

(1) No edition of Paradise Regained had ever appeared with Arguments to the Books, before that which was published in 1795 by Mr. Dunster ; from which they are adopted in this edition. Peck indeed endeavoured to supply the deficiency, in his Memoirs of Milton, 1740,

at the river Jordan. Jesus coming there is baptized; and is attested, by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from Heaven, to be the Son of God. Satan, who is present, upon this immediately flies up into the regions of the air: where, summoning his infernal council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that seed of the Woman, destined to destroy all their power, and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting, by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person, from whom they have so much to dread. This office he offers himself to undertake; and, his offer being accepted, sets out on his enterprise.—In the mean time God, in the assembly of holy angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan; but foretels that the tempter shall be completely defeated by him:—upon which the angels sing a hymn of triumph. Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of mankind. Pursuing his meditations he narrates, in a soliloquy, what divine and philanthrophic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God; to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan. Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness; where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence. Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant; and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognize him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God. Jesus briefly replies. Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness; and entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power, by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavours to justify himself; and, professing his admiration of Jesus and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation; but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the book closes with a short description of night coming on in the desert.

p. 70, &c. But the arguments, which he has there given, are too diffuse; and want that conciseness and energy which distinguish Mr. Dunster's. *TODD.*

I, who ere while the happy garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repulse'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.
Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field, [thence
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through height or depth of Nature's bounds, [deeds
With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age;
Worthy to have not remain'd so long unsung.
Now had the great proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptiz'd: to his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan; came, as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heavenly office; nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heaven pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the adversary, who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly fam'd
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was given, a while survey'd
With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,
With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake.
"O ancient powers of air, and this wide world,
(For much more willingly I mention air,
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation,) well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd,
In manner at our will, the affairs of Earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me; though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd
(At least if so we can, and by the head [wound,
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of Earth and air,)
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born.
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause:
But his growth now to youth's full flower dis-
playing

All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so
Purified, to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king: all come,
And he himself among them was baptiz'd;
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I saw
The prophet do him reverence; on him, rising
Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors: thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, (whate'er it meant,)
And out of Heaven the sovran voice I heard,
'This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.'
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven:
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep:
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
(Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snares,)
Ere in the head of nations he appear,
Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam; and the exploit perform'd
Successfully: a calmer voyage now once,
Will waft me; and the way, found prosperous
Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted, and surpris'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him, their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
This Man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
To end his reign on Earth, so long enjoy'd:
But, contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd council, pre-ordain'd and fix'd,
Of the Most High; who, in full frequence bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

"Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou and all angels conversant on Earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message, late
On which I sent thee to the virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son,
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
O'ershadow her. This man, born and now up-grown,
To show him worthy of his birth divine
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his apostacy: he might have learnt
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a man,
Of female seed, far abler to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell;
Winning, by conquest, what the first man lost,
By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean
To exercise him in the wilderness;
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and strong sufferance:
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh,
That all the angels and ethereal powers,
They now, and men hereafter, may discern,
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd,
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

"Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell,
And, devilish machinations, come to naught!"

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara, where John baptiz'd,
Musing, and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till, far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursued.

"O, what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and here
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd!
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,

All righteous things: therefore, above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that, ere yet my age
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose [own;
What might improve my knowledge or their
And was admir'd by all: yet this not all
To which my spirit aspir'd; victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts; one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the Earth,
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue. [ceiving,
These growing thoughts my mother soon per-
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,
O son, but nourish them, and let them soar
To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless deeds express thy matchless sire,
For know, thou art no son of mortal man;
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,
Thy father is the Eternal King who rules
All Heaven and Earth, angels and sons of men;
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a virgin; he foretold, [throne,
Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
At thy nativity, a glorious quire
Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
For in the inn was left no better room:
A star, not seen before, in Heaven appearing,
Guided the wise men thither from the east,
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy star, new-graven in Heaven,
By which they knew the king of Israel born.
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.'—
This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
The law and prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes [spake
Known partly, and soon found, of whom they
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay, even to the death,
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet, neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited; when behold
The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight,) now come, who was to
Before Messiah, and his way prepare! [come
I, as all others, to his baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him, (for it was shown him so from Heaven,)
Me him, whose harbinger he was; and first
Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But, as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a dove;
And last, the sum of all, my father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounc'd me his,
'Me his beloved son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd;' by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes,
The authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet; perhaps I need not know,
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."
So spake our Morning-star, then in his rise,
And, looking round, on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon on shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak,
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended; hunger'd then at last
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.
"Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcase, pin'd with hunger and with drought.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the Man, whom late
Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out."
To whom the Son of God. "Who brought me hither,
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."
"By miracle he may," replied the swain;
"What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd

More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born:
But, if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."
He ended, and the Son of God replied.
"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written,
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
'Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with manna?' in the mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat, nor drank;
And forty days Elijah, without food,
Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"
Whom thus answer'd the arch-fiend, now undisguis'd.
"'Tis true I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who, leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driven
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in the air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And, when to all his angels he propos'd
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glib'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge;
For what he bids I do. Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense:
What can then be less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence; by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell,
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be; but, long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most, (what can it less?) that Man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more."
To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied.
"Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heaven of Heavens: thou com'st indeed
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,
To all the host of Heaven: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment: representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all infliction? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles
By thee are given, and what confess'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct,
To fly or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly given the nations up
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous: but, when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence truth,
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy
But from him, or his angels president
In every province, who, themselves disdaining
To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say
To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st:
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos, or elsewhere;
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living oracle
Into the world to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know."
So spake our Saviour, but the subtle fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.
"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me with hard doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me. Where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,

And not endure'd oft-times to part from truth,
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can, and must submiss, endure,
Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to the ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear Her dictates from thy mouth? Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes,)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing; and vouchsaf'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspir'd: disdain not such access to me."
To whom our Saviour, unalter'd brow:
"Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not, or forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more."
He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The disciples of Jesus, uneasy at his long absence, reason amongst themselves concerning it. Mary also gives vent to her maternal anxiety: in the expression of which she recapitulates many circumstances respecting the birth and early life of her son.—Satan again meets his infernal council, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our blessed Lord, and calls upon them for counsel and assistance. Belial proposes the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes Belial for his dissoluteness, charging on him all the profligacy of that kind ascribed by the poets tot he heathen gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation, particularly proposing to avail himself of the circumstance of our Lord's hungering; and, taking a band of chosen spirits with him, returns to resume his enterprise.—Jesus hungers in the desert.—Night comes on; the manner in which our Saviour passes the night is described.—Morning advances.—Satan again appears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder that he should be so entirely neglected in the wilderness, where others had been miraculously fed, tempts him with a sumptuous banquet of the most luxurious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes.—Satan, finding our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts him again by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power: this Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed by persons under virtuous poverty, and specifying the danger of riches, and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah, Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd; I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not nam'd;
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,
(So lately found, and so abruptly gone,)
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt.
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the mount and missing long,
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come:
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Perræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,
Plain fishermen, (no greater men them call,)
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreath'd.
"Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd;
Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the kings of the Earth, how they oppress
Thy chosen; to what height their power unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee; arise, and vindicate
Thy glory; free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great prophet, pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have conversed;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,

Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return."
Thus they, out of their plaints, new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But, to his mother Mary, when she saw
Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none, [pure,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.
"O, what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
'Hail highly favour'd among women blest!'
While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore;
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air: a stable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet soon enforc'd to fly,
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice,
I look'd for some great change; to honour? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israël, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul
A sword shall pierce: this is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw [seen,
He could not lose himself, but went about
His father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events."
Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her son, tracing the desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high:
For Satan, with sly preface to return,
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began.

"Princes, Heaven's ancient sons, ethereal thrones;
Demonian spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
(So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble,) such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him; but [find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
However to this man inferior far;
If he be man by mother's side, at least
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here: I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd."
So spake the old serpent, doubting; and from [all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid
At his command: when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutest spirit that fell,
The sensuallest, and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest incubus; and thus advis'd.
"Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found:
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky; more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
Skill'd to retire, and, in retiring, draw
Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."
To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thyself dost'dst on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled sons of God, roaming the Earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more

Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of Beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he, surnam'd of Africa, dismiss'd,
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he, whom we attempt, is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on Beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discountenance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe! for Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy; with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
Rocks, whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers, where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness:
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."
He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of spirits, likest to himself in guile,
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part:
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
Where, still from shade to shade, the Son of God
After forty days fasting had remain'd,
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said.
"Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
Wandering this woody maze, and human food
Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,
Or God support nature without repast
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain: so it remain
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm;
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
Me hungering more to do my Father's will."
It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet:
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the prophet also, how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awak'd
He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days:
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song:
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw;
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud:
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High-roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)
And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs: he view'd it round:
When suddenly a man before him stood;
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.
"With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide,
Of all things destitute; and, well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
The fugitive bond-woman, with her son
Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God rain'd
From Heaven manna; and that prophet bold,
Native of Thebez, wandering here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed."
To whom thus Jesus. "What conclud'st thou hence?
They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none."
"How hast thou hunger then?" Satan replied,

Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
Would'st thou not eat?"—"Thereafter as I like
The giver," answer'd Jesus. "Why should that
Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle fiend.
"Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? Nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,
Nature asham'd, or, better to express, [vey'd
Troubled, that thou should'st hunger, hath pur-
From all the elements her choicest store,
To treat thee, as beseems, and as her Lord,
With honour: only deign to sit and eat."
He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld,
In ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
(Alas, how simply, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!)
And at a stately side-board, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels, met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes; and
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd [winds
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendour; and the tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.
"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidd'n; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight. [springs,
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."
To whom thus Jesus temperately replied.
"Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant
Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."
To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.
"That I have also power to give, thou seest;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect:
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil." With that
Both table and provision vanish'd quite
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard:
Only the impórtune tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursued.
"By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions: but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue can'st thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms:
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,
Thy throne, but gold that got, him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."
To whom thus Jesus patiently replied.
"Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the Earth,
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,

The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge, [apt
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from errour lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which, to a generous mind,
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, oftest better miss'd."

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, in a speech of much flattering commendation, endeavours to awaken in Jesus a passion for glory, by particularising various instances of conquests achieved, and great actions performed, by persons at an early period of life. Our Lord replies, by showing the vanity of worldly fame, and the improper means by which it is generally attained; and contrasts with it the true glory of religious patience and virtuous wisdom, as exemplified in the character of Job. Satan justifies the love of glory from the example of God himself, who requires it from all his creatures. Jesus detects the fallacy of this argument, by showing that, as goodness is the true ground on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, sinful man can have no right whatever to it.—Satan then urges our Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David; he tells him that the kingdom of Judea, being at that time a province of Rome, cannot be got possession of without much personal exertion on his part, and presses him to lose no time in beginning to reign. Jesus refers him to the time allotted for this, as for all other things; and, after intimating somewhat respecting his own previous sufferings, asks Satan, why he should be so solicitous for the exaltation of one, whose rising was destined to be his fall. Satan replies, that his own desperate state, by excluding all hope, leaves little room for fear; and that, as his own punishment was equally doomed, he is not interested in preventing the reign of one, from whose apparent benevolence he might rather hope for some interference in his favour.—Satan still pursues his former incitements; and, supposing that the seeming reluctance of Jesus to be thus advanced might arise from his being unacquainted with the world and its glories, conveys him to the summit of a high mountain, and from thence shows him most of the kingdoms of Asia, particularly pointing out to his notice some extraordinary military preparations of the Parthians to resist the incursions of the Scythians. He then informs our Lord, that he showed him this purposely that he might see how necessary military exertions are to retain the possession of kingdoms, as well as to subdue them at first, and advises him to consider how impossible it was to maintain Judea against two such powerful neighbours as the Romans and Parthians, and how necessary it would be to form an alliance with one or other of them. At the same time he recommends, and engages to secure to him, that of the Parthians; and tells him that by this means his power will be defended from any thing that Rome or Cæsar might attempt against it, and that he will be able to extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish, what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judea really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of the ten tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly noticed the vanity of military efforts and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for his ascending his allotted throne he shall not be slack: he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always showed himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their idolatry; but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recall them, and restore them to their liberty and native land.

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood
A while, as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted, and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.
"I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old,
Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds-

That might require the array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These God-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers all but the highest?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic king, and in triúmph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late."
To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied.
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise? [what,
They praise, and they admire, they know not
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
The intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God,
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention still
Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage;
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me; and thereby witness whence I am." [plied.
To whom the tempter murmuring thus re-
"Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
By all his angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives,
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us, his foes pronounc'd, glory he exacts:"
To whom our Saviour fervently replied.
"And reason; since his word all things produc'd
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to show forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And, not returning that, would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence!
But why should man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs,
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd,
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs:
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance."
So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself,
Insatiable of glory, had lost all;

Yet of another plea bethought him soon.
"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem;
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne,
By mother's side thy father; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms:
Judæa now and all the Promis'd Land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temperate sway; oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right, by sitting still, or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait:
They themselves rather are occasion best;
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude.
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
The happier reign, the sooner it begins:
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?"
To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
"All things are best fulfill'd in their due time;
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,
That it shall never end, so, when begin,
The Father in his purpose hath decreed;
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd; just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee, when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? Why art thou
Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"
To whom the tempter, inly rack'd, replied,
"Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace: what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst: worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;
The end I would attain, my final good.
My errour was my errour, and my crime
My crime; whatever, for itself condemn'd;
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign, or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly could I fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell,)
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,
That thou, who worthiest art, should'st be their king?
Perhaps thou linger'st, in deep thoughts detain'd
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high;
No wonder; for, though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider,
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem, few days' [observe?
Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou
The world thou hadst not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Timorous and loth; with novice modesty,
(As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom,)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and
Sufficient introduction to inform [state;
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know
How their best opposition to withstand."
With that, (such power was given him then,) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain, outstretch'd in circuit wide,
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
Fair champaign with less rivers interveins'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills; [seem
Huge cities and high-tower'd, that well might
The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.
"Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond: to south the Persian bay,
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drought:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,

And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,
His city, there thou seest, and Bactra there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings: of later fame,
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian (now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire,) under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings."
He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops,
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indors'd with towers
Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers
A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons, fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
The fairest of her sex Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry:
At sight whereof the fiend yet more presum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.
"That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark,
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shown
All this fair sight: thy kingdom, though foretold
By prophet or by angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means;
Without means us'd; what it predicts revokes.
But, say thou wert possess'd of David's throne,
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it, quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league:
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly re-install thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes,
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd:
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."
To whom our Saviour answer'd thus, unmov'd,
"Much ostentation vain of fleshy arm
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne:
My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off,) is not yet come:
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons.
But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numbering Israël, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days pestilence? Such was thy zeal

To Israel then; the same that now to me!
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all the idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain;
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length, (time to himself best known,)
Remembering Abraham, by some wonderous call
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste;
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the Promis'd Land their fathers pass'd:
To his due time and providence I leave them."
So spake Israel's true king, and to the fiend
Made answer meet, that made void his wiles.
So fares it, when with truth falsehood contends.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, persisting in the temptation of our Lord, shows him imperial Rome in its greatest pomp and splendour, as a power which he probably would prefer before that of the Parthians; and tells him that he might with the greatest ease expel Tiberius, restore the Romans to their liberty, and make himself master not only of the Roman Empire, but by so doing of the whole world, and inclusively of the throne of David. Our Lord, in reply, expresses his contempt of grandeur and worldly power, notices the luxury, vanity, and profligacy of the Romans, declaring how little they merited to be restored to that liberty, which they had lost by their misconduct, and briefly refers to the greatness of his own future kingdom. Satan, now desperate, to enhance the value of his proffered gifts, professes that the only terms, on which he will bestow them, are our Saviour's falling down and worshipping him. Our Lord expresses a firm but temperate indignation at such a proposition, and rebukes the tempter by the title of "Satan for ever damned." Satan, abashed, attempts to justify himself: he then assumes a new ground of temptation, and proposing to Jesus the intellectual gratifications of wisdom and knowledge, points out to him the celebrated seat of ancient learning, Athens, its schools, and other various resorts of learned teachers and their disciples; accompanying the view with a highly-finished panegyric on the Grecian musicians, poets, orators and philosophers of the different sects. Jesus replies, by showing the vanity and insufficiency of the boasted heathen philosophy; and refers to the music, poetry, eloquence and didactic policy of the Greeks, those of the inspired Hebrew writers. Satan, irritated at the failure of all his attempts, upbraids the indiscretion of our Saviour in rejecting his offers; and, having, in ridicule of his expected kingdom, foretold the sufferings that our Lord was to undergo, carries him back into the wilderness, and leaves him there. Night comes on: Satan raises a tremendous storm, and attempts further to alarm Jesus with frightful dreams, and terrific threatening spectres; which however have no effect upon him. A calm, bright, beautiful morning succeeds to the horrours of the night. Satan again presents himself to our blessed Lord, and, from noticing the storm of the preceding night as pointed chiefly at him, takes occasion once more to insult him with an account of the sufferings which he was certainly to undergo. This only draws from our Lord a brief rebuke. Satan, now at the height of his desperation, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth, purposely to discover if he was the true Messiah; and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was so, he had from that time more assiduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some advantage over him, which would most effectually prove that he was not really that Divine Person destined to be his "fatal enemy." In this he acknowledges that he has hitherto completely failed; but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the Temple at Jerusalem, and, placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Our Lord reproves the tempter, and at the same time manifests his own divinity by standing on this dangerous point. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly falls; and repairs to his infernal compeers to relate the bad success of his enterprise. Angels in the mean time convey our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve:
This far his over-match, who, self-deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man, who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,

To salve his credit, and for every spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew
(Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea; and, on the north,
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That screen'd the fruits of the earth, and seats of men,
From cold Septentrion blast; thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens, and groves, presented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interpos'd:
(By what strange parallax, or optic skill
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire:)
And now the tempter thus his silence broke.
"The city which thou seest, no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the Earth,
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires:
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd
My aery microscope,) thou may'st behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers,
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in;
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle; and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay;
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth, and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly mayst prefer
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emperor hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreæ, an island small, but strong,
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;
Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,
Endued with regal virtues, as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,
Now made a stye, and, in his place ascending,
A victor people free from servile yoke!
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world;
Aim at the highest: without the highest attain'd,
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what will."
To whom the Son of God, unmov'd, replied.
"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic stone,
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read,)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal, and myrrhine cups, emboss'd with gems
And studs of pearl; to me should'st tell, who thirst
And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st
From nations far and nigh: what honour that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk
Of the emperor, how easily subdued,
How gloriously: I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster; what if I withal
Expel a devil who first made him such?
Let his tormenter conscience find him out;
For him I was not sent; nor yet to free
That people, victor once, now vile and base;
Deservedly made vassal; who, once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd;
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free

These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd?
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know therefore, when my season comes to sit
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the Earth;
Or as a stone, that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world;
And of my kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this; but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."
To whom the tempter, impudent, replied.
"I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict:
On the other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give,
(For, given to me, I give to whom I please,)
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior lord,
(Easily done,) and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?"
Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
"I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less;
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition:
But I endure the time, till which expir'd
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,
The first of all commandments, 'Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;'
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurs'd? now more accurs'd
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
And more blasphémous; which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given?
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;
Other donation none thou canst produce.
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
God over all supreme? If given to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me, the Son of God?
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That Evil-one, Satan for ever damn'd."
To whom the fiend, with fear abash'd, replied.
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
Though sons of God both angels are and men,
If I, to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the Earth,
Nations beside from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd, and world beneath:
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me most fatal, me it most concerns;
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown; addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
Alone into the temple, there wast found
Among the gravest rabbies, disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day: be famous then
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend.
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light,
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st;
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Errour by his own arms is best evinc'd.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold;
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls his whispering stream: within the walls, then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand; and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes
And his, who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own:
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of academics old and new, with those

Sarnain'd Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd."
To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:
"Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought: he, who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain [sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not; or, by delusion,
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or, if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language, can I find
That solace? All our law and story strew'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his saints,
(Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee,)
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence; statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only with our law best form a king."
So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now
Quite at a loss, (for all his darts were spent,)
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied.
"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost thou in this world? The wilderness
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus
Nicely or cautiously, my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
Or Heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate
Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not;
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the starry rubric set."
So saying he took, (for still he knew his power
Not yet expir'd,) and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowering night,
Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.
Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;
But, shelter'd, slept in vain; for at his head
The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep. And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heaven: the clouds,

From many a horrid rift, abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terrour there;
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace!
Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrours dire.
And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of Earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The prince of darkness; glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Yet with no new device, (they all were spent,)
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said.

"Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night: I heard the wrack,
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet, as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
Of gaining David's throne, no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told?
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means. Each act is rightliest done
Not when it must, but when it may be best:
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
Whereof this ominous night, that clos'd thee round,
So many terrours, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign."

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus:

"Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrours, which thou speak'st of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatening high: what they can do as signs
Betokening, or ill-boding, I contemn
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I, accepting,
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious spirit! and wouldst be thought my God;
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will! desist, (thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain,) nor me in vain molest."

To whom the fiend, now swoln with rage, replied.

"Then hear, O son of David, virgin-born,
For son of God to me is yet in doubt;
Of the Messiah I had heard foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length,
Announc'd by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all
Flock to the Baptist, I, among the rest,
(Though not to be baptiz'd,) by voice from Heaven
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God; which bears no single sense.
The Son of God I also am, or was;
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declar'd:
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy:
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent:
By parl or composition, truce or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can:
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and, as a centre, firm;
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemn'd, and may again.
Therefore, to know what more thou art than men,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
Another method I must know begin."

So saying he caught him up, and, without wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
The Son of God; and added thus in scorn.
"There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest plac'd: highest is best:
Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God:
For it is written, 'He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.'"
To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God.'" He said, and stood:
But Satan, smitten with amazement fell.
As when Earth's son Antæus, (to compare
Small things with greatest,) in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foil'd, still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in the air, expir'd and fell;
So, after many a foil, the tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride,
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall:
And as that Theban monster, that propos'd
Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not devour'd,
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep;
So, struck with dread and anguish, fell the fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
(Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,)
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore,
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;
Then, in a flowery valley, set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine
Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
And, from the fount of life, ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impair'd,
Or thirst; and, as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the tempter proud.
"True image of the Father; whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrin'd
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wandering the wilderness; whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with God-like force endued
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradise! him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army; now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
A Saviour, art come down to re-install,
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal serpent! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds like an autumnal star,
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, (yet not thy last and deadliest wound,)
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he, all unarm'd,
Shall chase thee, with the terrour of his voice,
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions: yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.—
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work
Now enter; and begin to save mankind."
Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refresh'd,
Brought on his way with joy; he, unobserv'd,
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A Dramatic Poem.

Aristot. *Poet.* cap. 6.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, κ. τ. λ.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per misericordiam et meteum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY[1].

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said

[1] *Of that sort of dramatic poem, called Tragedy.*] Milton, who was inclin'd to Puritanism, had good reason to think, that the publication of his Samson Agonistes would be very offensive to his brethren, who held poetry, and particularly that of the dramatic kind, in the greatest abhorrence. And, upon this account, it is probable, that, in order to excuse himself from having engaged in this proscribed and forbidden species of writing, he thought it expedient to prefix to his play a formal defence of tragedy. *WARTON.*

by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terrour, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled Christ suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening, through the poet's errour of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be epistled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allæostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

The Argument.

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which makes the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

Samson.
Manoah, the father of Samson.
Dalila, his wife.
Harapha of Gath.
Public Officer.
Messenger.
Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

Samson. [Attendant leading him.]

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance

Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.—
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His God-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task [strength,
With this Heaven-gifted strength? O glorious
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight [ease'd,
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

[Enter] *Chorus.*

Chor. This, this is he; softly a while,
Let us not break in upon him:
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
With languish'd head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd,
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soil'd;
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could withstand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron;
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantéan proof?
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite

Fled from his lion ramp; old warriours turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel; [dust.
Or, groveling, soil'd their crested helmets in the
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day.
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul, [complain)
(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause
Imprison'd now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
To incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on Earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wonderous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.
For him I reckon not in high estate
Whom long descent of birth,
Or the sphere of fortune, raises; [mate,
But thee whose strength, while virtue was her
Might have subdued the Earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Sams. I hear the sound of words; their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He speaks, let us draw nigh.—Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores; apt words have power to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Sams. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription, (of the most
I would be understood;) in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness; for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up or heave the head,
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool! have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides:
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife
(O that I never had! fond wish too late,)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare,
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast amiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israël still serves with all his sons.

Samps. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd,
Deliverance offer'd: I on the other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer:
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd;
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them, what advantag'd best:
Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads [flew
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,

And lorded over them whom they now serve:
But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As their deliverer? if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon, in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many died
Without reprieve, adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sami. Of such examples add me to the roll;
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be, who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be, who doubt his ways not
As to his own edicts found contradicting, [just,
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution;
Till by their own perplexities involv'd,
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt.
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaste.

Down, reason, then; at least vain reasonings,
Though reason here aver, [down;
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Samps. Ay me! another inward grief, awak'd
With mention of that name, renews the assault.

[Enter] *Manoah.*

Man. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd [age
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh! what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;—
Who would be now a father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did the angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foe's derision, captive, poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heavenly disposition, father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have prophan'd
The mystery of God given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself;

Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not, day nor night,
To storm me over-watch'd, and wearied out.
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolv'd,
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this
That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

Man. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our foes.
I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st
Enough, and more the burthen of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifices and praises loud,
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorified, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house,

Sams. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high
Among the heathen round: to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end; all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise, and his great name assert;
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not, in the mean while here forgot,
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sams. Spare that proposal, father; spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front? But I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;
But act not in thy own affliction, son:
Repent the sin; but, if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or the execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself: perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves, and more accepts,
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission,)
Him, who, imploring mercy, sues for life,
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

Sams. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heaven foretold, and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about admir'd of all, and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life,

At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shaven, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods or men,
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

Sams. Wherever fountain or fresh current
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure [flow'd
With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd: nor envied them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquour fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Sams. But what avail'd this temperance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, disheartep'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from Heaven impos'd,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustering down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread;
Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,
Consume me, and oft-invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn,
But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay
After the brunt of battle, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall his wonderous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sams. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend, [light,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with
Nor the other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.
[*Exit.*]

Sams. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find
To the inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.
My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification. [stings,
Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or med'cinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heaven's desertion.
I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heavenly message twice descending.
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless:
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incidents to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ [sought
With studied argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune [plaint;
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his com-
Unless he feel within

Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.
God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious, [course,
Temper'st thy providence through his short
Not evenly, as thou rul'st [mute,
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That, wandering loose about,
Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,
Heads without name no more remember'd;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft,
Amidst their height of noon, [no regard
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt
Unseemly falls in human eye, [them high,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age;
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just, or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.—
But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Sams. My wife! my traitress: let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd, [clin'd,
About to have spoke; but now, with head de-
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

[Enter] *Dalila.*

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet, if tears
May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw,)
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my par-
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection, [don
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

Sams. Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men, full oft beguil'd,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I en-
To lessen or extenuate my offence, [deavour
But that on the other side, if it be weigh'd
By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune,
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is, for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou show'd'st me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel. [frailty:
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
So near related, or the same of kind.
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not [found.
More strength from me, than in thyself was
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mind towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable

Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love:
These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps:
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sams. How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, the example,
I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse;
And I believe it; weakness to resist
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have aw'd the best-resolv'd of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me, and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy!
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I, before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation, chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st;
Too well; unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Did'st thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations;
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To please thy gods thou didst it; gods, unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.
These false pretexts, and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear?

Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse whatever be her cause.

Sams. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
Afford me place to show what recompense
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house to abide

With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age, [plied,
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so sup-
That, what by me thou hast lost, thou least shalt miss.

Sams. No, no; of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd,
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,
No more on me have power; their force is null'd;
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd,
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men [hate me
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd and scorn'd,
And last neglected? how would'st thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile?
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee; go with that;
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives!
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason! so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers, than winds and seas; yet winds to
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore: [seas
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame, if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country, where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers;
Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim
Jael, who with hospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward,
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd to have shown.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [*Exit.*]

Chor. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sams. So let her go; God sent her to debase
And aggravate my folly, who committed [me,
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secresy, my safety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sams. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever men refer it,)
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.
If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherous
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Imbark'd with such a steers mate at the helm?
Favour'd of Heaven, who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.
Therefore God's universal law

Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.
But had we best retire? I see a storm.
Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.
Sams. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.
Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him [hither
I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.
Sams. Or peace, or not, alike to me he comes.
Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

[Enter] *Harapha.*

Har. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other's force in camp or listed field;
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.
Sams. The way to know were not to see but taste.
Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine,
From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts; that honour,
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.
Sams. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do
What then thou would'st; thou seest it in thy hand.
Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.
Sams. Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me, assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her marriage-faith to circumvent me.
Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-brace and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou would'st have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.
Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven
Feign'dst at thy birth, was given thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.
Sams. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me
At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invocate his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With the utmost of his Godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.
Har. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be;
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else; no better service
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.
Sams. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant:
In confidence whereof I once again

Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose God is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.
Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend this cause,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber!
Sams. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these?
Har. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confess'd it when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil.
Sams. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast:
But your ill-meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies, [bride
Who, threatening cruel death, constrain'd the
To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil,
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords;
It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.
I was no private, but a person rais'd [Heaven,
With strength sufficient, and command from
To free my country; if their servile minds
Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive;
But to their masters gave me up for nought,
The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd,
And had perform'd it, if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force:
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.
Har. With thee! a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
Due by the law to capital punishment!
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.
Sams. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer; part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.
Har. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?
Sams. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.
Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.
Sams. Go, baffled coward! lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.
Har. By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lamest
These braveries, in irons loaden on thee. [*Exit.*]
Chor. His giantship is gone somewhat crestfallen,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.
Sams. I dread him nor, not all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliah chief.
Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.
Sams. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
And, that he durst not, plain enough appear'd
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;
The worst that he can give to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.
Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd;
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless; while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,
Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.
But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endued
Above the sons of men; but sight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.
This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way

Some other tending; in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand;
His message will be short and voluble.

[Enter] *Officer.*

Off. Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.
Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.
Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games:
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great feast, and great assembly:
Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd, and fresh clad,
To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.
Sams. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them,
Our law forbids at their religious rites
My presence; for that cause cannot come.
Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.
Sams. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.
Off. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.
Sams. Myself? my conscience, and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To show them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.
Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?
Sams. So take it with what speed thy message needs.
Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce. [*Exit.*]
Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.
Chor. Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break:
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.
Sams. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols?
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon!
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?
Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.
Sams. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.
Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.
Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds:
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.
Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.
Sams. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.
Chor. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.
Off. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive at the public mill, our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.
Sams. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men;)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.
Off. I praise thy resolution: doff these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.
Sams. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me, as of a common enemy,

So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
No less the people, on their holy-days,
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide [name
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his
Great among the Heathen round;
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that spirit, that first rush'd on thee
In the camp of Dan,
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.—
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
He seems; supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

[Enter] *Manoah.*

Man. Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords now parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock: I had no will,
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that, which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.
Some much averse I found and wonderous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and state
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd; having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I persuade me, God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service;
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him. [lost,
And since his strength with eye-sight was not
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem
Of his delivery, and the joy thereon [vain
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and—O what noise!—
Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd! [noise,
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:
Oh! it continues, they have slain my son.

Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

Chor. Best keep together here, lest, running thither,
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n:
From whom could else a general cry be heard;
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;

For evil news rides post, while good news bates.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

[Enter] *Messenger.*

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horrour,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not
The desolation of a hostile city. [saddest

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom.

Mess. By Samson.

Man. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

Man. The worst indeed, O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he; death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?

Mess. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy, and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had despatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes,
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall:
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force;
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He, unsuspicious, led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:
At last with head erect thus cried aloud,
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably

Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scap'd who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd,
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
Than all thy life hath slain before.

1. *Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo, his bright sanctuary:
Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They, only set on sport and play,
Unweetingly impórtun'd
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men,
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

2. *Semichor.* But he, though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue, given for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd;
And, though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroicly hath finish'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies blood; and from the stream
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy, and funeral train,
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,
Visit his tomb with flowers; only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent;
His servants he, with new acquist
Of true experience, from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismist,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

APPENDIX

TO

SAMSON AGONISTES,

CONTAINING PLANS OF OTHER SUBJECTS, INTENDED FOR TRAGEDIES BY MILTON: FROM HIS OWN MS, IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

SCRIPTURE SUBJECTS.[1]

OTHER TRAGEDIES.[2]

i. *The Flood.* [See No. iii. below.]
ii. *Abram in Ægypt.*
iii. *The Deluge.*
iv. *Sodom.*
v. *Dinah,* Vide Euseb. Præparat. Evangel. lib. ix. cap. xxii.

[1] These numerous scripture subjects justify a remark made by Mr. Warton, that Milton early leaned towards religious subjects for plays, and wished to turn the drama into the scriptural channel: he accoruingly, in his Reason of Ch. Gov. against Prelacy, written in 1641, tempers his praise of Sophocles and Euripides with recommending Solomon's Song; and adds, that "the

The Persons.

Dine.	Hamor.
Debora, Rebecca's nurse.	Sichem.
Jacob.	Counselors 2.
Simeon.	Nuncius.
Levi.	Chorus.

vi. *Thamar Cuophorusa.* Where Juda is found to have been the author of that crime, which he condemned in Tamar: Tamar excus'd in what she attempted.

vii. *The golden Calfe*, or *The Massacre in Horeb.*

viii. *The Quails.* Num. xi.

ix. *The Murmurers.* Num. xiv.

x. *Corah, Dathan*, &c. Num. xvi, xvii.

xi. *Moabitides.* Num. xxv. [See No. lv. below.]

xii. *Achan.* Joshue vii and viii.

xiii. *Josuah in Gibeon.* Josh. x.

xiv. *Gideon Idoloclastes.* Judg. vi, vii.

xv. *Gideon pursuing.* Judg. viii.

xvi. *Abimelech the Usurper.* Judg. ix.

xvii. SAMSON MARRIING, or *in Ramach Lechi.* Judg. xv.

xviii. SAMSON PURSOPHORUS, or *Hybristes*, or *Dagonalia.* Judg. xvi.

xix. *Comazontes*, or *The Benjaminites*, or *The Rioters.* Judg. xix, xx, xxi.

xx. *Theristria*, a Pastoral, out of Ruth.

xxi. *Eliadæ*, Hophni and Phinehas. I Sam. i, ii, iii, iv. Beginning with the first overthrow of Israel by the Philistines; interlac't with Samuel's vision concerning Elie's family.

xxii. *Jonathan rescued.* I Sam. xiv.

xxiii. *Doeg slandering.* I Sam. xxii.

xxiv. *The sheep-shearers in Carmel*, a Pastoral. I Sam. xxv.

xxv. *Saul in Gilboa.* I Sam. xxviii, xxxi.

xxvi. *David revolted.* I Sam. from the xxvii chap. to the xxxi.

xxvii. *David adulterous.* II Sam. c. xi, xii.

xxviii. *Tamar.* II Sam. xiii.

xxix. *Achitophel.* II Sam. xv, xvi, xvii, xviii.

xxx. *Adoniah.* I Reg. ii.

xxxi. *Solomon Gynæcocratumenus*, or *Idolomargus*, aut *Thysiazusæ.* I Reg. xi.

xxxii. *Rehoboam.* I Reg. xii. Wher is disputed of a politic religion.

xxxiii. *Abias Thersæus.* I Reg. xiv. The queen, after much dispute, as the last refuge, sent to the profet Abias of Shilo; receavs the message. The Epitasis, in that shee, hearing the child shall die, as she comes home, refuses to return, thinking thereby to elude the oracle. The former part is spent in bringing the sick prince forth as it were desirous to shift his chamber and couch, as dying men use; his father telling him what sacrifize he had sent for his health to Bethel and Dan; his fearlessnesse of death, and putting his father in mind to set [send] to Ahiah. The Chorus of the Elders of Israel bemoning his virtues bereft them, and at another time wondring why Jeroboam, being bad himself, should so grieve for his son that was good, &c.

xxxiv. *Imbres*, or *The Showers.* I Reg. xviii, xix.

xxxv. *Naboth συκοφαντούμενος.* I Reg. xxi.

xxxvi. *Ahab.* I Reg. xxii. Beginning at the synod of fals profets: ending with relation of Ahab's death: his bodie brought. Zedechiah slain by Ahab's friends for his seducing. (See Lavater, II Chron. xviii.)

xxxvii. *Elias in the mount.* II Reg. i. Ὀρεβάτης. Or, better, *Elias Polemistes.*

xxxviii. *Eliseus Hudrochóos.* II Reg. iii. *Hudrophantes. Aquator.*

xxxix. *Eliseus Adorolocétas.*

xl. *Eliseus Minutes*, sive in Dothaimis. II Reg. vi.

xli. *Samaria Liberata.* II Reg. vii.

xlii. *Achabæi Cunoborosmeni.* II Reg. ix. The Scene, Jesrael. Beginning, from the watchman's discovery of Jehu, till he go out. In the mean while, message of things passing brought to Jesebel, &c. Lastly, the 70 heads of Ahab's sons brought in, and message brought of Ahaziah's brethren slain on the way. Chap. x.

xliii. *Jehu Belicola.* II Reg. x.

xliv. *Athaliah.* II Reg. xi.

xlv. *Amaziah Doryalotus.* II Reg. xiv. II Chron. xxv.

xlvi. *Hesechias πολιορκούμενος.* II Reg. xviii, xix. Hesechia beseiged. The wicked hypocrisy of Shebna, (spoken of in the xi. or thereabout of Isaiah,) and the commendation of Eliakim, will afford ἀφόρμας λόγου, together with a faction that sought help from Egypt.

xlvii. *Josiah Αιαζόμενος.* II Reg. xxiii.

xlviii. *Zedechia πανεξίων.* II Reg. But the story is larger in Jeremiah.

xlix. *Salymor Halosis.* Which may begin from a message brought to the city, of the judgement upon Zedechiah and his children in Ribla: and so seconded with the burning and destruction of city and temple by Nebuzaradan; lamented by Jeremiah.

l. *Asa*, or *Æthiopes.* II Chron. xiv. with the deposing his mother, and burning her idol.

li. *The three children.* Dan. iii.

lii. *Abram from Moreа*, or *Isaac redeem-* The oiconomie may be thus. The fift or sixt day after Abraham's departure. Eleazar (Abram's steward) first alone, and then with the Chorus, dis-

Apocalypse of Saint John is the majestic image of *a high and stately tragedy*, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold *chorus* of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." Prose-Works, edit. 1698, vol. i. 61. *TODD.*

[2] So they are termed in Milton's MS. Those, which relate to Paradise Lost, have been given at the end of that poem. *TODD.*

course of Abraham's strange voiage, thire mistresse sorrow and perplexity, accompanied with frightfull dreams; and tell the manner of his rising by night, taking his servants and his son with him. Next may come forth Sarah herself. After the Chorus, or Ismael, or Agar. Next some shepheard or companie of merchants, passing through the mount in the time that Abram was in the mid-work, relate to Sarah what they saw. Hence lamentations, fears, wonders. The matter in the mean while divulg'd, Aner, or Eschol, or Mamre, Abram's confederats, come to the house of Abram to be more certaine, or to bring news; in the mean while discoursing, as the world would, of such an action, divers ways; bewayling the fate of so noble a man fain from his reputation, either through divin justice or superstition, or coveting to doe some notable act through zeal. At length a servant, sent from Abram, relates the truth; and last he himselfe comes in with a great traine of Melchizedec's, whose shepheards, beeing secretlye witnesses of all passages, had related to their master, and he conducted his friend Abraham home with joy.

liii. *Baptistes.* The Scene, the Court.

Beginning, From the morning of Hero'ds birth-day.

Herod, by some counseller persuaded * on his birthday to release John Baptist, purposes it, causes him to be sent for to court from prison. The queen hears of it, takes occasion to passe wher he is, on purpose, that, under prætense of reconsiling to him, or seeking to draw a kind retractation from him of the censure on the marriage; to which end she sends a courtier before, to sound whether he might be persuaded to mitigate his sentence; which not finding, she herself craftily assays; and on his constancie, founds an accusation to Herod of a contumacious affront, on such a day, before many peers; præpares the king to some passion, and at last by her daughter's dancing, effects it. There may prologize the spirit of Philip, Herod's brother. It may also be thought that Herod had well bedew'd himself with wine, which made him grant the easier to his wive's daughter.

* *In the margin of the MS.* Or els the queen may pleæ, under præmisses of begging for his liberty, to seek to draw him into a snare by his freedom of speech.

Some of his disciples also, as to congratulate his liberty, may be brought in; with whom, after certain command of his death, many compassionating words of his disciples, bewayling his youth cut off in his glorious cours; he telling them his work is don, and wishing them to follow Christ his maister.

liv. *Sodom.* The title, *Cupid's funeral pile: Sodom burning.* The Scene before Lot's gate.

The Chorus, consisting of Lot's shepherds come to the citty about mane affairs, await in the evening thire maister's return from his evening walk toward the citty gates. He brings with him two young men, or youths, of noble form. After likely discourses, præpares for thire entertainment. By then supper is ended, the gallantry of the towne passe by in procession, with music and song, to the temple of Venus Urania or Peor; and, understanding of tow noble strangers arriv'd, they send 2 of thire choyseat youth, with the priest, to invite them to thire citty solemnities; it beeing an honour that thire citty had decreed to all fair personages, as beeing sacred to their goddess. The angels being ask't by the priest whence they are, say they are of Salem; the priest inveighs against the strict reign of Melchisedec.

Lot, that knows thire drift, answers thwartly at last. Of which notice given to the whole assembly, they hasten thither, tax him of presumption, singularity, breach of city-customs; in fine, offer violence. The Chorus of shepheards præpare resistance in thire maister's defence; calling the rest of the serviture: but, being forc't to give back, the angels open the dore, rescue Lot, discover themselves, warne him to gether his friends and sons in law out of the city.

He goes, and returns; as having met with some incredulous. Some other freind or son in law (out of the way when Lot came to his house) overtakes him to know his buisnes. Heer is disputed of incredulity of divine judgements, and such like matters.

At last is described the parting from the citty. The Chorus depart with their maister. The angels doe the deed with all dreadful execution. The king and nobles of the citty may come forth, and serve to set out the terror. A Chorus of angels concluding, and the angels relating the event of Lot's journey, and of his wife.

The first Chorus, beginning, may relate the course of the citty; each evening every one, with mistresse or Ganymed, gitterning along the streets, or solacing on the banks of Jordan, or down the stream.

At the priests' inviting the angels to the solempity, the angels, pittying their beauty, may dispute of love, and how it differs from lust; seeking to win them.

In the last scene, to the king and nobles, when the fierce thunder begins aloft, the angel appeares all girt with flames, which, he saith, are the flames of true love, and tells the king, who falls down with terrour, his just suffering, as also Athane's, that is, Gener, Lot's son

in law, for despising the continual admonitions of Lot. Then, calling to the thunders, lightning, and fires, he bids them heare the call and command of God, to come and destroy a godlesse nation. He brings them down with some short warning to other nations to take heed.

lv. *Moabitides*, or *Phineas*. The epitasis whereof may lie in the contention, first, between the father of Zimri and Eleazer, whether he [ought] to have slain his son without law? Next, the ambassadors of the Moabites, expostulating about Cosbi, a stranger and a noble woman, slain by Phineas.

It may be argued about reformation and punishment illegal, and, as it were, by tumult. After all arguments driven home, then the word of the Lord may be brought, acquitting and approving Phineas.

lvi. *Christus Patiens*. The Scene, in the garden. Beginning, from the comming thither, till Judas betraies, and the officers lead him away. The rest by Message and Chorus.

His agony may receav noble expressions.

lvii. *Christ born.*

lviii. *Herod massacring*, or *Rachel weeping*. Matt. ii.

lix. *Christ bound.*

lx. *Christ crucifi'd.*

lxi. *Christ risen.*

lxii. *Lazarus*. John, xi.

BRITISH TRAGEDIES.

lxiii. The cloister-king *Constans set up by Vortiger*. *Venutius*, husband to Cartismandua.

lxiv. *Vortiger poison'd* by Roena.

lxv. *Vortiger immur'd*. *Vortiger marrying* Roena. See Speed, *Reproov'd* by Vodin, archbishop of London. Speed. *The massacre of the Britains* by Hengist in thire cups at Salisbury plaine. Malmsbury.

lxvi. *Sigher*, of the East-Saxons, *revolted from the faith, and reclaimed by Jarumang.*

lxvii. *Ethelbert*, of the East-Angles, *slain by Offa* the Mercian. See Holinsh. L. vi. C. v. Speed, in the life of Offa, and Ethelbert.

lxviii. *Sebert slaine by Penda, after he had left his kingdom.* See Holinshed, p. 116.

lxix. *Wulfer slaying his tow sons for beeing Christians.*

lxx. *Osbert*, of Northumberland, *slain for ravishing the wife of Bernbocard, and the Danes brought in.* See Stow, Holinsh. L. vi. C. xii. And especially Speed, L. viii. C. ii.

lxxi. *Edmund*, last king of the East-Angles, *martyr'd by Hinguar the Dane.* See Speed, L. viii, C. ii.

lxxii. *Sigbert*, tyrant of the West-Saxons, *slaine by a swinheard.*

lxxiii. *Edmund*, brother of Athelstan, *slaine by a theefe at his owne table.* Malmesb.

lxxiv. *Edwin*, son to Edward the younger, *for lust depriv'd of his kingdom, or rather by faction of monks, whome he hated; together* [*with*] *the impostor Dunstan.*

lxxv. *Edward*, son of Edgar, *murder'd by his step-mother.* To which may be inserted the tragedies stirr'd up betwixt the monks and priests about mariage.

lxxvi. *Etheldred*, son of Edgar, *a slothful king; the ruin of his land by the Danes.*

lxxvii. *Ceaulin*, king of the West-Saxons, *for tyrannie depos'd and banish't; and dying.*

lxxviii. *The slaughter of the monks of Bangor by Edelfride, stirr'd up, as is said, by Ethelbert, and he by Austine the monke; because the Britains would not receave the rites of the Roman church.* See Bede, Geffrey Monmouth, and Holinshed, p. 104. Which must begin with the convocation of British Clergie by Austin to determine superfluous points, which by them were refused.

lxxix. *Edwin, by vision, promis'd the kingdom of Northumberland on promise of his conversion; and therein establish't by Rodoald, king of* [*the*] *East-Angles.*

lxxx. *Oswin*, king of Deira, *slaine by Oswie his friend, king of Bernitia, through instigation of flatterers.* See Holinsh. p. 115.

lxxxi. *Sigibert*, of the East-Angles, *keeping companie with a person excommunicated, slaine by the same man in his house, according as the bishop Cedda had foretold.*

lxxxii. *Egfride*, king of the Northumbers, *slaine in battle against the Picts; having before wasted Ireland, and made warre for no reason on men that ever lov'd the English; forewarn'd also by Cuthbert not to fight with the Picts.*

lxxxiii. *Kinewulf*, king of the West-Saxons, *slaine by Kineard in the house of one of his concubins.*

lxxxiv. *Gunthildis*, the Danish ladie, *with her husband Palingus, and her son, slaine by the appointment of the traitor Edrick, in king Ethelred's days.* Holinsh. L. vii. C. v. together with the massacre of the Danes at Oxford. Speed.

lxxxv. *Brightrick*, [king] of [the] West-Saxons, *poyson'd by his wife Ethelburge, Offa's daughter; who dyes miserably also, in beggery, after adultery, in a nunnery.* Speed in Bithrick.

lxxxvi. *Alfred, in disguise of a minstrel, discovers the Danes' negligence; sets on* [*them*] *with a mightie slaughter.* About the same tyme the Devonshire men rout Hubba, and slay him.

lxxxvii. *Athelstan exposing his brother Edwin to the sea, and repenting.*

lxxxviii. *Edgar slaying Ethelwold for false play in wooing.* Wherein may be set out his pride, and lust, which he thought to close by favouring monks and building monasteries. Also the disposition of woman in Elfrida towards her husband. [Peck proposes, and justly, I think, to read *cloke* instead of *close.*]

lxxxix. *Swane beseidging London*, and *Ethelred repuls't by the Londoners.*

xc. *Harold slaine in battel, by William the Norman.* The first scene may begin with the ghost of Alfred, the second son of Ethelred, slaine in cruel manner by Godwin, Harold's father; his mother and brother dissuading him.

xci. *Edmund Ironside defeating the Danes at Brentford; with his combat with Canute.*

xcii. *Edmund Ironside murder'd by Edrick the traitor, and reveng'd by Canute.*

xciii. *Gunilda*, daughter to king Canute and Emma, wife to Henry III. emperour, *accus'd of inchastitie; defended by her English page in combat against a giant-like adversary; who by him at two blows is slaine, &c.* Speed in the life of Canute.

xciv. *Hardiknute dying in his cups:* an example to riot.

xcv. *Edward the Confessor's divorsing and imprisoning his noble wife Editha, Godwin's daughter.* Wherin is showed his over-affection to strangers, the cause of Godwin's insurrection. Wherein Godwin's forbearance of battel, prais'd; and the English moderation on both sides, magnifi'd. His [Edward's] slacknesse to redresse the corrupt clergie, and superstitious pretence of chastitie.

SCOTCH STORIES, OR RATHER BRITISH OF THE NORTH PARTS.

xcvi. *Athirco slain by Natholochus, whose daughters he had ravish't; and this Natholocus, usurping thereon the kingdom, seeks to slay the kindred of Athirco, who scape him, and conspire against him.* He sends a witch to know the event. The witch tells the messenger, that he is the man, that shall slay Natholocus. He detests it; but, in his journie home, changes his mind, and performs it. Scotch Chron. English. p. 68, 69.

xcvii. *Duffe and Donwald.* A strange story of witchcraft and murder discover'd and reveng'd. Scotch story, 149 &c.

xcviii. *Haie, the plowman, who, with his two sons that were at plow, running to the battell that was between the Scots and Danes in the next field, staid the flight of his countrymen, renew'd the battell, and caus'd the victorie, &c.* Scotch story, p. 155 &c.

xcix. *Kenneth, who, having privily poison'd Malcolm Duffe that his own son might succeed, is slain by Fenella.* Scotch Hist. p. 157, 158, &c.

c. *Macbeth.* Beginning at the arrivall of Malcolm at Mackduffe. The matter of Duncan may be express't by the appearing of his ghost.

LYCIDAS.

In this MONODY, the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

[Edward King, the subject of this Monody, was the son of sir John King, knight, secretary for Ireland, under queen Elizabeth, James the first, and Charles the first. He was sailing from Chester to Ireland, on a visit to his friends and relations in that country: these were, his brother sir Robert King, knight; and his sisters, Anne wife of sir George Caulfield lord Claremont, and Margaret, abovementioned, wife of sir George Loder, chief justice of Ireland; Edward King bishop of Elphin, by whom he was baptized; and William Chappel, then dean of Cashel, and provost of Dublin college, who had been his tutor at Christ's college Cambridge, and was afterwards bishop of Cork and Ross, and in this pastoral is probably the same person that is styled *old Damoetas*, v. 36. When, in calm weather, not far from the English coast, the ship, a very crazy vessel, *a fatal and perfidious bark*, struck on a rock, and suddenly sunk to the bottom with all that were on board, *not one* escaping, Aug. 10, 1637. King was now only twenty-five years old. He was perhaps a native of Ireland.

At Cambridge, he was distinguished for his piety, and proficiency in polite literature. He has no inelegant copy of Latin iambics prefixed to a Latin comedy called *Senile Odium*, acted at Queen's college, Cambridge, by the youth of that society, and written by P. Hausted, Cantab. 1633. 12mo. From which I select these lines, as containing a judicious satire on the false taste, and the customary mechanical or unnatural expedients, of the drama that then subsisted.

Non hic cothurni sanguine insonti rubent,
Nec flagra Megæræ ferrea horrendum intonant;
Noverca nulla sævior Erebo furit;
Venena nulla, præter illa dulcia
Amoris; atque his vim abstulere noxiam
Casti lepores, innocua festivitas,
Nativa suavitas, proba elegantia, &c."

He also appears with credit in the Cambridge

Public Verses of his time. He has a copy of Latin iambics, in the *Anthologia* on the King's Recovery, Cantab. 1632. 4to. p. 43. Of Latin elegiacs, in the *Genethliacum Acad. Cantabrig.* Ibid. 1631. 4to. p. 39. Of Latin iambics in *Rex Redux*, Ibid. 1633. 4to. p. 14. See also ΣΤΗΩΔΙΑ, from Cambridge, Ibid. 1637. 4to. Signat. C. 3.]

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude:
And, with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn; 30
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose, at evening bright, 30
Toward Heaven's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs dance'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn: 40
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 51
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream! [done?
Had ye been there—for what could that have
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament, 60
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind) 71
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove; 81
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea; 90
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft "(quoth he)" my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go, [
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spar'd for thee young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs! 121
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed:
But that two-handed engine at the door 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, 142
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head, 169
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing in their glory, move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more; 180
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay: 191
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

ORIGINAL VARIOUS READINGS OF LYCIDAS,

From Milton's MS, in his own hand.

Ver. 10. Who would not sing for Lycidas, he *well* knew.
Ver. 22. *To* bid faire peace, &c.
Ver. 26. Under the *glimmering* eye-lids, &c.
Ver. 30. Oft till the *even-starre* bright
Towards Heaven's descent had sloopt his *burnisht* wheel.
Ver. 47. Or frost to flowres that their gay *buttons* wear.
Here *bear* had been written, and erased, before *wear*.
Ver. 58. What could the *golden-hayr'd Calliope*
For her inchaunting son,
When *she beheld (the gods far-sighted bee)*
His goarie *scalpe rowle* downe *the Thracian lee.*
Here, after inchaunting son, occurs in the margin
Whome universal Nature *might* lament,
And Heaven and Hel deplore,
When his *divine head* downe the streame was sent.
The line *And Heaven*, &c. is erased: *divine* head is also altered to divine *visage*, and afterwards to *goary visage*.
Ver. 69. *Hid in* the tangles, &c.
Ver. 85. Oh fountain Arethuse, and, thou *smooth* flood,
Soft-sliding Mincius.
Smooth is then altered to *fam'd*, and next to *honour'd*: And *soft*-sliding to *smooth*-sliding.
Ver. 105. *Scraul'd ore* with figures dim.
Inwrought is in the margin.
Ver. 129. Daily devours apace, and *little* sed.
Nothing is erased.
Ver. 138. On whose fresh lap the swart star *sitt-ly* looks.
At first *sparely*, as at present.
Ver. 139. *Bring* hither, &c.
Ver. 142. Bring the rathe primrose that *unwedded dies,*
Colouring the pale cheek of uninjoy'd love;
And that sad flowre that strewe
To write his own woes on the vermeil graine:
Next, adde Narcissus t'at still weeps in vaine;
The *woodbine*, and the pancie freak't with jet,
The glowing violet,
The *cowslip* wan that *hangs his* pensive head,
And every *bud* that *sorrow's liverie* weares;
Let daffadillies fill their cupswith teares,
Bid amaranthus all his beautie shed.
Here also the *well-attir'd woodbine* appears as at

present, altered from *garish columbine*; and *sad embroidery*, an alteration of *sad cuscheon*, instead of *sorrow's livery*.

Ver. 153. Let our *sad* thought, &c.

Ver. 154. Ay mee, whilst thee the *floods* and sounding *seas*.

Ver. 160. Sleep'st by the fable of *Corinna* old. But *Bellerus* is a correction.

Ver. 176. *Listening* the unexpressive nuptial song.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin.
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern-gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pide,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smoaks,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she sed;
And he, by friars lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wonderous horse of brass.
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the russling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
And, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortal good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light: 160
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live. 176

ARCADES.

PART OF A MASK,

OR

Entertainment presented to the countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family; who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song.

[UNQUESTIONABLY this mask was a much longer performance. Milton seems only to have written the poetical part, consisting of these three songs and the recitative soliloquy of the Genius. The rest was probably prose and machinery. In many of Jonson's masques, the poet but rarely appears, amidst a cumbersome exhibition of heathen gods and mythology.

Alice, countess dowager of Derby, married Ferdinando lord Strange; who on the death of his father Henry, in 1594, became earl of Derby, but died the next year. She was the sixth daughter of sir John Spenser of Althorpe in Northamptonshire. She was afterwards mar[illegible] (in 1600) to lord chancellor Egerton, who [illegible] in 1617. She died Jan. 26, 1635-6, and [illegible] buried at Harefield.]

I. SONG.

LOOK, nymphs, and shepherds, look,
What sudden blaze of majesty,
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook:
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that, her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse 10
Of detraction from her praise;
Less than half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark, what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads;
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright,
In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be, 20
Or the tower'd Cybele
Mother of a hundred gods?
Juno dares not give her odds:
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward the Genius of the wood appears, and turning towards them speaks.

Genius.

Stay, gentle swains; for, though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;

Of famous Arcardy ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alphéus, who by secret sluce 30
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs, as great and good;
I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine;
And, with all helpful service, will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye, where ye may more near behold 40
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the sapplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of Morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness 61
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds: yet, as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.
Follow me; 90
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore, 100
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Maenalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

ORIGINAL VARIOUS READINGS OF ARCADES.

From Milton's MS, in his own hand.

Ver. 10. *Now seems guiltie of abuse*
And detraction from her praise,
Lese than halfe *she hath* expreat:
Envie bid *her hide* the rest.
Here *her hide* is erased, and *conceale* written over it.
Ver. 18. *Seated* like a goddess bright.
But *seated* is also expunged, and *sitting* supplied.
Ver. 23. *Ceres* dares not give her odds:
Who *would have* thought, &c.
Both these readings are erased, and *June* and *had*, as the printed copies now read, are written over them.
Ver. 41. *Those virtues which dull* Fame, &c.
This likewise is expunged, and *What shallow* is substituted.
Ver. 44. For know, by lot from Jove I *have* the power.
Here again the pen is drawn through *have*, and *am* is written over it.
Ver. 47. *In* ringlets quaint.
But *With* is placed over *In* expunged.
Ver. 49. Of noisome winds, *or* blasting vapours chill.
Ver. 50. And from the *leaves* brush off, &c.
So it was at first. But the pen is drawn through *leaves*, and *bowes* supplied.
Ver. 52. *Or* what the crosse, &c.
It was at first *And*, as in the printed copies; but that is erased, and *Or* substituted.
Ver. 59. *And* number *all* my ranks, and every sprout.
Here *And* and *all* are expunged with the pen, and *visit*, as in the printed copies, completes the line.
Ver. 62. Hath *chain'd mortalitie*.
This also is erased, and *lockt up mortal sense* written over it.
Ver. 81. And so attend *you* toward &c.
Ver. 91. I will bring *ye* where she sits.

COMUS

A MASK,

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634, BEFORE JOHN EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

[1] To the right honourable
[2] Jonn lord viscount BRACLY son and heir apparent to the earl of BRIDGEWATER, &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author[3], yet it is a legitimate off-spring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my severall friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the publike view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all reall expression

Your faithfull and most humble servant,
H. LAWES[4].

The copy of a Letter written by sir Henry Wootton, to the Author, upon the following Poem.

From the Colledge, this 13 of April, 1638[5].

SIR,

It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer then to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H.,[6] I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together som good authors of the ancient time: among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kinde letter from you dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty peece of entertainment which came therwith. Wherin I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: ipsa mollities. But I must not omit to tell you that I now onely owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed som good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R.[7] in the very close of the late R.s Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it is added (as I now suppose) that the accessary might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and to leave the reader con la bocca dolce.

Now, sir, concerning your travels wherin I may chalenge a little more privilege of discours with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B.[8] whom you shall easily find attending the young lord

[1] This is the dedication to Lawes's edition of the Mask, 1637, to which the following motto was prefixed, from Virgil's second Eclogue,

Eheu! quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum
Perditus—

This motto is omitted by Milton himself in the editions of 1645, and 1673. *WARTON.*

[2] The First Brother in the Mask. *WARTON.*

[3] It never appeared under Milton's name, till the year 1645. *WARTON.*

[4] This dedication does not appear in the edition of Milton's Poems, printed under his own inspection, 1673, when lord Brackley, under the title of earl Bridgwater, was still living. Milton was perhaps unwilling to own his early connections with a family, conspicuous for its unshaken loyalty, and now highly patronised by king Charles the Second. *WARTON.*

[5] April, 1638.] Milton had communicated to sir Henry his design of seeing foreign countries, and had sent him his *Mask*. He set out on his travels soon after the receipt of this letter. *TODD.*

[6] Mr. H.] Mr. Warton in his first edition of Comus says, that Mr. H. was "perhaps Milton's friend, Samuel Hartlib, whom I have seen mentioned in some of the pamphlets of this period, as well acquainted with sir Henry Wotton:" but this is omitted in his second edition. Mr. Warton perhaps doubted his conjecture of the person. I venture to state from a copy of the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* in my possession, in which a few notes are written (probably soon after the publication of the book, 3d edit. in 1672) that the person intended was the "ever-memorable" John Hales. This information will be supported by the reader's recollecting sir Henry's intimacy with Mr. Hales; of whom sir Henry says, in one of his letters, that he gave to *his learned friend* the title of Bibliotheca ambulans, *the walking Library*. See *Reliq. Wotton.* 3d edit. p. 475. *TODD.*

[7] Mr. R.] I believe "Mr. R." to be John Rouse, Bodley's librarian. "The late R." is unquestionably Thomas Randolph, the poet. *WARTON.*

[8] Mr. M. B.] Mr. Michael Branthwait, as I suppose; of whom sir Henry thus speaks in one of his Letters, *Reliq. Wotton.* 3d edit. p. 546. "Mr. Michael Branthwait, heretofore his majestie's agent in Venice, a gentleman of approved confidence and sincerity." *TODD.*

S.[9] as his governour; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice som time for the king, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge: I hasten, as you do, to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having bin steward to the duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this onely man that escaped by foresight of the tempest: with him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence to others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio, (sayes he) I pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole world; Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement doth need no commentary; and therefore (sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

Your friend as much at command
as any of longer date
HENRY WOOTTON.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

I have expressly sent this my foot-boy to prevent your departure without som acknowledgement from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through som business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent, to entertain you with home-novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle.

COMUS.

LUDLOW CASTLE.

BY MR. TODD.

SOME idea of this venerable and magnificent pile, in which Comus was played with great splendour, at a period when masks were the most fashionable entertainment of our nobility, will probably gratify those, who read Milton with that curiosity which results from taste and imagination. Mr. Warton, the learned author of this elegant remark, declines entering into the more obscure and early annals of the castle; to which therefore I will briefly refer, trusting that the methodical account of an edifice, more particularly ennobled by the representation of Comus within its walls, may not be improper, or uninteresting.

It was built by Roger de Montgomery, who was related to William the Conqueror. The date of its erection is fixed by Mr. Warton in the year 1112. By others it is said to have been erected before the Conquest, and its founder to have been Edric Sylvaticus, earl of Shrewsbury, whom Roger de Montgomery was sent by the Conqueror into the marshes of Wales to subdue, and with those estates in Salop he was afterwards rewarded. But the testimonies of various writers assign the foundation of this structure to Roger de Montgomery, soon after the Conquest.

The son of this nobleman did not long enjoy it, as he died in the prime of life. The grandson, Robert de Belesme, earl of Shrewsbury, forfeited it to Henry I. by having joined the party of Robert duke of Normandy against that king. It became now a princely residence, and was guarded by a numerous garrison. Soon after the accession of Stephen, however, the governor betrayed his trust, in joining the empress Maud. Stephen besieged it; in which endeavour to regain the possession of his fortress some writers assert that he succeeded, others that he failed. The most generally received opinion is, that the governor, repenting of his baseness, and wishing to obtain the king's forgiveness, proposed a capitulation advantageous to the garrison, to which Stephen, despairing of winning the castle by arms, readily acceded. Henry II. presented it to his favourite, Fulk Fitz-Warine, or de Dinan, to whom succeeded Joccas de Dinan; between whom and Hugh de Mortimer lord of Wigmore such dissensions arose, as at length occasioned the seizure of Mortimer, and his confinement in one of the towers of the castle, which to this day is called Mortimer's Tower; from which he was not liberated, till he had paid an immense ransom. This tower is now inhabited, and used as a fives-court.

It was again belonging to the crown in the 8th year of king John, who bestowed it on Philip de Albani, from whom it descended to the Lacies of Ireland, the last of which family, Walter de Lacy, dying without issue male, left the castle to his grand daughter Maud, the wife of Peter de Geneva, or Jeneville, a Poictevin, of the house of Lorrain, from whose posterity it passed by a daughter to the Mortimers, and from them hereditarily to the crown. In the reign of Henry III. it was taken by Simon de Montfort earl of Leicester, the ambitious leader of the confederate barons, who, about the year 1263 are said to have taken possession of all the royal castles and fortresses. Of Ludlow Castle in almost two succeeding centuries nothing is recorded.

In the thirteenth year of Henry VI. it was in the possession of Richard duke of York, who there drew up his declaration of affected allegiance to the king, pretending that the army of ten thousand men, which he had raised in the marshes of Wales, was "for the public weale of the realme." The event of this commotion between

[9] Lord S.] The son of lord viscount Scudamore, then the English ambassador at Paris, by whose notice Milton was honoured, and by whom he was introduced to Grotius, then residing at Paris, also as the minister of Sweden. *TODD.*

the Royalists and Yorkists, the defeat of Richard's perfidious attempt, is well known. The castle of Ludlow, says Hall, "was spoyled." The king's troops seized on whatever was valuable in it; and, according to the same chronicler, hither "the king sent the dutchess of Yorke with her two younger sons to be kept in ward; with the dutchess of Buckingham her sister; where she continued a certain space."

The castle was soon afterwards put into the possession of Edward duke of York, afterwards king Edward IV., who at that time resided in the neighbouring castle of Wigmore, and who, in order to revenge the death of his father, had collected some troops in the Marches, and had attached the garrison to his cause. On his accession to the throne the castle was repaired by him, and a few years after was made *the court* of his son, the prince of Wales; who was sent hither by him, as Hall relates, "for justice to be doen in the Marches of Wales, to the end that by the authoritie of his presence, the wild Welshmenne and evill disposed personnes should refraine from their accustomed murthers and outrages." Sir Henry Sidney, some years afterwards, observed, that, since the establishment of the lord president and council, the whole country of Wales have been brought from their disobedient and barbarous incivility, to a civil and obedient condition; and the bordering English counties had been freed from those spoils and felonies, with which the Welsh, before this institution, had annoyed them. See Sidney State-Papers, vol. i. p. 1. On the death of Edward, his eldest son was here first proclaimed king by the name of Edward V.

In the reign of Henry VII. his eldest son, Arthur, prince of Wales, inhabited the castle; in which great festivity was observed upon his marriage with Catherine of Arragon; an event that was soon followed, within the same walls, by the untimely and lamented death of that accomplished prince.

The castle had now long been the palace of the prince of Wales annexed to the principality, and was the habitation appointed for his deputies the lords presidents of Wales, who held in it the court of the Marches. It would therefore hardly have been supposed, that its external splendour should have suffered neglect, if Powel, the Welsh historian, had not related, that "sir Henry Sidney, who was made lord president in 1564, repaired the castle of Ludlowe which is the cheefest house within the Marches, *being in great decaie*, as the chapell, the court-house, and a faire fountaine." See Mr. Warton's second edit. p. 124, where he quotes D. Powell's Hist. of Cambria, edit. 1580. 4to. p. 401. Sir H. Sidney, however, was made lord president in the second year of Elizabeth, which was in 1559. See Sidney State-Papers, vol. i. Memoirs prefixed, p. 86. Sir Henry's munificence to this stately fabric is more particularly recorded by T. Churchyard, in his poem called, The Worthines of Wales, 4to. Lond. 1578. The chapter is entitled *the Castle of Ludloe*," in which it is related, that "Sir Harry built many things here worthie praise and memorie." From the same information we learn the following particulars. "Over a chimney excellently wrought in the best chamber, is St. Andrewes Crosse joyned to prince Arthurs armes in the hall windowe." The poet also notices the "Chappell most trim and costly sure:" about which "are armes in colours of sondrie kings, but chiefly noblemen." He then specifies in prose, "that sir Harry Sidney being lord president, buylt twelve roumes in the sayd castle, which goodly buildings doth shewe a great beautie to the same. He made also a goodly wardrobe underneath the new parlor, and repayrd an old tower, called Mortymer's Tower, to keepe the auncient records in the same; and he repayred a fayre roume under the court house, to the same entent and purpose, and made a great wall about the woodyard, and built a most brave condit within the inner court: and all the newe buildings over the gate sir Harry Sidney (in his daies and government there) made and set out to the honour of the queene, and glorie of the castle. There are in a goodly or stately place set out my lord earle of Warwicks armes, the earle of Darbie, the earle of Worcester, the earle of Pembroke, and sir Harry Sidneys armes in like maner: al these stand on the left hand of the chamber. On the other side are the arms of Northwales and Southwales, two red lyons and two golden lyons, prince Arthurs. At the end of the dyning chamber, there is a pretie device how the hedgehog brake the chayne, and came from Ireland to Ludloe." The device is probably an allusion to sir Henry's armorial bearings, of which two *porcupines* were the crest. Sir Henry Sidney caused also many salutary regulations to be made in the court. See Sidney State Papers, vol. i. p. 143 and p. 170, in which are stated the great sums of money he had expended, and the indefatigable diligence he had exerted in the discharge of his office.

In 1616, the creation of prince Charles (afterwards king Charles I.) to the principality of Wales, and earldom of Chester, was celebrated here with uncommon magnificence. It became next distinguished by "one of the most memorable and honourable circumstances in the course of its history," THE REPRESENTATION OF COMUS in 1634, when the earl of Bridgewater was lord president, and inhabited it. A scene in the Mask presented both the castle and the town of Ludlow. Afterwards, as I have been informed, Charles the first, going to pay a visit at Powis castle, was here splendidly received and entertained, on his journey. But "pomp, and feast, and revelry, with *mask*, and antique pageantry," were soon succeeded in Ludlow castle by the din of arms. During the unhappy civil war it was garrisoned for the king; who, in his flight from Wales, staid a night it. See *Iter Carolinum* in Gutch's *Collect. Cur.* vol. ii. 443. "Wednesday Aug.st 6.th 1645, at *Old Radnor*, supper, a yeoman's house; *the court dispersed*. Thursday the 7.th to LUDLOW CASTLE, *no dinner*, Col. Wodehouse. Friday the 8.th to *Bridgnorth*, &c." The castle was at length delivered up to the parliament in June 1646.

A few years after this event, the goods of the castle were inventoried and sold. The rev. Mr Ayscough, of the British Museum, has obligingly directed me to a priced catalogue of the

furniture, with the names of the purchasers, in Harl. MSS. N°. 4898, and N°. 7352: from which I select a few curious articles.

"*In the Princes Chamber.* One standing bedd-stead, covered with watchet damaske, with all the furniture suitable thereunto belonging, &c. Sold Mr Bass ye 11.th of March 1650 for 36£ 10s.

"One suit of old tapistry hangings cont.^e in all 120 ells at 2^s per ell; Sold Mr Cleam.^t ye 18.th January 1650 for 15£.

"*In the Governour's Quarter.* Two pictures, ye one of the late king, and the other of his queen, 10^s. Sold to Mr Bass.

"One large old Bible, 6^s. Sold to Mr Bass.

"One old surplice of holland, 5^s. Sold to Mr Bass.

"One dammaske table-cloth in length tenn yards, 2£. Sold to Mr Rog.^r Humphrey.

"A cupp & cover of plate, weighing 35 oz. at 5^s per oz. 8£. 15^s. Sold to Mr Brown.

"A pulpitt cloth & a carpett of old crimson velvett & 7 old cushions, val.^d at 8£. Sold to Mr Brown.

"*In the Shovell-board Room.* Nine peeces of green kersey hangings paned wth gilt leather, 8 window curtaines, 5 window peeces, a chimney peece, and curtaine rodds, and three other small peeces in a presse in ye wardrobe val. togeather 25£. WITH Y^e PROTECTOR.

"*In ye Hall.* Two long tables, two square tables with formes, one fire-grate, one side table, a court cuppboard, two wooden figures of beasts, 3 candlesticks, & racks for armour, 1£. Sold to Mr Bass."

No other remarkable circumstances distinguish the history of this castle, till the court of the Marches was abolished, and the lords presidents were discontinued, in 1688. From that period its decay commenced. It has since been gradually stript of its curious and valuable ornaments. No longer inhabited by its noble guardians, it has fallen into neglect; and neglect has encouraged plunder. "It will be no wonder that this noble castle is in the very perfection of decay, when we acquaint our readers, that the present inhabitants live upon the sale of the materials. All the fine courts, the royal apartments, halls, and rooms of state, lie open and abandoned, and some of them falling down." Tour through Great Britain, quoted by Grose, art. *Ludlow Castle.* See also two remarkable instances related by Mr. Hodges in his *Account of the Castle*, p. 39. The appointment of a governor, or steward of the castle, is also at present discontinued. Butler enjoyed the stewardship, which was a lucrative as well as an honourable post, while the principality court existed. And, in an apartment over the gateway of the castle, he is said to have written his inimitable Hudibras. The poet had been secretary to the earl of Carbery, who was lord president of Wales; and who, in the great rebellion, had afforded an asylum to the excellent Jeremy Taylor.

In the account of Ludlow castle, prefixed to Buck's Antiquities, published in 1774, which must have been written many years before, it is said "Many of the royal apartments are yet entire; and the sword, with the velvet hangings, and some of the furniture are still preserved." And Grose in his Antiquities, published about the same time, extracting from the Tour through Great Britain what he pronounces a very just and accurate account of this castle, represents the chapel having abundance of coats of arms upon the pannels, and the hall decorated with the same ornaments, together with lances, spears, firelocks, and old armour. Of these curious appendages to the grandeur of both, little perhaps is now known. Of the chapel, a circular building within the inner court is now all that remains. Over several of the stable doors, however, are still the arms of queen Elizabeth, and the earl of Pembroke. Over the inner gate of the castle, are also some remains of the arms of the Sidney family, with an inscription denoting the date of the queen's reign, and of sir Henry Sidney's residence, in 1581, together with the following words, *Hominibus ingratis loquimini lapides.* No reason has been assigned for this remarkable address. Perhaps sir Henry Sidney might intend it as an allusion to his predecessors, who had suffered the stately fabric to decay; as a memorial also, which no successor might behold without determining to avoid its application: Nonne IPSAM DOMUM metuit, ne quam VOCEM EDICIAT, DONNE PARIETES CONCIDE?[1]

Mr. Dovaston, of the Nursery, near Oswestry, who visited the castle in 1768, has acquainted me, that the floors of the great council chamber were then pretty entire, as was the stair-case. The covered steps leading to the chapel were remaining, but the covering of the chapel was fallen: yet the arms of some of the lords presidents, painted on the walls, were visible. In the great council chamber was inscribed on the wall a sentence from 1 Sam. xii. 3. All of which are now wholly gone. The person, who showed this gentleman the castle, informed him that, by tradition, the *Mask of Comus* was performed in the council chamber. Among the valuable collections of the same gentleman is an extensive account of Ludlow town and castle from the most early times, to the first year of William and Mary, copied by him from a MS. of the rev. Rich. Podmore, A. B. rector of Coppenhall in Ca. Pal. of Chester, and curate of Cundover, Salop, collected with great care from ancient and authentic books. From this interesting compilation I have been informed that the court of the Marches was erected by Edward IV. in honour of the earls of March, from whom he was descended, as the court of the duchy of Lancaster had been before by Henry IV. in honour of the house of Lancaster: that the household of Ludlow castle was numerous and splendid, and that the lord president lived in great state. The chaplain had the yearly fee of £.50 with diet for himself and one servant. The other officers of the court had fees and salaries suitable to their several ranks. See also Sidney State Papers, vol. i. p. 5, 6. where the "*Fees usually allowed to the*

[1] Cicero pro Cælio. sect. 25.

council and commissioners, and the *officers wages*," An. 3 Edw. VI. are set forth. The court consisted of the lord president, vice-president, and council, who were composed of the lord chancellor, lord treasurer, lord keeper of the privy seal, lord treasurer of the king's household, chancellor of the exchequer, principal secretary of state, the chief justices of England, and of the Common Pleas, the chief baron of the Exchequer, the justices of Assine for the counties of Salop, Gloucester, Hereford, and Monmouth, the justice of the grand Session in Wales, the chief justice of Chester, attorney and solicitor general, with many of the neighbouring nobility, and with various subordinate officers. See Mr. Hodges's *Hist. Acc. of the Castle*, p. 67, 68. From the inedited tour of a traveller in 1535, communicated to me by Joseph Cooper Walker, esq. it appears that there was also a secretary to the court; the office of which was then filled by lord Goring, and said to be worth 3000*£*. At the same time, sir John Bridgeman was the chief Justice of the court. The traveller adds, that in the absence of the president, the chief justice represented the president's person, and kept "the king's house in the castle, which is a prettie little neate castle, standing high, kept in good repaire:" and that he was "invited by the judge to dinner, and verye kindly and respectfully entertained."

This court was dissolved by act of parliament in the first year of William and Mary, at the humble suit of all the gentlemen and inhabitants of the principality of Wales; by whom it was represented as an intolerable grievance.

The situation of the castle is delightful, and romantic. It is built in the north-west angle of the town upon a rock, commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect northward. On the west it is shaded by a lofty hill, and washed by the river. It is strongly environed by walls of immense height and thickness, and fortified with round and square towers at irregular distances. The walls are said by Grose to have formerly been a mile in compass; but Leland in that measure includes those of the town. The interior apartments were defended on one side by a deep ditch, cut out of the rock; on the other, by an almost inaccessible precipice overlooking the vale of Corve. The castle was divided into two separate parts:- the castle, properly speaking, in which were the palace and lodgings; and the green, or outwork, which Dr. Stukely supposes to have been called the *Barbican*. See his Itinerary, Iter iv. p. 70. The green takes in a large compass of ground, in which were the court of judicature and records, the stables, garden, bowling-green, and other offices. In the front of the castle, a spacious plain or lawn formerly extended two miles. In 1772 a public walk round the castle was planted with trees, and laid out with much taste, by the munificence of the countess of Powis. See Mr. Hodges's Hist. Acc. p. 54.

The exterior appearance of this ancient edifice bespeaks, in some degree, what it once has been. Its mutilated towers and walls still afford an idea of the strength and beauty, which so noble a specimen of Norman architecture formerly displayed. But at the same time it is a melancholy monument, exhibiting the irreparable effects of pillage and dilapidation.

ORIGIN OF COMUS.

By Mr. Warton.

IN Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, an Arcadian comedy, recently published, Milton found many touches of pastoral and superstitious imagery, congenial with his own conceptions. Many of these, yet with the highest improvements, he has transferred in Comus: together with the general cast and colouring of the piece. He catched also from the lyric rhymes of Fletcher, that Dorique delicacy, with which sir Henry Wotton was so much delighted in the songs of Milton's drama. Fletcher's comedy was coldly received the first night of its performance. But it had ample revenge in this conspicuous and indisputable mark of Milton's approbation. It was afterwards represented as a Mask at court, before the king and queen on twelfth-night, in 1633. I know not, indeed, if this was any recommendation to Milton; who, in the Paradise Lost, speaks contemptuously of these interludes, which had been among the chief diversions of an elegant and liberal monarch. B. iv. 767.

——————— court-amours
Mix'd dance, and wanton mask, or midnight ball, &c."

And in his Ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth, written in 1660, on the inconveniences and dangers of readmitting kingship, and with a view to counteract the noxious humour of returning to bondage, he says, "a king must be adored as a demigod, with a dissolute and haughty court about him, of vast expense and luxury, masks and revels, to the debauching our prime gentry, both male and female, not in their pastimes only, &c." Pr. W. i. 590. I believe the whole compliment was paid to the genius of Fletcher. But in the mean time it should be remembered, that Milton had not yet contracted an aversion to courts and court-amusements; and that, in L'Allegro, masks are among his pleasures. Nor could he now disapprove of a species of entertainment, to which as a writer he was giving encouragement. The royal masks, however, did not, like Comus, always abound with Platonic recommendations of the doctrine of chastity.

The ingenious and accurate Mr. Reed has pointed out a rude out-line, from which Milton seems partly to have sketched the plan of the fable of Comus. See *Biograph. Dramat.* ii. p. 441. It is an old play, with this title, *The old Wives Tale*, a pleasant conceited Comedie, plaied by the Queens Maiesties players. Written by G. P. [i. e. George Peele.] Printed at London by John Danter, and are to be sold by Ralph Hancocke and John Hardie, 1595. In quarto. This very scarce and curious piece exhibits, among other parallel incidents, two brothers wandering in quest of their sister, whom an enchanter had imprisoned. This magician had learned his art from his mother Meroe, as Co-

mus had been instructed by his mother Circe. The Brothers call out on the Lady's name, and Echo replies. The enchanter had given her a potion which suspends the powers of reason, and superinduces oblivion of herself. The Brothers afterwards meet with an old man who is also skilled in magic; and, by listening to his soothsaying, they recover their lost sister. But not till the enchanter's wreath had been torn from his head, his sword wrested from his hand, a glass broken, and a light extinguished. The names of some of the characters, as Sacrapant, Chorebus, and others, are taken from the Orlando Furioso. The history of Meroe a witch, may be seen in The xi Bookes of the Golden Asse, containing the Metamorphosie of Lucius Apuleius, interlaced with sundrie pleasant and delectable Tales, &c. Translated out of the Latin into English by William Adlington, Lond. 1566. See Chap. iii. "How Socrates in his returne from Macedony to Larissa was spoyled and robbed, and how he fell acquainted with one Meroe a witch." And Chap. iv. "How Meroe the witch turned divers persons into miserable beasts." Of this book there were other editions, in 1571, 1596, 1600, and 1639. All in quarto and the black letter. The translator was of University College. See also *Apuleius* in the original. A *Meroe* is mentioned by Ausonius, *Epigr.* xix.

Peele's play opens thus.

Anticke, Frolicke, and Fantasticke, three adventurers, are lost in a wood, in the night. They agree to sing the old song,

"Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee;
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jacke sleeps in the tree."

They hear a dog, and fancy themselves to be near some village. A cottager appears, with a lantern: on which Frolicke says, "I perceiue the glimryng of a gloworme, a candle, or a cats-eye, &c." They entreat him to show the way: otherwise they say, "wee are like to wander among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest." He invites them to his cottage; and orders his wife to lay a crab in the fire, to "rost for lambes-wool, &c." They sing

"When as the rie reach to the chin,
And *chopcherrie, chopcherrie ripe* within;
Strawberries swimming in the creame,
And schoole-boyes playing in the streame, &c."

At length to pass the time *trimly*, it is proposed that the wife shall tell "a merry winters tale," or, "an old wiues winters tale," of which sort of stories she is not without a *score*. She begins, There was a king, or duke, who had a most beautiful daughter, and she was stolen away by a necromancer, who turning himself into a dragon, carried her in his mouth to his castle. The king sent out all his men to find his daughter; "at last, all the king's men went out so long, that hir two brothers went to seeke hir." Immediately the two brothers enter, and speak.

"1 *Br.* Vpon these chalkie cliffs of Albion,
We are arriued now with tedious toile, &c.
To seeke our sister, &c."——

A soothsayer enters, with whom they converse about the lost lady. "*Sooth.* Was she fayre? 2 *Br.* The fayrest for white and the purest for redde, as the blood of the deare or the driven snowe, &c." In their search, Echo replies to their call. They find too late that their sister is under the captivity of a wicked magician, and that she had tasted his cup of oblivion. In the close, after the wreath is torn from the magician's head, and he is disarmed and killed, by a Spirit in the shape and character of a beautiful page of fifteen years old, she still remains subject to the magician's enchantment. But in a subsequent scene the Spirit enters, and declares, that the sister cannot be delivered but by a lady, who is neither maid, wife, nor widow. The Spirit blows a magical horn, and the lady appears; she dissolves the charm, by breaking a glass, and extinguishing a light, as I have before recited. A curtain is withdrawn, and the sister is seen seated and asleep. She is disenchanted and restored to her senses, having been spoken to *thrice*. She then rejoins her two brothers, with whom she returns home; and the Boy-spirit vanishes under the earth. The magician is here called "inchanter vile," as in *Comus*, v. 907.

There is another circumstance in this play, taken from the old English *Apuleius*. It is where the *Old Man* every night is transformed by our magician into a bear, recovering in the day-time his natural shape.

Among the many feats of magic in this play, a bride newly married gains a marriage-portion by dipping a pitcher into a well. As she dips, there is a *voice*:

"Faire maiden, white and red,
Combe me smoothe, and stroke my head,
And thou shall haue some cockell bread!
Gently dippe, but not too deepe,
For feare thou make the golden beard to weepe!"
"Faire maiden, white and redde,
Combe me smooth, and stroke my head:
And euery haire a sheaue shall be,
And euery sheaue a golden tree!"

With this stage-direction, "*A head comes vp full of gold; she combes it into her lap.*"

I must not omit, that Shakespeare seems also to have had an eye on this play. It is in the scene where "*The Haruest-men enter with a Song.*" Again, "*Enter the Haruest-men singing with women in their handes.*" Frolicke says, "Who have we here, our amourous haruest starres?" —*They sing*,

"Loe, here we come a reaping a reaping,
To reape our haruest-fruite;
And thus we passe the yeare so long,
And neuer be we mute."

Compare the Mask in the *Tempest*, A. iv. S. i. where Iris says,

"You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing."

Where is this stage-direction, "*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance.*" The *Tempest* probably did not appear before the year 1612.

That Milton had his eye on this ancient drama, which might have been the favourite of his early youth, perhaps it may be at least affirmed with as much credibility, as that he conceived the Paradise Lost, from seeing a Mystery at Florence, written by Andreini a Florentine in 1617, entitled *Adamo*.

In the mean time it must be confessed, that Milton's magician Comus, with his cup and wand, is ultimately founded on the fable of Circe. The effects of both characters are much the same. They are both to be opposed at first with force and violence. Circe is subdued by the virtues of the herb moly which Mercury gives to Ulysses, and Comus by the plant haemony which the Spirit gives to the two Brothers. About the year 1615, a mask called the *Inner Temple Masque*, written by William Browne, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, which I have frequently cited, was presented by the students of the Inner Temple. See Notes on *Com.* v. 252, 636, 659. It has been lately printed from a manuscript in the library of Emanuel College: but I have been informed, that a few copies were printed soon after the presentation. It was formed on the story of Circe, and perhaps might have suggested some few hints to Milton. I will give some proofs of parallelism as we go along.

The genius of the best poets is often determined, if not directed, by circumstance and accident. It is natural, that even so original a writer as Milton should have been biassed by the reigning poetry of the day, by the composition most in fashion, and by subjects recently brought forward, but soon giving way to others, and almost as soon totally neglected and forgotten.

THE PERSONS.

The Attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

Comus, with his crew.
The Lady.
First Brother.
Second Brother.
Sabrina, the Nymph.

The chief persons, who presented, were

The lord Brackley.
Mr. Thomas Egerton his brother.
The lady Alice Egerton.

COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The Attendant Spirit descends or enters.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aëreal spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth; and, with low-thoughted care
Confin'd and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants, 10
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep:
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun 30
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-entrusted sceptre: but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horrour of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
But that by quick command from sovran Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard:
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe, 50
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine?)
This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustering locks
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd:
Who, ripe and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood;
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,

To quench the drought of Phœbus; which as they taste [thirst:)
(For most do taste through fond intemperate
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before;
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stye.
Therefore when any, favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
I shoot from Heaven, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus.

The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing towards the other goal 100
Of his chamber in the east.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head.
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie. 110
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering morrice move;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves, 119
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves,
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and waketh love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.—
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport, 128
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon woom
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay the cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice Morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep, 140
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.—
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art) 149
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course:
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
My best guide now: methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds;
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,
Of such late wassailers; yet O! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit

s the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, 189
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That Nature hung in Heaven, and fill'd their
With everlasting oil, to give due light [lamps
To the misled and lonely traveller? 200
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What this might be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues, that syllable mens names 208
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe [ill
That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 220
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell, 231
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where, 240
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down 251
Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself; 261
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan; by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood,

Lad. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that
That is address'd to unattending ears; [praise
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lad. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lad. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lad. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lad. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lad. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom? 289

Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,
And, as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

Lad. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lad. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet. 310

Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;

And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd, 315
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low,
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lad. Shepherd, I take thy word
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd 325
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength.—Shepherd, lead on. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter The Two Brothers.

El. Br. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair Moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades; 335
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.
Sec. Br. Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 345
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears. 355
What, if in wild amazement and affright?
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
El. Br. Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion! 365
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude; 376
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon. 385
Sec. Br. 'Tis most true,
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye, 395
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.
El. Br. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength, 415
Which you remember not.
Sec. Br. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?
El. Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity:
She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity, 425
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very Desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at Curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine, 436
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,

Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence, 460
Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres 471
Lingering, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.
Sec. Br. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
El. Br. List, list; I hear
Some far off halloo break the silent air. 481
Sec. B. Methought so too; what should it be?
El. B. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber, calling to his fellows.
Sec. B. Heaven keep my sister. Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
El. B. I'll halloo:
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

[*Enter the* Attendant Spirit, *habited like a shepherd.*]

That halloo I should know; what are you? speak; 490
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.
Spir. What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.
Sec. B. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.
El. B. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale?
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook? 500
Spir. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth,
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
El. B. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510
Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
El. B. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee briefly show.
Spir. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,)
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, [poison
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face: this have I learnt 530
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb 541
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till Fancy had her fill; but, ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death: but O! ere long,
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,

And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place, 570
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew,) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further know I not.
Sec. Br. O night, and shades! 580
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot
Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?
El. Br. Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,—
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd; 590
Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness; when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And Earth's base built on stubble.—But come, let's on.
Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven 600
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.
Spir. Alas! good venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise; 610
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.
El. Br. Why pr'ythee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?
Spir. Care, and utmost shifts,
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly,
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition. 641
I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
And brandish'd blade, rush on him; break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
El. Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the* Lady *set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Comus.

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660
And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
Lad. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.
Com. Why are you vex'd, lady? Why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures,
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season. 671
And first, behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mix'd;
Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent 680
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,

And harshly deal like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.
Lad. 'Twill not, false traitor! 690
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute? 700
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well govern'd and wise appetite.
Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth 710
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd the all-worshipt ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world 720
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility;
The Earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes, 730
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'er fraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
List, lady: be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof 740
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply 750
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.
Lad. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler eyes,
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments, 760
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.—
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury 770
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no wit encumber'd with her store;
And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd:
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.
Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear 800
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more;
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon-laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this: yet 'tis but the less

And settlings of a melancholy blood: 810
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The Brothers *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance; but are all driven in. The* Attendant Spirit *comes in.*

Spirit.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless: 819
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd, 840
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river: still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils. 851
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting 860
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save.
Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By the Earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace, 870
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Syrens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
Wherewith she sits on diamond rock,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen, and save.

Sabrina *rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890
Where grows the willow, and the ozier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request, 900
I am here.
Sp. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest enchanter vile.
Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest lady, look on me; 910
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:——
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste, ere morning hour, 920
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina *descends, and the* Lady *rises out of her seat.*

Sp. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand pretty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:

Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice 940
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence; and beside 950
All the swains, that there abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer:
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the president's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the Attendant Spirit, *with the two* Brothers *and the* Lady.

SONG.

Sp. Back, shepherds, back; enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday:
Here be, without duck or nod, 960
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth, 970
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual Folly and Intemperance.

The dances [*being*] *ended, the* Spirit *epiloguizes.*

Sp. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air 980
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing, 990
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purfled scarf can show;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound 1000
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010
Youth and Joy: so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb 1020
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

ORIGINAL VARIOUS READINGS OF COMUS.

From Milton's MS, in his own hand.

STAGE-DIRECTIONS. "*A guardian spirit or dæmon*" [enters.] After v. 4, "In regions mild, &c." These lines are inserted, but crossed.

Amidst th' Hesperian gardens, on whose banks
Bedew'd with nectar and celestiall songs,
Eternall roses grow, and hyacinth,
And fruits of golden rind, on whose faire tree
The scalie-harnest dragon ever keeps
His unenchanted eye; around the verge
And sacred limits of this blissful isle,
The jealous ocean, that old river, windes
His farre extended armes, till with steepe fall
Halfe his wast flood the wild Atlantique fills,
And halfe the slow unfadom'd stygian poole.
But soft, I was not sent to court your wonder

With distant worlds, and strange removed climes.
Yet thence I come, and oft from thence behold.

In the third of the preceding lines, "Eternal roses *yeeld*" had been also written, and then "*bloome*;" both which are crossed, and *grow* remains. After *stygian poole* the following lines, through which the pen is drawn, occur:

I doubt me, gentle mortalls, these may seeme
Strange distances to heare and unknowne climes.

Then follows in the margin, *But soft*, &c.
Ver. 5. —— the smoke and stir of this dim *narrow* spot.
After v. 7, "Strive to keep up, &c." this line was inserted, but crossed,

Beyond the written date of mortall change.

Ver. 14. That *shews* the palace of eternity.
Ver. 18. But to my *buisnesse now*. Neptune *whose* sway.
Ver. 21. *The* rule *and title* of *each* sea-girt *isle*.
Ver. 28. The greatest and the best of all *his empire*.
Ver. 45. *By* old or modern bard, in hall or bowre.
Ver. 58. *Which* therefore she brought up and *nam'd him* Comus.
In the margin, *whome*.
Ver. 62. And in thick *covert* of black *shade* imbow'd
Encels his mother at her *potent* art.
Covert is written first, then *shelter*.
Ver. 67. For most doe taste through *weake* intemperate thirst.
Ver. 72. All other parts remaining as *before*.
Ver. 90. *Neerest* and likeliest *to give present* aide.
Ver. 92. Of *virgin* steps. I must be viewlesse now.
Virgin is expunged for *hatefull*.
STAGE-DIRECTION. "*Goes out.*—Comus enters with a charming rod and glasse *of liquor*, with his rout *all* headed like *some* wild beasts; *thire garments*, some like *men's* and some like *women's*. They come *on in a wild and antic fashion. Intrant* Κωμάζοντες."
Ver. 97. In the steepe *Tartarian* streame.
Ver. 99. Shoots against the *northern* pole.
Dusky is a marginal correction.
Ver. 108. And *quick Law with her* scrupulous head.
Ver. 114. Lead *with* swift round the months and years.
Ver. 117. And on the *yellow* sands and shelves.
Yellow is altered to *tawny*.
Ver. 122. Night *has* better sweets to prove.
Ver. 133. And makes *a blot* in *nature*.
Again,

And *throws a blot ore* all the aire.

Ver. 134. Stay thy *polisht* ebon chaire
Wherein thou ridest with Hecaté,
And favour our close jocundrie.
Till all thy dues bee done, and *nought* left out.
Ver. 144. *With* a light *and frolick* round.
STAGE-DIRECTION. "The measure, *in a wild, rude, and wanton antic.*"
Ver. 145. Breake off, breake off, I *heare* the different pace
Of some chaste footing neere about this ground;
Some virgin sure benighted in these woods,
For so I can distinguish by myne art.
Run to your shrouds within these brake and trees,
Our number may affright.——
This disposition is reduced to the present context: then follows a
STAGE-DIRECTION. "*They all scatter.*"
Ver. 151. —— Now to my *treine*,
And to my *mother's charmes*.——
Ver. 153. —— Thus I hurle
My *powder'd* spells into the spungic air,
Of power to cheat the eye with *sleight* illusion,
And give it false presentments, *else* the place.
And *blind* is written for *sleight*.
Ver. 164. And hugge him into *nets*.——
Ver. 170. —— If *my* ear be true.
Ver. 175. When for their teeming flocks, and *garners* full.
Ver. 176. —— they *adore* the bounteous Pan.
Praise had been first written and crossed through; and *adore* written over it, but also crossed; and a line drawn under to signify that the original word should be restored. Mr. Whiter in his learned *Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare*, first noticed this method of emendation, adopted by the poet. See the *Specimen*, p. 132—134.
Ver. 181. In the blind *alleys* of this *arched* wood.
Ver. 190. Rose from the hindmost wheeles of Phoebus' *chaire*.
Ver. 193 They had engag'd thire *youthly* steps too farre
To the *soone-parting light*, and *envious darkness*
Had *stolne* them from me.——
Ver. 199. With everlasting oyle to give *thire* light.
Ver. 208. And ayrie toungs that *lure night-wanderers*.
Ver. 214. Thou *flittering* angel girt with golden wings,
And thou *unspotted* forme of Chastity,
I see ye visibly, and *while I see yee*,
This darkye hollow is a paradise,
And heaven gates ore my head: now I beleeve.
Ver. 219. Would send a glistering *cherub*, if need were.
Ver. 229. Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far *hence*.
Ver. 231. Within thy ayrie *cell*.
Cell is in the margin.
Ver. 243. *And give resounding grace*, is written in the margin of the manuscript; and the former part of the line, which regularly concluded the song, is blotted out with great care; but enough, I think, remains to show that the poet, and not Lawes, wrote *And hold a counterpointe*.
Before Comus speaks at v. 244, is this STAGE-DIRECTION. "*Comus looks in and speaks.*"
Ver. 252. Of darkneese till *she* smil'd.——
Ver. 254. Culling their *powerfull* herbs.

Ver. 257, —— Scylla *would weepe*, [tion
Chiding her barking waves into atten-
It was at first *And chide*.
Ver. 268. *Liv'st* here with Pan and Sylvan.——
Ver. 270. To touch the *prospering* growth of this tall wood.
Ver. 279. Could that divide you from *thire* ushering *hands*.
Ver. 280. They left me *wearied* on a grassie turf.
Ver. 304. To help you find them *out*.
Ver. 310. Without sure *steerage* of well practis'd feet.
Ver. 312. Dingle or bushie dell of this *wide* wood.
In a different hand "*wild* wood."
Ver. 316. Within these *shroudie* limits.——
Ver. 321. Till further quest *be made*.
Ver. 323. *And* smoakie rafters.
Ver. 326. And *is pretended yet*.
Ver. 327. Less warranted than this *I cannot be*.
Ver. 329. —— Square *this* tryal.
After v. 330, Stage-direction. "*Exeunt.*—— *The two Brothers enter.*"
Ver. 340. With *a* long-levell'd rule of streaming light.
Ver. 349. In this *sad* dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But first *lone*, then *sad*, and lastly *close*.
Ver. 352. From the chill dew, *in this dead solitude?* [ster now,
Perhaps some cold banke is her bol-
Or 'gainst the rugged barke of some broad elme
She leanes her *thoughtfull* head *musing at our unkindnesse:*
Or *lost* in wild amazement and affright,
So fares, as did forsaken Proserpine,
When the big *rowling flakes* of *pitchie*
And darknesse wound her in. [*clouds*
1 *Br.* Peace, brother, *peace*, I do not think my sister, &c.
Dead solitude is also *surrounding wild*. Some of the additional lines (v. 350—366.) are on a separate slip of paper.
Ver. 361. *Which*, grant they be so, &c.
Ver. 362. —— *The* date of grief.
Ver. 365. *This* self-delusion.
Ver. 371. Could stirre the *stable* mood of her calme thoughts.
Ver. 376. Oft seeks to *solitarie* sweet *retire*.
Ver. 383. Walks *in black vapours, though the noon-tide brand*
Blaze in the summer solstice.
Ver. 388. —— of men *or* heards.
Ver. 390. For who would rob a hermit of his *beads*,
His books, or his *haire gowne*, or maple-dish?
Ver. 400. —— Bid me *think*.
Ver. 403. Uninjur'd in this *vast* and *hideous wild*.
At first "this *wide surrounding waste*."
Ver. 409. Secure, without all doubt or *question: no*, [*darke, to trie*
I could be willing, though now i' th'
A tough encounter with the shaggiest ruffian, [*circuit*,
That lurks by hedge or lane of this dead
To have her by my side, though I were sure
She might be free from perill where she is,
But where an equal poise of hope and fear.
For *encounter* he had first written *passado*, and *hopes* and *fears*; and *Beshrew me but I would*, instead of *I could be willing*.
Ver. 415. As you imagin, *brother*: she has a hidden strength.
Ver. 421. She that has that, is clad in compleate steele:
And may on every needful accident,
Be it not don in pride or wilfull tempting,
Walk through huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandie perilous wilds; [Chastitie,
Where, through the sacred *awe* of
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneere,
Shall dare to soile her virgin puritie.
Ver. 428. Yea, *even* where very desolation dwells, [horrid shades,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with
And yawning dens, where glaring monsters house,
She may pass on, &c.
The line *And yawning*, &c. is crossed, and therefore omitted, I suppose, in the printed copies.
Ver. 432. *Nay more*, no evill thing, &c.
Ver. 433. In fog, or fire, by lake, or *moorie* fen,
Blue *wrinkled* hag, or stubborne unlaid ghost.
Ver. 448. That wise Minerva wore, *æternal* virgin.
Then, *unvanquish'd*, then, *unconquer'd*.
Ver. 452. With suddaine adoration *of her purenesse*.
Then, *bright rayes*, then, *blank awe*.
Ver. 454. That when *it finds* a soul sincerely so.
Ver. 465. *And* most by *the lascivious* act of sin.
Ver. 471. Oft seene in charnel vaults, and *monuments*,
Hovering, and sitting by a newe-made grave.
Ver. 481. List, list, *methought* I *heard*.
Ver. 485. Some *curl'd man of the sword* calling to his fellows.
Hedger is also written over *curl'd man of the sword*.
Ver. 490. *Had best looke to his forehead: here be brambles.*
Stage-direction. "*He hallows: the guardian dæmon hallows again, and enters in the habit of a shepherd.*"
Ver. 491. Come not too neere; you fall on *pointed* stakes else.
Ver. 492. *Dæm.* What voice, &c.
Ver. 496. And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the *valley*.
Ver. 497. How cam'st thou heere good *shepherd?*
Ver. 498. *Leapt ore the penne.*——
Then, "*his fold;*" Then "*the fold.*"
Ver. 512. What feares, good *shepherd?*
Ver. 513. I'll tell *you*.
Ver. 523. Deep *learnt* in all his mother's witcheries.
It had been first written, *Enur'd*; and lastly *Deep skill'd*.
Ver. 531. Tending my flocks hard by i' th' *pastur'd lawns*.

manuscript by the rev. Francis Henry Egerton, I printed it entire in 1798.

I then supposed it to be one of the many copies written before the mask was published, by Henry Lawes, who, on his editing it in 1637, complained in his dedication to lord Brackley, that "*the often copying it had tired his pen:*" or, at least, to be a transcript of his copy. And I am still of the same opinion.

I mentioned that, at the bottom of the title-page to this manuscript, the second earl of Bridgewater, who had performed the part of the Elder Brother, has written "*Author Io: Milton.*" This, in my opinion, may be considered as no slight testimony, that the manuscript presents the *original form* of this drama. The mask was acted in 1634, and was first published by Lawes in 1637, at which time it had certainly been corrected, although it was not then *openly* acknowledged[1], by its author. The alterations and additions, therefore, which the printed poem exhibits, might not have been made till long after the representation; perhaps, not till Lawes had expressed his determination to publish it. The coincidence of Lawes's *Original Music* with certain peculiarities in this manuscript, which I have already stated in the *Account of* HENRY LAWES, may also favour this supposition.

Most of the various readings in this manuscript agree with Milton's original readings in the Cambridge manuscript; a few are peculiar to itself. Since I published the edition of *Comus* in 1798, I have examined the latter; and have found a closer agreement between the two manuscripts than I had reason, from the collations of that at Cambridge by Dr. Newton and Mr. Warton, to have supposed.

This manuscript resembles Milton's also in the circumstance of beginning most of the verses with small letters.

The poem opens with the following twenty lines, which in all other copies, hitherto known to the public, form part of the Spirit's epilogue.

STAGE-DIRECTION. "The first sceane discovers a wild wood, *then a guardian spiritt or dæmon* descendes or enters."

From the heavens now I flye,
And those happy clymes that lye
Where daye never shutts his eye,
Vp in the broad *field* of the skye.
There I suck the liquid ayre
All amidst the gardens fayre
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That singe about the goulden tree.
There eternall summer dwells,
And west wyndes, with muskye winge,
About the Cederne allyes flinge
Nard and cassia's balmie smells.
Iris there with humid bowe
Waters the odorous bankes, that blowe
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfled scarfe can shew,
Yellowe, watchett, greene, and blew,
And drenches oft with *manna* dew
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where *many a cherub soft* reposes.

[1] See Lawes's Dedication.

Then follows "Before the starrie threshold of Jove's courte, &c." I have numbered the succeeding verses so as to correspond with the printed copy; in order that the reader may compare both by an immediate reference.

Ver. 12. Yet some there be, that *with* due steppe aspire.

Ver. 46. Bacchus, that first from out the purple *grapes.*

Ver. 58. *Which* therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd.

Ver. 83. These my skye *webs*, spun out of Iris wooffe.

STAGE-DIRECTION after v. 92. "Comus enters with a charminge rod in one hand and a glass *of liquor* in the other; with him a route of monsters *like men and women but headed like wild beasts*, &c."

Ver. 99. Shoots against the *Northerne* pole.

Ver. 123. Night *has* better sweets to prove.

STAGE-DIRECTION after v. 144. "The Measure *in a wild, rude, and wanton antic:*" And after v. 147, "*they all scatter.*"

Ver. 170. This waye the noise was, if *my* eare be true.

Ver. 191. But where they are, and whye they *come* not back.

The three beautiful lines, preceding this verse in the printed copies, are wanting in this MS.

Ver. 195. Had *stolne* them from me.

The remaining hemistich, and the thirty following lines, which the other copies exhibit, are not in this MS.

Ver. 229. Prompt me, and they perhaps are not farr *hence.*

Ver. 241. Sweete queene of parlie, daughter *to* the sphere.

Ver. 243. And *hould a counterpointe* to all heav'n's harmonies.

STAGE-DIRECTION after v. 243. "Comus *looks in and speakes.*"

Ver. 252. Of darkness till *she* smil'd!

Ver. 256. Whoe, *when* they sung, would take the prison'd soule.

Ver. 270. To touch the *prosperinge* growth of this tall wood.

Ver. 297. Their porte was more than humane as they stood,

So this line is pointed in the manuscript. Compare note on *Com.* v. 297.

Ver. 300. That in the *coolenes* of the raynebow live.

Ver. 312. Dingle, or bushie dell, of this *wide* wood.

Ver. 349. In this *lone* dungeon of inumerous bowes.

Ver. 356. *Or els* in wild amazement and affright,
Soe fares as did forsaken Proserpine,
When the bigg rowling flakes of pitchie clouds
And darkness wound her in: EL. BRO. *peace, brother, peace.*

Ver. 370. (Not beinge in danger, as I *hope* she is not.)

Ver. 383. Walks *in black vapours, though the noon-tyde brand*
Blaze in the summer solstice.

Ver. 388. Far from the cheerful haunte of men *or* heards.

Ver. 398. You may as well spreade out the *unsum'd* heapes [den.
Of misers *treasures* by an outlawes
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Dainger will winke *at* opportunitie,
And *she* a single helpless maiden passe
Vninjur'd in this *wide* surrounding wast.

Ver. 409. Secure, without all doubt or *question*, no:
I could be willing, though now i'th darke, to trie [*ruffian*
A tough encounter with the shaggiest
That lurks by hedge or lane of this dead circuit, [*suer*
To have her by my side, though I were
She might be free from perill where she is,
But, where an equal poise of hope and feare, &c.

Ver. 415. As you imagine, *brother*; she has a hidden strength.

Ver. 426. Noe salvage, feirce bandite, or mountaneere.

In the manuscript a comma is placed both after *salvage* and *feirce*: the former may be retained; and we might read *fierce bandite*, instead of *savage fierce* in the printed copies. And thus Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv. v. 41.
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride.

Ver. 428. Yea *even*, where very desolac'on dwells
By grots and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
And yawninge denns, where glaringe monsters house.

Ver. 432. *Naye more*, noe evill thinge that walks by night.

Ver. 437. *Has* hurtefull power ore true virginitie:
Doe *you* beleeve me yet, &c.

Ver. 448. *The* wise Minerva wore, vnconquer'd virgin.

Ver. 460. *Begins* to cast a beam on th' outward shape.

Ver. 465. *And* most by lewde *lascivious* act of sin.

Ver. 472. *Hoveringe*, and sitting by a new made grave.

Stage direction after v. 489. "He hallowes *and is answered*, the guardian dæmon *comes in, habited like a* shepheard."

Ver. 497. How cam'st here, good *shepheard?* hath any ram, &c.

Ver. 513. Ile tell *you*, tis not vain or fabulous.

Ver. 555. At last a *sweete* and solemne breathinge sound,
Rose like *the safte* steame of distill'd perfumes,
And stole vpon the aire.

These variations present this charming passage, I think, with as strong effect as the other copies.

Ver. 563. Too well I *might* perceive &c.

Ver. 581. How are *you* joyn'd with Hell in triple knott.

Ver. 605. Harpies and Hydraes, or all the monstrous *buggs*.

Ver. 609. Or drag him by the curles, *and cleave his scalpe*
Downe to the hippe.

After v. 631, the six lines which follow in the printed copy are not in this MS.

Ver. 647. Thirsis, lead on apace, *I* followe thee.

In the Stage-direction after v. 658, *soft music* is not mentioned in this MS.

Ver. 678. To life soe friendly, or soe coole 'to' thirst;
Poore ladie, thou hast need of some refreshinge,
That *hast* been tired aldaye without repast,
A timely rest *hast* wanted. *heere*, fayre virgin,
This will restore all soone.

After v. 696, the four lines which follow in the printed copy are not in this MS.

Ver. 709. Praisinge the leane and *shallow* Abstinence.

The same corrupt reading accidentally occurs in a modern duodecimo edition of Milton's Poetical Works.

Ver. 732. The sea orefraught would swell, and th' vnsought diamonds
Would soe emblaze *with starrs*, that they belowe
Would growe enur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze vpon the sunn with shameless browes.

The transcriber's eye here perhaps hastily passed from *emblaze* to *with starrs*, which, in the printed copies, the succeeding line presents. See *Com.* v. 733, 734. The next nineteen lines in the printed copies, after *browes*, viz. from v. 736, to v. 756, are not in this MS.

Ver. 758. Would thinke to charme my judgment, as *my* eyes.

Ver. 772. Nature's full *blessinge* would be well dispenst.

Ver. 777. Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous *feasts*.
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blaspheames his feeder.

After *feeder* the following lines in the printed copies, viz. from v. 779, to v. 806, are not in this MS.

Ver. 810. And *setlinge* of a melancholy bloud.

Stage-direction after v. 813. "The brothers rushe in with swords drawne, wrest his glasse *of liquor* out of his hand, and brake it against the ground; his rowte make signe of resistance, but are all driven in, the Demon *is to come in with the brothers.*"

Ver. 814. What, have *yee* let the false enchaunter scape?

Ver. 821. Some other meanes I have *that* may be vsed.

Ver. 828. *Whoe* had the scepter from his father Brute.

Ver. 847. is wanting in this MS.

Stage-direction after v. 866. "*The verse to singe or not.*"

Ver. 867. Listen, and appear to vs,
In name of greate Oceanus,
By th' Earth-shakinge Neptune's mace,
And Tethis grave majestick pace.

El. B. By hoarie Nereus wrincled looke,
And the Carpathian wizards booke,
2 *Bro.* By scalie Tritons windinge shell,
And ould sooth-saying Glaucus spell,
El. B. By Lewcotheas lovely hands,
And her sonne that rules the strands,
2 *Bro.* By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feete,
And the songs of Sirens sweete,
El. B. By dead Parthenopes deare tombe,
And fayer Ligeas golden combe,
Wherewith she sitts on diamond rocks,
Sleekinge her soft allureinge locks,
Dem. By all the nimphes *of nightly daunce*,
Vpon thy *streames* with wilie glaunce,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head,
From thy corall paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlonge wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen, and save.

The invocations, assigned to the *Brothers* in the preceding lines, are recited by the *Spirit* alone in all other copies of the poem. It is probable, that at *Ludlow Castle*, this part of the poem was sung; the four first lines perhaps as a *trio;* the rest by each performer separately.

Ver. 893. Thick set with agate, and the *azur'd* sheene.

Shakespeare has the "*azur'd* vault," *Tempest*, A. v. S. i. And Greene, the "*azur'd* skye." *Never too late*, 1616, P. ii. p. 46. But Milton's own word is *azurn*. See the Note on *Com.* v. 893.

Ver. 897. Thus I *rest* my printles feete
Ore the couslips head.

Ver. 907. Of vnblest *inchaunters* vile,

Ver. 911. Thus I sprinkle on *this* brest,

STAGE-DIRECTION after v. 937. "*Songe ends.*"

Ver. 938. *El. Br.* Come, *Sister*, while Heav'n lends vs grace,
Let vs fly this cursed place, &c.
Dem. I shal be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomie covert wide, &c.

Ver. 951. All the swaynes that *neere* abide,
With jiggs and rural daunce resorte;
Wee shall catch them at *this* sporte, &c.
El. B. Come, let vs hast, the starrs *are* high,
But night sitts monarch yet in the mid skye,

The Spirit again is the *sole* speaker of the nineteen preceding lines in the printed copy.

STAGE-DIRECTION. "The Sceane changes, then is presented Ludlowe towne, and the President's Castle; then come in Countrie daunces and the like, &c. *towards the end of these sports* the demon with the 2 brothers and the ladye *come in*." Then

"The *Spiritt* singes."

Back, shepheards, back, &c.

Then "2 *Songe* presents them to their father and mother."

Noble Lord, and Lady bright, &c.

STAGE-DIRECTION after v. 975. "*They daunce*, the daunces *al* ended, *the Demon singes or sayes*."

Now my taske is smoothly done,
I can flye, or I can run
Quickly to the *earthe's greene* end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doeth bend,
And from thence can soare as soone
To the corners of the Moone.
Mortalls, that would follow me,
Love vertue; she alone is free:
She can teach *you* how to clyme
Higher than the sphearie chime!
Or if vertue feeble were,
Heven it selfe would stoope to her.

The *Epilogue*, in this manuscript, has not the thirty-six preceding lines, which are in the printed copies. Twenty of them, however, as we have seen, open the drama. Like the Cambridge manuscript, this manuscript does not exhibit what, in the printed copies, relates to Adonis, and to Cupid and Psyche. The four charming verses also, which follow v. 983 in the printed copy, are not in the manuscript.

TODD.

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome honora
L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco;
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora;
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si trouva indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'inveochi.

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss'il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, è il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicette amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante,
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante:
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF 23.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the Will of Heaven:
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

Daughter to that good earl, once president
Of England's council and her treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days,
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks, I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A book was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the town awhile,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile- [Gordon,
End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek, [gasp.
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward, Greek.

Ver. 1. *Daughter to that good earl,*] She was the daughter of sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law, till he came to be made earl of Malborough, and lord high treasurer, and lord president of the council to king James I. He died in an advanced age; and Milton attributes his death to the breaking of the parliament; and it is true that the parliament was dissolved the 10th of March 1628-9, and he died on the 14th of the same month. He left several sons and daughters; and the lady Margaret was married to captain Hobson of the Isle of Wight. It appears from the accounts of Milton's life, that in 1643 he used frequently to visit this lady and her husband; about which time we may suppose this sonnet to have been composed.

Ver. 1. *A book was writ of late call'd* Tetrachordon,] This elaborate discussion, unworthy in many respects of Milton, and in which much acuteness of argument, and comprehension of reading, were idly thrown away, was received with contempt, or rather ridicule, as we learn from Howel's Letters. A better proof that it was treated with neglect, is, that it was attacked by two nameless and obscure writers only; one of whom Milton calls, a Serving-man turned Solliciter! Our author's divorce was on Platonic principles. He held, that disagreement of mind was a better cause of separation than adultery or frigidity. Here was a fair opening for the laughers. This and the following Sonnet were written soon after 1645. For this doctrine Milton was summoned before the Lords. But they not approving his accusers, the presbyterian clergy, or thinking the business too speculative, he was quickly dismissed. On this occasion Milton commenced hostilities against the Presbyterians.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue. [wing
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON[1], *my Christian friend, deceased* 16 *Decemb.* 1646.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.

[1] *Mrs. Catherine Thomson,*] I find in the accounts of Milton's life, that, when he was first

Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings;
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent-wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed;
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war: new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE, THE YOUNGER.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold;
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd;
Then to advise how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. The moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
"Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

made Latin secretary, he lodged at one Thomson's next door to the Bull-head tavern at Charing-Cross. This Mrs. Thomson was in all probability one of that family. *NEWTON.*

Ver. 1. *Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son, &c.*] The virtuous father Henry Lawrence, was member for Herefordshire in the Little Par-

From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen Earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER[1].

Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that, after, no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

Cyriack, this three years day these eyes, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of Sun, or Moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd; she fled; and day brought back my night.

Original Various Readings of the Sonnets, from the Cambridge MS.

Sonn. viii.

Title. "*On his dore when the* Citty *expected an* assault." Then, as at present; with an addition of the date 1642, afterwards expunged.

Ver. 3. If *ever* deed of honour did thee please.
As in the edit. 1645. The present reading occurs first in the edit. 1673.

This sonnet is written in a female hand. Only the title, now prefix'd to it, is written by Milton.

Sonn. ix.

Title. "To a Lady."

Ver. 7. And at thy *blooming vertue* fret their spleen.

Ver. 13. *Opens the dore of* blisse *that* hour of night,
All in Milton's own hand-writing.

Sonn. x.

Title, as printed in this edition.

Sonn. xi.

Title, as printed in this edition.

Ver. 1. *I writt* a book of late call'd Tetrachordon,
And *weav'd it* close, both matter, form, and style:
It went off well about the town awhile,
Numbering good *wits, but* now *is* seldom por'd on.

Ver. 10. Those *barbarous* names.

liament which began in 1653, and was active in settling the protectorate of Cromwell. In consequence of his services, he was made president of Cromwell's council; where he appears to have signed many severe and arbitrary decrees, not only against the royalists, but the Brownists, fifth-monarchy men, and other sectarists. He continued high in favour with Richard Cromwell. Henry Lawrence, the virtuous son, is the author of a work entitled Of our Communion and Warre with Angels, &c. Printed Anno Dom. 1646. 4°, 189 pages. The dedication is "To my Most deare and Most honoured Mother, the lady Lawrence." He is perhaps the same Henry Lawrence, who printed A Vindication of the Scriptures and Christian Ordinances, 1649. Lond. 4°.

[1] Son of William Skinner, esq. and grandson of sir Vincent Skinner; and his mother was Bridget, one of the daughters of the famous sir Edward Coke, lord chief justice of the King's Bench.

Then *rough-hewn*, and lastly *rugged*. All in Milton's own hand.

SONN. xii.

Ver. 4. Of owls and *buzzards*.
Ver. 10. And *hate the* truth *whereby they should be* free.
All in Milton's own hand.

SONN. xiii.

Title. "To *my friend* Mr. Hen. Lawes, *feb.* 9. 1645. On *the publishing of* his aires."
Ver. 3. Words with just *notes*, *which till then us'd* to scan,
With Midas' eares, *misjoining* short and long.
In the first of these lines "*When most were wont* to scan" had also been written.
Ver. 6, *And gives thee* praise *above the pipe of Pan.*
To after age thou shalt be writ *a* man,
Thou didst reform thy art the chief among.
Thou honourst vers, &c.
Ver. 12. Fame, *by the* Tuscan's leav, shall set thee higher
Than *old Casell*, whom Dante *woo'd* to sing.
There are three copies of this sonnet; two in Milton's hand; the third in another, a man's hand. Milton, as Mr. Warton observes, had an amaunuensis on account of the failure of his eyes.

SONN. xiv.

Title, as printed in this edition.
Ver. 3. Meekly thou didst resign this earthly *clod*
Of *flesh and sin*, which *man* from *heaven* doth sever.
Ver. 6. *Strait follow'd thee the path, that saints have* trod
Still as they journey'd from this dark abode
Up to *the realm of peace and* joy for ever.
Faith *show'd the way*, and *she* who *saw* them best
Thy hand-maids, &c.
Here also the line had been written,
Faith *who* led on *the way*, and knew them best, &c.
Ver. 12. And *spoke* the truth.
There are two copies of this sonnet (one corrected) in Milton's hand; and a third in another, a man's hand.

SONN. xv.

Title. "*On* the &c. *At the siege of Colchester.*"
From ver. 2. to ver. 13, as now printed. See the variations of the printed copies before doctor Newton's edition, in the notes on the sonnet.

SONN. xvi.

Title. "To the lord general Cromwell, *May* 1652. *On the Proposalls of certaine ministers at the committee for propagation of the gospell.*" Afterwards blotted out.

From ver. 1. to ver. 8, as now printed.
Ver. 9. And *twenty battles more.*
So it was at first written, afterwards corrected to the present reading, *Worcester's laureat wreath.*
Ver. 11, & 12, as now printed. This sonnet is in a female hand, unlike that in which the 8th sonnet is written.

SONN. xvii.

Ver. 1. As now printed.
Ver. 2. *And* to advise how war may, best upheld,
Move *on* her two main nerves.
So at first written, afterwards corrected to *then* and *by*.
Ver. 10. *What* power *the church* and what *the* civill means,
Thou teachest best, which few have *ever* done.
Afterwards thus,
Both spiritual power and civill, what each means,
Thou hast learn'd *well*, *a praise* which few have *won*.
Lastly, as now printed.
Ver. 13. ——— thy *right* hand.
Afterwards altered to *firm* hand. And Warburton has said it should have been altered further to "firm *arm*."
This sonnet is also in a female hand, unlike either of the two last.
SONNETS xviii, xix, xx, do not appear in the manuscript.

SONN. xxi.

The four first lines are wanting.
Ver. 8. As now printed.
In the hand of a fourth woman, as it seems.

SONN. xxi.

Ver. 3. to ver. 5, as now printed.
Ver. 7. Against *God's* hand ——
Afterwards altered to *Heaven's* hand.
Ver. 8. ——— but still *attend to* steer
Up hillward.
So at first written, afterwards altered to the present reading.
Ver. 12. Of which all Europe *talks* from side to side.
Ver. 13, 14. As now printed.
This sonnet is written in the same female hand as the last.

SONN. xxiii.

No variations, except in the spelling. This is in a fifth female hand; beautifully written; imitating also Milton's manner of beginning most of the lines with small initial letters; which is not the case with the other female hands.

APPENDIX TO THE SONNETS.

I.

DR. Birch, in his LIFE OF MILTON, has printed a sonnet, said to be written by Milton in 1665, when

he retired to Chalfont in Buckinghamshire on account of the plague; and to have been seen inscribed on the glass of a window in that place. I have seen a copy of it written, apparently in a coeval hand, at the end of Tonson's edition of Milton's Smaller Poems in 1713, where it is also said to be Milton's. It is re-printed from Dr. Birch's Life of the poet, in Fawkes and Woty's Poetical Calendar, 1763, vol. viii. p. 67. But, in this sonnet, there is a scriptural mistake; which, as Mr. Warton has observed, Milton was not likely to commit. For the Sonnet improperly represents David as punished by pestilence for his adultery with Bathsheba. Mr. Warton, however, adds, that Dr. Birch had been informed by Vertue the engraver, that he had seen a satirical medal, struck upon Charles the Second, abroad, without any legend, having a correspondent device.—This sonnet, I should add, varies from the construction of the legitimate sonnet, in consisting of only ten lines, instead of fourteen.

Fair mirrour of foul times! whose fragile sheen
Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence,
Aye watching o'er his saints with eye unseen,
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence;
Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
Who Heaven's lore reject for brutish sense;
As erst he scourg'd Jessides' sin of yore,
For the fair Hittite, when, on seraph's wings,
He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore.

II.

In the concluding note on the seventh Sonnet, it has been observed that other Italian sonnets and compositions of Milton, said to be remaining in manuscript at Florence, had been sought for in vain by Mr. Hollis. I think it may not be improper here to observe, that there is a tradition of Milton having fallen in love with a young lady, when he was at Florence; and, as she understood no English, of having written some verses to her in Italian, of which the poem, subjoined to this remark, is said to be the sense. It has often been printed; as in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1760, p. 148; in Fawkes and Woty's Poetical Calendar, 1763, vol. viii. p. 68; in the Annual Register for 1772, p. 219; and in the third volume of Milton's poems in the Edition of the Poets, 1779. But to the original no reference is given, and even of the translator no mention is made, in any of those volumes. The poem is entitled, A fragment of Milton, from the Italian.

When, in your language, I unskill'd address
The short-pac'd efforts of a trammell'd Muse;
Soft Italy's fair critics round me press,
And my mistaking passion thus accuse.

"Why, to our tongue's disgrace, does thy dumb love
Strive, in rough sound, soft meaning to impart?
He must select his words who speaks to move,
And point his purpose at the hearer's heart."

Then, laughing, they repeat my languid lays—
"Nymphs of thy native clime, perhaps,"—they cry,
"For whom thou hast a tongue, may feel thy praise;
But we must understand ere we comply!"

Do thou, my soul's soft hope, these triflers awe;
Tell them, 'tis nothing, how, or what, I writ!
Since love from silent looks can language draw,
And scorns the lame impertinence of wit.

ODES.

ON THE MORNING OF

CHRIST'S NATIVITY[1].

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty, [table
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant-God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel-quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:

[1] This ode, in which the many learned allusions are highly poetical, was probably composed as a college-exercise at Cambridge, our author being now only twenty-one years old. In the edition of 1645, in its title it is said to have been written in 1629.

It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with aweful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the Earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,

The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep;

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang, [brake:
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-
The aged Earth aghast
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horrour of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell, [ing.
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round, [plaint;
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands controll the damned crew.

So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moonlov'd maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

THE PASSION[2].

Erewhile of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of Heavenly Infant's birth,
My Muse with angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintery solstice like the shorten'd light,
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:

[2] This Ode was probably composed soon after that on the Nativity. And this perhaps was a college exercise at Easter, as the last was at Christmas. *WARTON.*

Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
f labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

le, sovran priest, stooping his regal head,
hat dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
oor fleshy tabernacle entered,
lis starry frost low-roofT beneath the skies:
), what a mask was there, what a disguise:
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
hen lies him meekly down fast by his brethrens' side.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse;
o this horizon is my Phœbus bound:
lis god-like acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, other where are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief;
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heaven and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wannish white.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild;
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.

UPON THE

CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening Night;
Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He, who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease:
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied;
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day; but O, ere long,
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

ON THE

DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,

DYING OF A COUGH[1].

O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach was held.

So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care:
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But, all unwares, with his cold kind embrace
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair hiding place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

[1] Written in 1625, and first inserted in edition 1673. He was now seventeen. *WARTON.*

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in Earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb;
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

Resolve me then, oh soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear;)
Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian Fields, (if such were there;)
Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight?

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall [fled,
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou, some goddess
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

Or wert thou that just maid, who once before
Forsook the hated Earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?
Or that crown'd matrons, age white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To Earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed;
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire?

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That, till the world's last end, shall make thy name to live.

ON TIME.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthy grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

AT A

SOLEMN MUSIC.

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
And to our high-rais'd phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row, 10
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd Sin
Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason; whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

AN

EPITAPH

ON THE

MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER[1].

This rich marble doth inter
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair

[1] She was the wife of John marquis of Winchester, a conspicuous loyalist in the reign of king Charles the first, whose magnificent house or castle of Basing in Hampshire withstood an obstinate siege of two years against the rebels, and when taken was levelled to the ground, because in every window was flourished, *Aymez Loyauté*.

ıdded to her noble birth,
ſore than she could own from earth.
ımmers three times eight save one
he had told; alas! too soon,
ſter so short time of breath,
'o house with darkness, and with death.
'et had the number of her days
leen as complete as was her praise,
lature and Fate had had no strife
n giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
tuickly found a lover meet;
'he virgin quire for her request
'he god that sits at marriage feast;
Ie at their invoking came,
lut with a scarce well-lighted flame;
ınd in his garland, as he stood,
'e might discern a cypress bud.
)nce had the early matrons run
'o greet her of a lovely son,
ınd now with second hope she goes,
ınd calls Lucina to her throes;
lut, whether by mischance or blame,
ıtropos for Lucina came;
ınd with remorseless cruelty
poil'd at one both fruit and tree:
'he hapless babe, before his birth,
Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
ınd the languish'd mother's womb
Vas not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
av'd with care from Winter's nip,
'he pride of her carnation train,
'luck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Vho only thought to crop the flower
Iew shot up from vernal shower;
lut the fair blossom hangs the head
ide-ways, as on a dying bed,
ınd those pearls of dew, she wears,
'rove to be presaging tears,
Vhich the sad Morn had let fall
)n her hastening funeral.
Gentle lady, may thy grave
'eace and quiet ever have;
ıfter this thy travel sore
weet rest seize thee evermore,
'hat, to give the world increase,
horten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Iere, beside the sorrowing
'hat thy noble house doth bring,
Iere be tears of perfect moan
Vept for thee in Helicon;
ınd some flowers, and some bays,
'or thy hense, to strew the ways,
ent thee from the banks of Came,
)evoted to thy virtuous name;
Vhilst thou, bright saint, high sitst in glory,
Iext her, much like to thee in story,
'hat fair Syrian shepherdess,
Vho, after years of barrenness,
'he highly favour'd Joseph bore
'o him that serv'd for her before,
ınd at her next birth, much like thee,
hrough pangs fled to felicity,
'ar within the bosom bright
)f blazing Majesty and Light:
'here with thee, new welcome saint,
ıke fortunes may her soul acquaint,
Vith thee there clad in radiant sheen,
Io marchioness, but now a queen.

SONG
ON
MAY MORNING.

Now the bright Morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill, and dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Original Various Readings of the Ode at a Solemn Music.

There are three draughts or copies of this song: all in Milton's own hand-writing. There occur some remarkable expressions in these various readings which Doctor Newton and Mr. Warton have not noticed.

Ver. 3. *Mixe* your *choice words*, and happiest sounds employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
And as your equal raptures, temper'd sweet,
In high mysterious spousall meet;
Snatch us from Earth awhile,
Us of ourselves and native woes beguile:
And to our high-rays'd phantasie present
That undisturbed song, &c.

Here, in the first draught, it is "And *whilst* your equal raptures;" in the second, *whilst* is erased, and *as* written over it. In the second draught also, the next line was

In high mysterious *holie* spousall meet;

but *holie* is expunged, and *happie* supplied in the margin; and, in the last of these original lines, "*native* woes" was originally "*home-bred* woes."

Ver. 10. Where the bright Seraphim in *tripled* row.

Ver. 12. And *Cherubim, sweet-winged squires,*
Then called *Heaven's henshmen*, which means the same; *henshman*, or *henchman*, signifying a page of honour. See Minsheu, and also *Mids. N. Dr.* A. ii. S. ii.

"I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my *henchman*."

The Queen of Fairies is the speaker. Milton's curious expressions are in the first draught.

Ver. 14. With those just spirits that wear *the blooming* palms,
Hymns devout and *sacred* psalmes
Singing everlastingly;
While all the starry rounds and arches blue
Resound and echo hallelu:
That we on Earth, &c.

Ver. 18. May rightly answere that melodious noise,
By leaving out those harsh ill sounding jarre,
Of clamorous sin that all our music marres:

And in our lives and in our song
May keepe in tune with Heaven, &c.

In the second draught he describes "the *harsh discords*" of sin by a technical term in music:

By leaving out these harsh CHROMATIC *jarres*
Of sin that all our music marres:

Ver. 19. As once we *could*, &c.
Ver. 28. To *live and sing* with him in endlesse morne of light.

MISCELLANIES.

ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE, *part* Latin, *part* English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began. [1]

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips;
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantastics with delight;
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And, weary of their place, do only stay,
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such, where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
Are held, with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way;
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments his two sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, son; for, at thy birth,
The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
Yet there is something that doth force my fear;
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in Time's long and dark prospective glass,
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
"Your son," said she, (" nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
Yet every one shall make him underling;
And those, that cannot live from him asunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet, being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar;
Yea, it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if [not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?"

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose; then Relation was called by his name.

RIVERS, arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or guilphy Don,
Or Trent, who like some Earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads;
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath;
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death;

[1] Written 1627. It is hard to say why they did not first appear in edition 1645. They were first added, but misplaced in edit. 1673. *WARTON.*

Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee;
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;
Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.

[*The rest was prose.*]

AN EPITAPH

ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKESPEARE.[1]

What needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

ON THE

UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague.

Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had, any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull.*
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
"If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.[2]

Here lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And, like an engine, mov'd with wheel and weight
His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened;
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood bearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath, (there be that say't)
As he were press'd to death, he cried, "More weight;"
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *increase*:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

ON THE NEW

FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE

UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd;
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam'd and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament

[1] Birch, and from him doctor Newton, asserts, that this copy of verses was written in the twenty-second year of Milton's age, and printed with the poems of Shakspeare at London in 1640. It first appeared among other recommendatory verses, prefixed to the folio edition of Shakspeare's plays in 1632. But without Milton's name or initials. This therefore is the first of Milton's pieces that was published.

[2] Hobson's inn at London was the Bull in Bishopsgate-street, where his figure in fresco, with an inscription, was lately to be seen. Peck, at the end of his Memoirs of Cromwell, has printed Hobson's will, which is dated at the close of the year 1630. He died Jan. 1, 1630, while the plague was in London. This piece was written that year. The proverb, to which Hobson's caprice, founded perhaps on good sense, gave rise, needs not to be repeated.

May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though bank your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New presbyter is but old priest writ large.

ORIGINAL VARIOUS READINGS ON THE FORGERS OF CONSCIENCE.

Ver. 2. ——— the *vacant* whore Plurality.
Ver. 6. To force the consciences &c.
Ver. 12. By *haire-brain'd* Edwards.
Shallow is in the margin; and the pen is drawn through *haire-brain'd*.
Ver. 17. *Crop ye as close as marginal P——'s eares.*

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they,
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.

From GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

BRUTUS *thus addresses* DIANA *in the country of* LEOGECIA.

Goddess of shades, and huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rowling spheres, and through the deep;
On thy third reign, the Earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest, thou bidst me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

To whom, sleeping before the altar, DIANA *answers in a vision the same night.*

Brutus, far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old;
Now void, it fits thy people: thither bend
Thy course; there shalt thou find a lasting seat;
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.[1]

From DANTE.

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy pope receiv'd of thee[2].

From DANTE.

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste[3].

From ARIOSTO.

Then pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave[4].

From HORACE.

Whom do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin[5].

From EURIPIDES.

This is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise:
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace;
What can be a juster in a state than this[6]?

From HORACE[7].

——— Laughing, to teach the truth?
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

[1] From Milton's Hist. Engl. Pr. W. vol. i. p. 7. edit. 1698. These fragments of translation were collected from Milton's Prose-Works.
[2] From Of Reformation in England. Pr. W. vol. i. p. 10.
[3] From Of Reformation, &c. Pr. W. vol. i. p. 10.
[4] From Of Reformation, &c. Pr. W. vol. i. p. 10.
[5] From Tetrachordon, Pr. W. vol. i. 239.
[6] Milton's Motto to his *Areopagitica*, A speech for the liberty of unlincensed Printing, &c. Prose W. vol. i. 141.
[7] Sat. i. i. 24.
[8] From Apol. Smectymn. Pr. W. vol. i. 116.

From HORACE[9].

——— Joking decides great things,
Stronger and better oft than earnest can[10].

From SOPHOCLES[11].

Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words[12].

From SENECA's.

——— There can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,
Than an unjust and wicked king[14].

PSALM I.

Done into verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery-streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

Done Aug 8, 1653. *Terzetti.*

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the Earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: He, who in Heaven doth dwell,
Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them; then severe,
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
The Heathen; and, as thy conquest to be [sway'd,
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,
Be taught, ye judges of the Earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III. Aug. 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

Lord, how many are my foes!
How many those,
That in arms against me rise;
Many are they,
That of my life distrustfully thus say;
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
Thee through my story,
The exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cried
Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept; I wak'd again;
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though, encamping round about,
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd [Lord;
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the.
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV. Aug. 10, 1653.

Answer me when I call,
God of my righteousness;
In straits and in distress,
Thou didst me disenthrall
And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn?
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity?
To love, to seek, to prize,
Thing false and vain, and nothing else but [lies,
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart;
(For whom to choose he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry,
Be aw'd, and do not sin;
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

[9] Sat. i. x. 14.
[10] Apol. Smectymn. vol. i. p. 116.
[11] Electra, v. 627.
[12] From Apol. Smectymn. Ibid.
[13] Hercul. Fur.
[14] From Tenure of Kings, &c. Pr. W. vol. i. 315.

Many there be that say,
Who yet will show us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray;
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast encrease their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep;
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell
Thou, Lord, alone, in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V. Aug. 12, 1653.

Jehovah, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh;
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear:
I' the morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight;
Evil with thee no biding makes;
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lye;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will, in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I, in thy fear,
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltering mouth unstable,
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable; [smooth.
An open grave their throat, their tongue they
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee, shall bring
Their joy; while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triúmph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still;
As with a shield, thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSALM VI. Aug. 13, 1653.

Lord, in thine anger do not reprehend me
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea, my soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord; restore
My soul; O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no resemblance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days;
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I' the midst of all my enemies that mark.
Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath heard my prayer;
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSALM VII. Aug. 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

Lord, my God, to thee I fly;
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry;
Lest, as a lion, (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this; if wickedness
Be in my hands; if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace;
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let the enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it; let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust; and, there out-spread,
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury asswage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right;
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

His arrows purposely made he
(For them that persecute.) Behold,
He travels big with vanity;
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old,
As in a womb; and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head; and his ill trade
Of violence will, undelay'd,
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the name and deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wonderous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth!
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy Providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy fingers' art,
The Moon, and stars, which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament; then saith my heart,
O, what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found!
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet;
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heavens, and fish that through the wet [dearth.
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no
O Jehovah our Lord, how wonderous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

1. Thou Shepherd, that dost Israel *keep*,
Give ear *in time of need*;
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed;
That sitt'st between the cherubs *bright*,
Between their wings out-spread;
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.
2. In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us *by thy might*.
3. Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, *vouchsafe*;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
4. Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*
Against thy people's prayer!
5. Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears;
Their bread with tears they eat;
And mak'st them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
6. A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe;
Among themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.
7. Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
8. A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out nations, *proud and haut*,
To plant this *lovely* vine.
9. Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace*,
And fill'd the land *at last*.
10. With her *green* shade that cover'd *all*,
The hills were *over-spread*;
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11. Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*.
12. Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
13. The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots;
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
14. Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heaven, thy seat divine;
Behold *us, but without a frown*,
And visit this *thy* vine.
15. Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.

16. But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17. Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
18. So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame;
Quicken us thou; then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.
19. Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1. To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,
Sing loud to God *our King*;
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
Loud acclamations ring.
2. Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring;
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant *string*.
3. Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
With trumpets' *lofty sound*,
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round*.
4. This was a statute *given of old*
For Israel *to observe*;
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,
From whence they might not swerve.
5. This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change*,
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange.
6. From burden, *and from slavish toil*,
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
Deliver'd were *by me*.
7. When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call;
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompass'd round;
I tried thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd*.
8. Hear, O my People, *hearken well*;
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me:
9. Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee.
10. I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
11. And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,
Mislik'd me for his choice.
12. Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
13. O, that my people would *be wise*,
To serve me all their days!
And O, that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous* ways!
14. Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise;
And turn my hand against *all those*,
That are their enemies.
15. Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend;
But *they, his people, should remain*,
Their time should have no end.
16. And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat*.

PSALM LXXXII.

1. God in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states;
Among the gods, on both his hands,
He judges and debates.
2. How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked *by your might*,
Who thence grow bold and strong?
3. Regard the weak and fatherless,
Despatch the poor man's cause:
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.
4. Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands*.
5. They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on;
The Earth's foundations all are mov'd,
And out of order gone.
6. I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God Most High;
7. But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
8. Rise, God; judge thou the Earth *in might*,
This *wicked* Earth redress;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1. Be not thou silent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace;
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
2. For lo, thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
And storm outrageously;
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
Exalt their heads full high.
3. Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep;
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4. Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be;
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.

. For they consult with all their might,
And all, as one in mind,
hemselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
The tents of Edom, and the brood,
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
loab, with them of Hagar's blood
That in the desart dwell,
Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
he Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
With them *great* Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot:
ll these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast;
Sisera; and, as is *told,*
Thou didst to Jabin's *host,*
hen, at the brook of Kishon *old,*
They were repuls'd and slain,
. At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
. As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed;
Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their princes *bleed.*
. *For they amidst their pride* have said,
By right now shall we seize
d's houses, and *will now invade*
Their stately palaces.
. My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find;
ddy and *restless* let *them reel*
Like stubble from the wind.
. As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
e *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze;
. So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;
. And, till they yield thee honour due,
Lord, fill with shame their face.
Asham'd, and troubled, let them be,
Troubled, and sham'd for ever;
r confounded, and so die
With shame, *and 'scape it never.*
Then shall they know, that thou, whose name
ehovah is alone,
the Most High, *and thou the same*
'er all the Earth *art One.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
Lord of Hosts, how dear
pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
My soul doth long and almost die
hy courts, O Lord, to see;
heart and flesh aloud do cry,
living God, for thee.
There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
lath found a house of *rest;*
swallow there, to lay her young
lath built her *brooding* nest;
n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
hey find their safe abode;
home they fly from round the coasts
ward thee, my King, my God.

4. Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise!
5. Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways!
6. They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground;
As through a fruitful watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.
7. They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8. Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God give ear;
9. Thou God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10. For one day in thy courts *to be,*
Is better, *and more blest,*
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thousand days *at best.*
I, in the temple of my God,
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
With sin *for evermore.*
11. For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory *bright;*
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
12. Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high;*
That man is *truly* blest,
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1. Thy land to favour graciously
Thou hast, not, Lord, been slack;
Thou hast from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2. The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe;
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
Hast hid *where none shall know,*
3. Thine anger all thou had'st remov'd,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy fierce wrath which we had prov'd
Far worse than fire to burn.
4. God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore;
Thine indignation cause to cease
Towards us, *and chide no more.*
5. Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6. Wilt thou not turn and *hear our voice,*
And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserv'd alive?
7. Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8. *And now,* what God the Lord will speak,
I will *go straight and* hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear,*
To his dear saints he will speak peace;
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease,*
To trespass as before.

9. Surely, to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand;
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
10. Mercy and Truth, *that long were miss'd*,
Now *joyfully* are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
11. Truth from the Earth, *like to a flower*,
Shall bud and blossom *then*;
And Justice from her heavenly bower,
Look down *on mortal men.*
12. The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good;
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13. Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
Then will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1. Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me, *I thee pray;*
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay.*
2. Preserve my soul; for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just;
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
3. Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul *and voice.*
5. For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*,
To them that on thee call.
6. Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
7. I, in the day of my distress,
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,
And answer *what I pray'd.*
8. Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord; nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9. The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
10. For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done;
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*,
Remainest God alone.
11. Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
12. Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13. For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Even from the lowest Hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
14. O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
15. But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art styl'd*
Most merciful, most true.
16. O, turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on;
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son.
17. Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see,
And be asham'd; because thou, Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1. Among the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast;
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
2. Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *land*, *though there be store*,
And all within his care.
3. City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
4. I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia *full of scorn;*
And Tyre with Ethiope' *utmost ends*,
Lo this man there was born:
5. But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last;*
This and this man was born in her;
High God shall fix her fast.
6. The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth enroll,
That this man there was born.
7. Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there;
In thee *fresh books, and soft streams glance*,
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1. Lord God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee *prostrate lie.*
2. Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend;
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,
Thine ear with favour bend.
3. For, cloy'd with woes and trouble store,
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie;
My life, *at Death's uncheerful door*,
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4. Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit;
I am a man, but weak alas!
And for that name unfit.
5. From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep*;
And like the slain in *bloody fight*,
That in the grave lie *deep*.
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dust never more regard,
Them, from thy hand deliver'd o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
6. Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
7. Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me;
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
And all thy waves break me.
8. Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9. Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
10. Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceas'd arise,
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11. Shall they thy loving kindness tell.
On whom the grave *hath hold?*
Or they, who in perdition *dwell*,
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
12. In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wonderous acts be known?
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13. But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent;
And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*,
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14. Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,
15. That am already bruis'd, and shake
With terrour sent from thee?
Bruis'd and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire;
While I thy terrours undergo,
Astonish'd with thine ire.
16. Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;
Thy threatenings cut me through:
17. All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18. Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
After long toil, their liberty had won;
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength *of* the Almighty's hand;
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams
Amongst their ewes; the little hills, like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan towards his crystal fountains?
Shake, Earth; and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was, and aye shall last;
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God.
For his, &c.
O, let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his, &c.
Who, with his miracles, doth make,
Amazed Heaven and Earth to shake.
For his, &c.
Who, by his wisdom, did create
The painted Heavens so full of state.
For his, &c.
Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain.
For his, &c.
Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new made world with light.
For his, &c.
And caus'd the gold entressed Sun
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.
The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.
He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt-land.
For his, &c.
And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israël.
For his, &c.
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.
For his, &c.
The floods stood still, like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
For his, &c.
But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his, &c.
His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, &c.
He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrëan coast.
For his, &c.
And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, &c.
And to his servant Israël,
He gave their land therein to dwell.
For his, &c.
He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery.
For his, &c.
And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, &c.
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For his, &c:
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
For his, &c.
That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

Hæc quæ sequuntur de authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potiùs virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia, nimia cupidò affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cùm alii præsertim ut id faceret magnoperè suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non a tributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Manso, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad JOANNEM MILTONIUM *Anglum.*

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus, ipse fores.

Ad JOANNEM MILTONEM *Anglum triplici poeseos laureâ coronandum, Græcâ nimirum, Latinâ, atque Hetruscâ, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

Cadmus, Meles; cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad JOANNEM MILTONUM.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

ODE.

Ergimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede
Separata del mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a region del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Cosi l' Ape Ingegnosa
Tra con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo sceglieva
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtu l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,

Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Incorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s' opre degne di Poema e storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.
Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
Io che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. Antonio Francini, *gentilhuomo Florentino.*

JOANNI MILTONI.

Londinensi:

Juveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio;
Viro, qui multae peregrinatione, studio cuncta
Orbis terrarum loca, perspexit; ut novus Ulysses
Omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ
Sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus
Sandibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet, ut ad-
mirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sa-
pientiâ excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad
admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum
quique auferent; cujus opera ad plausus hortan-
tur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis; in intellectu sa-
pientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore elo-
quentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum so-
nitus, astronomiâ duce, audienti; characteres
mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo de-
scribitur, magistrâ philosophiâ, legenti; antiqui-
tatum latebras vetustatis excidia, eruditionis am-
ages, comite assiduâ autorum lectione,

Exquiresti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ at amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert *Carolus Datus* Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE LATIN VERSES.

Milton is said to be the first Englishman, who after the restoration of letters wrote Latin verses with classic elegance. But we must at least except some of the hendecasyllables and epigrams of Leland, one of our first literary reformers, from this hasty determination.

In the elegies, Ovid was professedly Milton's model for language and versification. They are not, however, a perpetual and uniform tissue of Ovidian phraseology. With Ovid in view, he has an original manner and character of his own, which exhibit a remarkable perspicuity, a native facility and fluency. Nor does his observation of Roman models oppress or destroy our great poet's inherent powers of invention and sentiment. I value these pieces as much for their fancy and genius, as for their style and expression.

That Ovid among the Latin poets was Milton's favourite, appears not only from his elegiac but his hexametric poetry. The versification of our author's hexameters has yet a different structure from that of the Metamorphoses: Milton's is more clear, intelligible, and flowing; less desultory, less familiar, and less embarrassed with a frequent recurrence of periods. Ovid is at once rapid and abrupt. He wants dignity: he has too much conversation in his manner of telling a story. Prolixity of paragraph, and length of sentence, are peculiar to Milton. This is seen, not only in some of his exordial invocations in the Paradise Lost, and in many of the religious addresses of a like cast in the prose-works, but in his long verse. It is to be wished that, in his Latin compositions of all sorts, he had been more attentive to the simplicity of Lucretius, Virgil, and Tibullus.

Dr. Johnson, unjustly I think, prefers the Latin poetry of May and Cowley to that of Milton, and thinks May to be the first of the three. May is certainly a sonorous versifier, and was sufficiently accomplished in poetical declamation for the continuation of Lucan's Pharsalia. But May is scarcely an author in point. His skill is in parody; and he was confined to the peculiarities of an archetype, which, it may be presumed, he thought excellent. As to Cowley when compared with Milton, the same critic observes, "Milton is generally content to express the thoughts of the ancients in their language: Cowley, without much loss of purity or elegance, accommodates the diction of Rome to his own conceptions.—The advantage seems to lie on the

side of Cowley." But what are these conceptions? Metaphysical conceits, all the unnatural extravagancies of his English poetry; such as will not bear to be clothed in the Latin language; much less are capable of admitting any degree of pure Latinity. I will give a few instances, out of a great multitude, from the Davideis.

> Hic sociatorum sacra constellatio vatum,
> Quos felix virtus evexit ad æthera, nubes
> Luxuriæ supra, tempestatesque laborum.

Again,

> Temporis ingreditur penetralia celsa futuri,
> Implumesque videt nidis cœlestibus annos.

And, to be short, we have the *Plusquam visus aquilinus* of lovers, *Natio verborum, Exuit vitam aeriam, Menti auditur symphonia dulcis, Naturæ archiva, Omnes symmetria sensus congerit, Condit aromatica prohibetque putescere laude.* Again, where *Aliquid* is personified, *Monogramma exordia mundi.*

It may be said, that Cowley is here translating from his own English *Davideis.* But I will bring examples from his original Latin poems. In praise of the spring.

> Et resonet toto musica verna libro;
> Undique laudis odor dulcissimus halet, &c.

And in the same poem in a party worthy of the pastoral pencil of Watteau.

> Hauserunt avide Chocolatam Flora venusque.

Of the Fraxinella,

> Tu tres metropoles humani corporis armis
> Propugnas, uterum, cor, cerebrumque, tuis.

He calls the Lychnis, *Candelabrum ingens.* Cupid is *Arbiter formæ criticus.* Ovid is *Antiquarius ingens.* An ill smell is shunned *Olfactus tetricitate sui.* And in the same page, is *nugatoria pestis.*

But all his faults are conspicuously and collectively exemplified in these stanzas, among others, of his *Hymn on Light.*

> Pulchra de nigro soboles parente,
> Quem Chaos fertur peperisse primam,
> Cujus ob formam bene risit olim
> Massa severa!
> Risus O terræ sacer et polorum,
> Aureus vere pluvius Tonantis,
> Quæque de cœlo fluis inquieto
> Gloria rivo!—
> Te bibens arcus Jovis ebriosus
> Mille formosos revomit colores,
> Pavo cœlestis, variamque pascit
> Lumine caudam.
> Lucidum trudis properanter agmen:
> Sed resistentum super ora rerum
> Lenitèr stagnas, liquidoque inundas
> Cuncta colore:
> At mare immensum oceanusque Lacis
> Jugitèr cœlo fluit empyræo;
> Hinc inexhausto per utrumque mundum
> Funditur ore.

Milton's Latin poems may be justly considered as legitimate classical compositions, and are never disgraced with such language and such imagery. Cowley's Latinity, dictated by an irregular and unrestrained imagination, presents a mode of diction half Latin and half English. It is not so much that Cowley wanted a knowledge of the Latin style, but that he suffered that knowledge to be perverted and corrupted by false and extravagant thoughts. Milton was a more perfect scholar than Cowley, and his mind was more deeply tinctured with the excellencies of ancient literature. He was a more just thinker, and therefore a more just writer. In a word, he had more taste, and more poetry, and consequently more propriety. If a fondness for the Italian writers has sometimes infected his English poetry with false ornaments, his Latin verses, both in diction and sentiment, are at least free from those depravations.

Some of Milton's Latin poems were written in his first year at Cambridge, when he was only seventeen: they must be allowed to be very correct and manly performances for a youth of that age. And considered in that view, they discover an extraordinary copiousness and command of ancient fable and history. I cannot but add, that Gray resembles Milton in many instances. Among others, in their youth they were both strongly attached to the cultivation of Latin poetry.

WARTON.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER.

Eleg. I. Ad Carolum Deodatum.[1]

Tandem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit, occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aliuisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tâmque fidele caput,
Quódque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Méque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

[1] Charles Deodate was one of Milton's most intimate friends. He was an excellent scholar, and practised physic in Cheshire. He was educated with our author at St. Paul's school in London; and from thence was sent to Trinity college Oxford, where he was entered Feb. 7, in the year 1621, at thirteen years of age. *Lib. Matric. Univ. Oxon. sub ann.* He was born in London and the name of his father, in Medicina Doctoris, was Theodore. *Ibid.*

Guda nec arva placent, umbrâsque negantia molles:
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,
Cæteráque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortémve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O, utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu cætus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectâsse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper, nec in urbe, latemus;
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammas,
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Et quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Et quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus!
Illáque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!
Decus eximium frontis, tremulósque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor!
Illacésque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Dicite, laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Dicite, Achæmenias turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniámque Ninon;
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus:
Ac Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Noria virginibus debetur prima Britannis;
Extera, sat tibi sit, fœmina, posse sequi.
Quæque urbs Daræaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi, conspicuæ formâque auróque, puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam post habitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucâque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEG. II. Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis[1].

Tu, qui, conspicuus baculo fulgente, solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem;
Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licèt fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies;
Dignus, quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo;
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris:
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satellès Averni,
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ;
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, linge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elgëia tristes,
Personet et totis nænia mœsta Scholis.

ELEG. III. Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis[2].

Mœstus eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam;
Hærebántque animo tristia plura meo:
Protinus en! subiit funestæ cladis imago,
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,
Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.

[1] The person here commemorated, is Richard Ridding, one of the university-beadles, and a master of arts of Saint John's College, Cambridge. He signed a testamentary codicil, Sept. 23, 1626, proved the eighth day of November following. From Registr. Testam. Cantabr.
WARTON.

[2] Lancelot Andrews, bishop of Winchester, had been originally master of Pembroke-hall in Cambridge; but long before Milton's time. He died at Winchester-House in Southwark, Sept. 21, 1626.

Tunc memini clarique ducis, fatrisque verendi,
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
E memini Heroum, quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime præsul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
"Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quòd sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quòd in herbosos jus tibi detur agros?
Quòdque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa?
Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus præteruntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit, liquide quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis.
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis;
Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cùm sit concessa potestas,
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobilèque in pectus certas acuis-e sagittas,
Semideámque animam sede fugâsse suâ?"
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter:
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos nóxque sopórque meos:
Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatiarier ægro;
Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cùm juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce! mihi subitò Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dúmque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. [lutat,
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantùque sa-
Hósque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
"Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos;
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!

ELEG. IV. Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium *præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem*[*].

Curre per immensum subitò, mea litera, pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleámque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis;
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves:
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Graiûm,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagyrites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios, illo præeunte, recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi;
Pieriósque hausi latices, Clióque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo;
Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursúque Eurum præverte sororum;
Quàm sit opes monitis res docet, ipsa videa:
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo:
Forsitan aut veterum præelarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei;
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, heram.
Hæc quoque, paulàm oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor loqui:
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxámque fatetur,

English merchants at Hamburgh, was Milton's private preceptor, before he was sent to Saint Paul's school. This Thomas Young was doctor Thomas Young a member of the Assembly of Divines, where he was a constant attendant, and one of the authors of the book called Smectymnuus, defended by Milton; and who from a London preachership in Duke's Place was preferred by the parliament to the mastership of Jesus College in Cambridge.

Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniámque roganti;
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces:
Extenseque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jámque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor;
am vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis;
Teque tuámque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parâssé duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit et sarissam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit Io! terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inópsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum?
Et sinis, ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem, Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertâsque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus:
Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
Finibûs ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos; nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Iis étenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intenténtque tibi millia tela necem,
Ut nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Déque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Iamque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus;
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi:
Ille, Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;
Perruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Ferrea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Aditúrque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuráque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento.
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEG. V. Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induitúrque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jámque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniâmque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterúmque vigescit ab illo,
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi posçit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidúmque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;
Concitâque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines; Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Pérque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Pérque umbras, pérque antra feror, penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora deûm;
Intuitúrque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Vers Io! rediere vices; celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniâque arva,
Flectit ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exula illa suis.
Jámque Lycaonius, plaustrumtcœleste, Boötes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo:
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit silvas, pharetrámque resumit
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas;
Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
"Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora, seniles;
Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ;
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet."
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos:
Et cupit, et digna est: quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis;
Ecce! coronatur sacro frons ardua lueo,

Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
Tænario placuit diva Sicana deo.
Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitásque movent flamina verna preces:
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiásque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulous adjuvat ipsa tuos:
Quòd, si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes.
Ah quoties, cùm tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
"Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Hesperiis recipit cærula Mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?
Dia quid immundo peruis ore salo?
Frigora, Phœbe, meâ meliùs capabis in umbrâ;
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quâque jaces, circum mulcebit lenè susurrans
Aura per humentes corporafus rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo:
Cùm tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igni;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo."
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt:
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentésque fovet solis ab igne faces:
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo:
Jámque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco,
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe! per urbes,
Littus, Io Hymen! et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille veniâ, tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egreditúrque frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris,
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus:
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua, quæ jungat, carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinásque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro;
Sylvanúsque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicapérque deus, semideúsque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetáque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes;
Jámque latet, latitánsque cupit malè tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet:
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, ite domo.
Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sæcla; quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,
Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumâque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

ELEG. VI.

Ad Carolum Deodatum *ruri commorantem,*

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulâsset si solito minùs essent bona, quòd inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum,

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quâ tu, distento, fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamémque colámque;
Crede mihi, vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm benâ solennes epulas, hilarémque Decembrem,
Festáque cœlifugam quæ coluere deum,
Deliciásque refers, hiberni quadia ruris
Haustáque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibúsque poesin?
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suam.
Sæpiùs Aoniis clamavit collibus, Euoe!
Mista Thyonëo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosásque, racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Téia Musa modis?
Pindaricósque inflat numeros Teumesius Enan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Elëo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimóque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccha,
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomámque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa parata
Mentis alit vires, ingeniúmque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusámque per intima Phœbum
Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te,

Numine composito, tres peperisse deos.
Nunc quoque Thrêssa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat, arguta mollitèr icta manu;
Auditúrque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitatáque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
Pérque puellares oculos, digitúmque sonantem,
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratóque, Cerésque, Venúsque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpiùs et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroásque pios, semideósque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriáque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
Qualis, veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis,
Surgis ad infensos, augur, iture deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiúmque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senémque
Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis;
Pérque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos;
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.
At tu, siquid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam,)
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
Faustáque sacratis sæcula pacta libris;
Vagitúmque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto,
Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna colit;
Stelliparúmque polum, modulantésque æthere turmas,
Et subitò elisos ad sua fana deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

ELEG. VII. Anno Ætatis 19.

Nondum, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas;
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos;
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid insania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim deusulus ad iras
Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addiderátque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
Additerátque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
"Et, miser, exemplo sapuisses tutiùs," inquit,
"Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:
Cydoniúsque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeúsque comes.
Jupiter ipse licèt sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera, quæ dubitas, meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non levitèr corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem."
Dixit; et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, faciéque simillima turba deorum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias:
Auctáque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat;
Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus;
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor;
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam;
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina deûm conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus:
Nec mora; nunc cilis hæsit, nunc virginis ori
In silit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinùs insoliti subierunt corda furores;

Uror amans intus, flammâque totus eram.
Interea, misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis, non reditura, meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet: sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptâque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos:
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarâus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!
Crede mihi, nullus sic infelicitèr arsit;
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce, precor, teneri cùm sis deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O! certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis, nec minùs igne, potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores;
Nescio cur, miser est suavitèr omnis amans:
Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studióque supino,
Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicèt abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit:
Donèc Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinùs, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Undè suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus[1].

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

I. *IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.*

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapásque Britannos
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? An et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru, flammivolisque rotis:
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit fördanios turbine raptus agros.

[1] These lines are an epilogistic pallinode to the last elegy. The Socratic doctrines of the shady Academe soon broke the bonds of beauty. In other words, his return to the university.

They were probably written, when the Latin poems were prepared for the press in 1645.

WARTON.

II. *In eandem.*

Siccine tentâsti cœlo donâsse Iäcobum,
Quæ septengemino, Bellua, monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cacullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos:
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

III. *In eandem.*

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
"Et nec multus," ait, "temnes mea sacra, Britanne:
Supplicium, spretâ relligione, dabis.
Et, si stelligeras unquàm penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter."
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbâque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni,
Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IV. *In eandem.*

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnârat Tænariòque sinu;
Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et capit ad superos evehere usque deos.

V. *IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.*

Iapetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen, surripuisse Jovi.

VI. *Ad LEONORAM Romæ canentem*[1].

Angelus unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quòd si cuncta quidèm Deus est, per cunctâque fusus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

VII. *Ad eandem.*

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.

[1] Adriana of Mantua, for her beauty surnamed the Fair, and her daughter Leonora Baroni, the lady whom Milton celebrates in these three Latin epigrams, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world.

h! miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
t te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Aureæ maternæ fila movere lyræ!
uamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
u tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
t poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

VIII. *Ad eandem.*

ARDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
Clarâque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados;
ittoreâmque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ,
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
lla quidèm vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
llic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos.

IX. *In SALMASII HUNDREDAM*[2].

uis expedivit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
icâmque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi
entum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
tuòd si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
pse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ
linatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
antabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

X. *In SALMASIUM.*

AUDETE scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
tui frigidâ hyeme incolitis algentes freta!
estrûm misertus ille Salmasius, Eques
onus, amicire nuditatem cogitat;
hartæque largus apparat papyrinos
obis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
nsignia, nomènque et decus, Salmasii:
estetis ut per omne cetarium forum
quitis clientes, scrinijs mungentium
ubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

XI. *In MORUM*[3].

ALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pentia, Mori,
tuis benè moratam, morigerámque, neget?

XII. *Apologus de Rustico et Hero.*

USTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino:
Hinc, incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenùs illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
Atque ait, "Heu quanto satius fuit illa coloni,
Parva licèt, grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulámque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus, et ipse parens."

XIII. *Ad CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM, nomine CROMWELLI.*

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!
Cernis, quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,
Ut'que senex armis impiger, ora tero:
Invia faiorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu,
t tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra:
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

SILVARUM LIBER.

PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παιδὶς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπιχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μάνον ἦν ὅσιον γένος ὗιες Ἰούδα·
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κράτος βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρέπησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὀδ' ἀρ' ἐσυφελίχθη
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνης πότι ἀργυροειδία πηγάν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σπαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια πλανέοντο,
Ὡς ἀριὰ σφριγόωντες· ἐὔτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρέπται,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγξι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπ' σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλας φύγαδ' ἐρέπησας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐσυφελίχθης
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνη πότι ἀργυροειδία πηγάν;
Τίπ', ὄρεα, σπαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια πλανέεσθε,
Ὡς ἀριὰ σφριγόωντες ἐὔτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότεραι, τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμεῖς ἀνασκιρτήσατ', ἐρέπται,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγξι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο, γαῖα, τρέμεσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐπτυπόντα,
Γαῖα, Θεὸν τρέμεο· ὕπατον σέβας Ἰακωβίδαο,
Ὅς τε τὸ ἐξ ἐπιλάδων πότα μὲς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνατ' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσας.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos fortè captum iniscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενον, hæc subitò misit,

Ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλίγος μετὸν ἔπομαι, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ἔλος δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥεῖδιος ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νόησις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα τοῦ πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
Τοιόνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιόνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλίσσας.

In Effigiei Ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τόνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.

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[2] Salmasius is here ridiculed by Milton for attempting, not very happily indeed, to turn into Latin some of our forensic phrases, as the County-Court, Hundred, &c. "Iam Anglicismis tuis magnopere delectamur; Countie Court, The Turn, Hundreda; mirâ nempè docilitate tentenos Iacobæos tuos Anglicè numerare didisti." Defens. cap. viii.

[3] From Milton's Defensio Secunda, and his Responsio to Morus's Supplement. This dispute was occasioned by a report, that Morus had debauched a favourite waiting maid of the wife of Salmasius, Milton's antagonist. See Burman's Syllog. Epist. iii. 307.

Τὸν δ' ἐστενωτὸν ἐν ἐνιγρόνοις, φίλοι,
Γιλλὶς φαύλῳ δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

In obitum Procancellarii, medici[5].

Anno Ætatis 17.

Parcæ Fati discite legibus,
Manúsque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu! moræ
Tentantur incassùm, dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
Nessi venenatus cruore,
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpe Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numénque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotâque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ:
Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine;
Nec tela te fulménque avitum,
Cæse puer genitrícis alvo.
Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes; nec sine gloria;
Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua,
Irata, cùm te viderit artibus,
Succóque pollenti, tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende Præses, membra, precor, tua
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
Purpureóque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideátque Ætnæa Proserpina;
Intérque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

In Quintum Novembris.

Anno Ætatis 17.

Jam pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teutrigenes populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum, tenuit; jámque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificúsque novo, felix divêsque, sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cùm ferus ignifuo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernásque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros:
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnáque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace:
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudúmque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;
Insidiásque locat tacitas, cassésque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat; ceu Caspia tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris:
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jámque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles;
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.
At simul hanc, opibúsque et festâ pace beatam,
Aspicit, et tpingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quódque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Typhœus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridétque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictâque cuspide cuspis.
"Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni," dixit; "gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impunè diu, non ibit inulta."
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis:
Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jámque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines; à parte sinistrâ
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cùm circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificósque deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur; præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantûm series longissima fratrum;
Cereáque in manibus gestant funalia caci,
Cimmerii nati in tenebris, vitámque trahentes:
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitúque canentûm
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualitèr exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Citharon.
His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,

[5] This ode, is on the death of doctor John Goslyn, master of Caius College, and king's professor of medicine at Cambridge; who died while a second time vice-chancellor of that university, in October, 1626.

Præcipitésque impellit equos stimulante flagel
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætémque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,
Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes;
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cùm niger umbrarum dominus, rectórque silentùm,
Prædatórque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendétque cucullus
Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, utì fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Silvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycósque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
"Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor, O, fidei, pecorúmque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, disdemáque triplex,
Videt Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe;
Dámque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age; surge, piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersáque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorúmque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoontëâ nuper regnante puellâ.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentésque negas hosti contundere vires;
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
Signáque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum frauget, flammisque cremabit;
Sacráque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesses;
Irritus ille labor: tu callidus utere fraude:
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
Námque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævósque patres, trabeâ canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Edibus injecto, quà convenere, sub imis.
Protinùs ipse igitur, quoscunque habet Anglia fidos,
Propositi, factique, mone: quisquámne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
Perculsósque metu subitò, casúque stupentes,
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Táque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et, nequid timeas, divos divásque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis."
Dixit; et, adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstáque, adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis:
Cùm somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.
Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptáque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiáque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;
Perpetuòque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes; nullóque sequente per umbris,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus antrum,
Diffugiunt sontes, et retrò lumina vortunt:
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
"Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi; prudens Natura negavit
Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareóque leves diffiertur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:
Et, quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros."
Finierat; rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit æthereâ Dominus qui fulgurat arce
Vanáque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ;
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terrâ
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mæotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditúsque patent, totidémque fenestræ.
Ampláque per tenues translucent atria muros:
Excitat hìc varios plebs agglomeráta susurros;
Qualitèr instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce;
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
Millenisque loquax auditáque visáque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temerara; veráque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò conflictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,

Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit
Carmine tam longo; servati scilicèt Angli
Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
"Fama siles? An te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in méque meósque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iácobo?"
Nec plura; illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, sátis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes:
Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit:
Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertâque murmura, spargit:
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authorésque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis
Et paritèr juvenes, paritèr tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique senes paritèr; tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad aeres:
At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis ágit: Quintóque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebrator anno.

In obitum Præsulis Eliensis[1].

Anno Ætatis 17.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis Præsulis.
Cùm centilinguis Fama, proh! semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia,
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populósque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,
Te, generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinùs
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore;
Graiúsque vates parciùs
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsâmque Neobulen suam.
At ecce! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
"Cæcos furores pone; pone vitream
Bilémque, et irritas minas:
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subinôque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre orta, sive Erinnye,
Vastóve nata sub Chao:
Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animásque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat:
Ut cùm fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
Themidos Jovisque filiæ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris:
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedésque subterraneas."
Hæc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilésque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,
Auriga currûs ignei.
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longèque sub pedibus deum
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe mirratus novam;
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo; nam quis effari queat,
Oriundus humano patre,
Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium[2].

Heu, quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nullóque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis!
Ergóne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
Annorûmque æterna fames, squalórque, sitúsque,
Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cœlum, rapiétque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto

[1] Nicholas Felton, bishop of Ely, died Octob. 5, 1626, not many days after bishop Andrews, before celebrated.

[2] This was an academical exercise, written in 1628, to oblige one of the fellows of Christ's College, who having laid aside the levities of poetry for the gravity and solidity of prose, imposed the boyish task on Milton, now about nineteen years old.

emisse malo, gyrósque dedisse perennes?
go erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
nvexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
ridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
ccdat, horribilisque retectâ Gorgone Pallas;
nalis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
eturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
a quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;
præcipiti curu, subitâque ferere ruinâ
ronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
t dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
unc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
issultabit apex, imóque allisa barathro
errebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
i superos quibus usus erat, fraternâque bella.
At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,
onsuluit rerum summæ, certóque peregit
ondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
ingula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
'olvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
laptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
'ardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
'ulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
'oridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed, semper amicâ
uce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
urgit odoratis paritèr formosus ab Indis,
Ethereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleúmque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitóque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spirátque hyemem, nimbósque volutat.
Ut'que solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori [ehâ
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora con-
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Egæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servátque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
Phœbe, tuúsque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
bit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
ngentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Ideâ Platonicâ quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ;
Náque, O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Coelique fastos, atque ephemeridas Deûm;
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unúsque et universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibèt natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci:
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licèt
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscúmque Belon, inclytúmque Osiridem,
Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,
Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis,)
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totúmque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut, tenues oblita sonoś, audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros extendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethëæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundáque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divósque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ:
Carmina sacrificus sollemnes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cùm repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi, [
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis;
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa, sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,

Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,
Demissóque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cùm nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroúmque actus, imitandáque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantêsque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum senúsque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea, cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
Carmine non citharâ; simulachráque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas: habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopésque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos;
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine, sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuúmque Deum, genitórque puérque, tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certáque condendi fulset spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditáque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;
Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis;
Me poscunt majora: tuo, pater optime, sumptu
Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere sunsisti quos jactat Gallia flores;
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus;
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectáque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit:
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudâque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.
I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Persianaque regna, præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currus, et frena diei,
Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurósque sedebo;
Jámque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabúntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul, vigiles Curæ, procul este, Querelæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo.
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictus;
In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securáque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab icta.
At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâsse satis, repetitáque mûnera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucêmque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco;
Forsitan has laudes, decantatúmque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

Ad Salsillum, *Poetam Romanum, ægrotantem*[4]

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanióque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;
Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quámque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,
Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotênsque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
Virósque, doctæque indolem juventutis.
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitúmque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosùm spirat;
Nec id pepercit impia, quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O Salus, Hebes
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe, morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libentèr rudis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vôsque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille, charis redditus rursùm Musis,
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidúsque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:

[4] Giovanni Salsilli had complimented Milton at Rome in a Latin tetrastich for his Greek, Latin, and Italian, poetry. Milton, in return, sent these elegant Scazontes to Salsilli when indisposed.
WARTON.

ad fracta melius temperabit undarum,
Idusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS[1].

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat De Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi è cortesi,
Risplende il MANSO.

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentiâ prosecutus est, multâque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

Hæc quoque, Manso, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi;
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mediolanatis Hetrusci.
Fit quoque, si nostris tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices Hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Ad pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis:
Hic tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Dixit; tibi soli, supremâque vota reliquit:
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici;
Fidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quæ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Infinitum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
Emulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolli vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Mansus pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Mansus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,
Imprudens, Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.

Non etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:
Quin et in hâs quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione [Phœbo,
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantémque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
Heroum laudes, imitandâque gesta, canebant;
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,
Delo in harbosâ, Graiæ de more puellæ,
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicámque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex, ergo, quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claráque perpetui succrescet fama Marini;
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausúmque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licèt magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantùm ubi clamosus placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus, frondosâque tecta,
Peneium propè rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,
Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcentúrque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim, nisi charus ab
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ. [ortu
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos;
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniúmque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam benè nôrit,
Siquandò indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturúmque etiam sub terris bella moventem!
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos heroas; et, O modo spiritus adsit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorúmque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parvâ componi mollitèr urnâ:
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnaside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,

[1] At Naples Milton was introduced to Giovanni Battista Manso, marquis of Villa. Milton at leaving Naples sent this poem to Manso. He was a nobleman of distinguished rank and fortune, and supported a military character with high reputation, of unblemished morals, a polite scholar, a celebrated writer, and an universal patron. It has among his chief honours, that he had been the friend of Tasso: and this circumstance, above all others, must have made Milton ambitious of his acquaintance.

Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo,
Quantum fata sinunt; et, totâ mente serenum
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, à pueritia amici erant; ut qui plurimùm. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demùm posteà reversus, et rem ità esse comperto, se, suámque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cæterùm Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himeraides nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin, et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis,)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminâque, fontésque vagos, nemorúmque recessus;
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicèt illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe:
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignúmque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavúmque procul pecus arceat omne silentûm.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longùmque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dùm rura Pales, dum Faunus, amabit:
Si quid id est, priscámque fidem coluisse, piúmque
Palladiásque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum,
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti ut rientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantúque, solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cùm Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastorésque latent, stertit sub sæpe colonus;
Quis mihi blanditiásque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiósque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu, quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, in'que suum convertunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Aïnystas;
"Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas:"
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notâsti,
(Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus,)
"Thyrsi, quid hoc?" dixit, "quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimâque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et "quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis?" aiunt; "non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultúsque severi;
Illa choros, lusúsque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fasta
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,

n'que vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in litore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Parra libens volitèt, serò sua tecta revisens;
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Prata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinùs ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens hominès, alienæ animis, et pectore discors;
Vix sibi quisque parum de millibus invenit unum;
Aut si sors dederit tandèm non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ,
Surripit æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oris
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpémque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviósque sonantes!
Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et benè compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse, "Vale, nostri memor ibis ab astra."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pi-
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus, [gebit,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cùm stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeúmque nemus, quà molliorherba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec, puto, multùm
Displicui; nam sunt ut apud me, munera vestra,
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi; [retardat,
"Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè
Imus? et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborúmque, humilésque crocos, foliúmque hyacinthi, [dentûm."
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artèsque me-
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artésque medentûm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro!
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,
Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra [sim
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne
Turgidulus, tamen et referam: vos cedite, silvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidæ regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennúmque Arviragúmque duces, priscúmque Beliium,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Artro, fatali fraude, lögernen
Mendaces vultus, assumptâque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superait,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu,
Multùm oblita mihi; aut patriis mutata Camœnis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla [uni,
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in sevum
Tum licèt, externo penitùsque inglorius orbi,)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibúsque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, [sus,
Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula Man-
Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama silvæ,
Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,
Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus:
Quis putet? hîc quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúsque ignobile vulgi,
Hinc ferit; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon, [abiret
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis
Sanctâque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida vir-
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco, [tus?
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ; nec flebimus ultra:
Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicunque vocaris
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, silvisque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrso.

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM, OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM[1].

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuò

[1] John Rouse, or Russe, master of arts, fellow

mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ publicâ reponet, Ode.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ità tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortassè dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt καθ' ὑχῶν, partim ἀνακλωμενα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

Strophe 1.

Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronte licèt geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ;
Quem manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedulâ tamèn haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
Risons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cùm tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugitèr obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasúsque sacer,
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celebérque futurus in ævum?

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium,)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Admisque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immanésque volucres,
Unguibus imminentes,
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phineámque abigat pestem procul amnè Pegaseo?

of Oriel College Oxford, was elected chief librarian of the Bodleian, May 9, 1620. He died in April, 1652, and was buried in the chapel of his college.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licèt mei
Fide, vel oscitantiâ,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde villi
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix: en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ:

Strophe 3.

Nam te Rolsius sui
Optat peculii, numeróque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse;
Rogátque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta cœtus:
Téque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet,
Æteriorum operum custos fidelis;
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Ion,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opuscula dei per templa parentis,
Pluvióque tripodas, donáque Delphica,
Ion, Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo, tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos;
Diámque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidóque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis hospitatus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alia nomina
Authorum, Graiis simul et Latinis
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodus.

Vos tandèm, haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedésque beatas,
Quas bonus Hermes,
Et tutela dabit solers Rolsi; [long
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
Turba legentûm prava facessit:
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordâtior ætas,
Judicia rebus æquiora ferentes
Adhibebit, integro sinu.
Tam, livore sepulto,
Si quid mereamur sana posteritas sciet,
Rolsio favente.

END OF VOL. VII.

Erratum. Line 5 of L'Allegro, page 475, *forsude* read spreads.

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